

MUSEUM

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

GRIFFIN'S REMAINS.*

ALL nations, great and small, having any distinctive character of their own, may be said to hate one another, not with a deadly but a lively hatred. Love of country is inseparable from individual pride; and the dearer she is to her children, the more haughtily do they admire their mother. Slight or scorn, shown to her by any alien, is felt to be a personal insult to themselves; and she, again, regards every demonstration of such feelings towards the least of her offspring, as disrespectful or contemptuous of herself, and will vindicate her native worth by vengeance on all offenders. Thus it is that all communities, the more firmly they are bound together, are the more "jealous and quick in honour;" the *amor patriæ*, because sacred, is exclusive; and no good son of the state can be a citizen of the world.

Every people has their own specific and peculiar character; and so they will have, if they have any government deserving the name, and any institutions. These naturally mould each other; and when hardened by time, blows, that would once have broken both, rebound from them with a cheerful din, like hammering from the anvil. The once soft clay has been indurated into adamant; and firm then the finest workmanship on the Corinthian capitals of the social structure as the plainest on its pediments.

So far, then, from deprecating national jealousies, dislikes, animosities, and hatreds, we have always been anxious to contribute the little that lay in our power to their successful cultivation. Heaven forefend that we should ever be so lost to all sense of duty as good citizens and good Christians, as to seek to smooth down and wear

away those peculiar asperities which are among the strongest safeguards of national and individual independence, and entitle communities to rejoice each in the nature as well as the name of a separate people! We leave that vain task to your slumbering cosmopolites. They foolishly tell us that it is unphilosophical to talk of nations being natural enemies; the idiots absolutely going the length of denying that the English and French are so, knowing all the while that *they* eat frogs, and *we* eat oxen. But besides that sufficient reason, there are many others subordinate, of which we need now mention but one—we are Islanders. Ships—colonies—and commerce! What countless multitudes of causes for our hating all continental nations are crowded into these three omnipotent words!

But while it is thus obviously the duty of all states to hate, it is no less their duty to love, one another; nor have they far or long to seek for good grounds on which to build up a substantial fabric of either affection. Materials, too, are lying close at hand, and every people is provided with the "genius and the mortal instruments." But before we begin to build, and while we are building—and the work is never brought to an end—we must understand ourselves and others. We must see and know things as they are; there must be no falsehood—no injustice; for if there be, we shall hate where we should love, and love where we should hate; and in our blind and wilful ignorance, we shall strengthen the hands of our natural enemies against us, and be preparing the decadence of our own greatness, or its overthrow.

All national *prejudices*, therefore, we would extirpate and fling into the sea. By prejudices we mean false judgments formed before taking means within our reach, that would have enabled us to form true; as, for example—and one such illustration is worth a thousand—with regard to the American frigates. We—not our captains—though perhaps some even of them—but our civilians—believed that ours would blow them out of the water. The said civilians had some

* Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, compiled by Francis Griffin: with a Biographical Memoir of the deceased, by the Rev. John M'Vickar, D.D. 2 vols. New York: 1831. Museum—Vol. XXI.

dim idea of a British frigate, of an American, none; and though they could not estimate too highly the skill and bravery of our tars—matchless both—yet they did estimate too lowly by far the power that hoists “the bit of striped bunting.” Thus the nation expected—demanded impossibilities of her heroes—and was mortified, humiliated, that Dacre was sunk by Decatur.

The opinion broached in the first sentence of our article, which you thought a paradox, you perceive now is a truism. It is so especially when applied to our neighbours the Americans. We call them our neighbours, for the Atlantic, now-a-days, is not much wider than was formerly Fleet Ditch. The two countries cordially hate and love each other, according to the laws of nature. And all that we have to do is to preserve those feelings, respectively, in proper proportion; so that England and America, flourishing in amicable animosity, and inspired with reciprocal respect, command for aye the admiration of all the rest of the world.

It would not be less absurd to suppose it possible for two fine women to love each other, without any spice of jealousy, which is a gentle word for hatred, than to suppose that two ugly women, who imagine their faces to be constantly throwing unpleasant reflections on their opposing features, could lead a life of perpetual friendship. Now, England and America are two fine women—and not only so, but they are mother and daughter. England is fat, fair, and forty, fit for the arms of a King. America is in her teens, and a morsel for a President. As long as they pursue each her own path, and are proud, each of her own lord or lover, both can bear, without any painful uneasiness, the thought of each other's beauty, and smilingly blow kisses from their hands across the Atlantic. Yet 'twould be too much to expect, that when they speak of each other's charms, they should always select the most seducing; that when they touch on each other's defects, they should point to the least prominent. 'Tis not in nature.

Disencumbering ourselves of all illustrative imagery, which by trailing on the ground is apt to impede progress, what would America have England to think, feel, say, and write about her, the United States? Does she really consider herself an elegant, graceful, and polished people? All the nations of Europe and Asia, and most of the African tribes, would shake their heads like Mandarins, on the enunciation of such a bare idea. On two counts in the indictment drawn up against her, she has been found guilty by a Jury—neither packed nor special—but chosen indiscriminately from the whole world—smoking and spitting;—which though not capital crimes, are in all civilized countries punishable by transportation. They necessarily include, too, the perpetual perpetration of many lesser enormities, endurable, perhaps, but certainly inexcusable by the politer sort of people in the other three quarters of the globe.

We more than suspect, that our manners are,

on the whole, preferable to those of the Americans; though ours are in much bad enough, and must frequently offend, on their visits to our shores, our Transatlantic brethren. But it is for them, not for us, to point them out in their periodicals. The great law of manners seems to be, restraint on all exhibitions of indulgencies of small selfishness when we are in company with civilized Christians. It becomes, when obeyed habitually, so easy that it is not felt, yet so strong that it cannot be violated without a feeling as instant and decisive in its own sphere as that of conscience. In this country, its sphere is comprehensive; and manners are with us the minor morals. We do not say that it is not so in America. But we do say that the law of manners there is comparatively lax both in practice and in principle; and that it there disregards many feelings as false or valueless, of which the truth and worth can be proved; and therefore ought to be respected—by the highest reason.

Our friends, the Americans, must not be unduly incensed by these hurriedly expressed, but slowly considered remarks; for they know that many thousands of themselves have many thousand times been many thousand degrees more severe on John and Sandy than we have now been on Jonathan. They cut us up in all directions, and sometimes “do not leave us the likeness of a dog.” They seldom scruple to avow, with an easy air of self-satisfied assurance, a sense of their national superiority over all us doting denizens of the old Eastern world, with its superannuated institutions; and they must lay their account with occasionally meeting from Europeans—for there is still life in a mussel—the “retort courteous” and the “quip modest.” We have in our possession as many American libels on Britain as would make a pile of papers that could not be burned without danger of setting our chimney on fire. But we have never suffered their most abusive sarcasms to disturb our equanimity; and cheerfully confess that they contain not a little salutary truth. So far from being insensible to their virtues—physical, moral, and intellectual—we do sincerely admire—nay, cordially love the Americans. They are a brave, enterprising, energetic, intelligent, and prosperous people, and they are growing more like ourselves every generation, under the influence of philosophy and literature. Their schools and colleges are diffusing more and more widely the gentlemanly spirit which is the sure test of liberal and enlightened education; and great numbers of their ablest young men are continually carrying back to their native land, not only the accomplishments, but the knowledge and the wisdom which are the fruit of judicious foreign travel. Not a few are with us every year in Scotland; and were we to form our opinion of their countrymen in general from the young Americans with whom we have made acquaintanceship and friendship, we should think almost as highly of our brethren across the western wave as of ourselves; and that surely is praise

sufficiently high to satisfy the inhabitants of any reasonable quarter of the world.

In spite of all the spitting, smoking, and dram-drinking, that pollutes the otherwise pure atmosphere of Columbia, the Americans, compare them with whom we may, are a moral people. Many things there seem to be in their domestic economy, in their household arrangements, which might be changed for the better; nor can we approve of the principles on which seems to be regulated the society of the sexes. European gallantry, as it is called, is often of a degenerate, of a bastard kind; but, at the worst, it is better than American boorishness; and we have never yet met with any man, not a "free-born American," who admired the habitual behaviour of males, in that land of liberty, either to maids or matrons. *Chivalrous* is a word they would laugh at with a cigar in their mouth; and the queerest of all God's creatures to them must appear a knight kneeling at the feet of his mistress, and praying for glove or scarf to wear during the eclipse of her countenance. They have no romance in their character; and though they, no doubt, make love at last every whit as well as we do in *substantialibus*, their addresses are more useful than ornamental; even as lovers, they are free-born Americans, when they should be the most slavish of Yankees; and as husbands, though affectionate and faithful, their habits are far from being domestic; Benedict is by no means confidential to his "mutual heart;" and heads hold secrets unknown to each other and undesired, when lying on the same pillow. We cannot reconcile this close system of nuptial felicity to our sense of what is either pleasant or right; and we wonder the more angrily that it should prevail in a country where the women are so beautiful, and so amiable, and so loving, and would, had they more devoted husbands, be the best wives in the whole world, with the exception of Scotland.

As for the literature of the Americans, we have always spoken more highly of it than any other European journal. Would that we knew it better; we hope to do so ere a few years elapse; and we wish some benevolent reader in Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, or any other of their beautiful cities, would send us over some of their standard works, and the productions as they appear of the best living writers. We pledge ourselves to speak of them in a brotherly spirit of love, and to do justice to genius. It delighted us so to speak, a month or two ago, of Bryant.* There are other worthies (conspicuous among them the fair Sigourney) whom we wish to see flourishing in our far-flying leaves; nor mean we to confine our regards to their poetical literature—but to extend them to their political and moral philosophy—and to their theology too, of which there must be much that will prove more to our taste, than, with all their eloquence, the

discourses of that amiable but overrated unitarian, Dr. Channing.

There is no other kind of communication more likely than this, to awaken and keep alive a generous friendship between the two great countries, who, we devoutly trust, will be not only at peace, but in love, in *secula seculorum*.

In pursuance of our design to give faithful pictures of the American mind, in fair critiques on the best American books, we turn now to the Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin. Few copies can be in Britain; and we have seen none but very short, though kind, notices of the work, in our periodicals. It is therefore, as Mr. Coleridge says, "as good as MS.;" and we cannot well fail, by little else than extract and abridgement, to make from it a good article.

The life of a domestic studious young man, says the editor of the volumes of which we are about to give some account and some specimens, terminating before its twenty-sixth anniversary, cannot possess many materials for interesting the public. At the best, it can be but an amiable and flattering picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed; and the highest aim it can propose, is the delineation of a virtuous and well spent youth. Professor M'Vickar deems it due, therefore, in justice both to himself and his readers, to say beforehand, that such is all his Memoir professes to be; and that it must serve as his apology for dwelling at large upon many little incidents of boyhood and youth, which, in any other light, would appear trifling and irrelevant. They serve to fill up a moral picture, which he knows to be just, thinks to be interesting, and fain would hope will be found to be useful.

With such sentiments we do most sincerely sympathize; the excellent editor has performed his labour of love in a humane, philosophical, and christian spirit; and from his hands the Life and Remains of Edmund Griffin have been to us scarcely less impressive and affecting than those of Kirke White, from the hands of Mr. Southey. We cannot doubt for a moment, that thousands of British hearts will be touched with affection and esteem for the delightful character of their American brother, whom it pleased Providence to cut off in the prime of life, when, like a young fruit-tree, he was thickly covered with bright and beautiful blossoms, that would assuredly have grown into richest fruits. True, that we have here "a picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed;" yet it had performed enough for the allotted time it flourished, and has not gone to its reward in Heaven without leaving on earth memorials of its worth, that "time will not willingly let die." They may not, perhaps, "interest the public;" for the public desires strong and coarse excitement, alike here and across the Atlantic. But they will interest, and that too most deeply, the private; nor will their beneficent influence be small on numberless kindred spirits pursuing the same high studies on the same humble paths, whether

* See Museum, Vol. xx. p. 578.

destined to a longer or an equally brief, a brighter or a more obscure career.

Edmund D. Griffin, second son of George Griffin, Esq. of New York, was born at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of September, 1804. When he was about two years old, his parents removed to the city of New York. He possessed the usual vivacity and buoyancy of childhood, but with great delicacy of constitution; and with a view to strengthening his health, much of his time was passed in the country, where he continued at various schools, until the age of twelve years. It appears that he was always at the head of his class, which is surely better, notwithstanding the subsequent eminence of some distinguished boobies, than to be always at the bottom; and it was the uniform prediction of his teachers, that if his life and health were spared, he would one day be an ornament to his family and his country. In early boyhood he evinced all that deep attachment to the domestic circle which characterised him through life; and his heart overflowed with all the family affections. In his twelfth year, he was sent to the school of Mr. David Grahame, in the city of New York, that his dearest desire might not be denied him, that of being near his parents; and nine little volumes of essays still remain in his school-boy hand. The neat and orderly arrangement of these early manuscripts is, we are told by his affectionate biographer, remarkable, and displays a trait peculiarly characteristic of the author. Whatever he did was done with care, arranged with taste, and disposed in order. This distinguished alike his books, his papers, his academic exercises, and his personal appearance; in which latter particular there was always evidently a punctillious regard to neatness—a virtue, adds the Professor, if it may be so called, which seems to have inward connexion with the tendencies of a pure soul and well-ordered mind. A few sentences are quoted from these little essays, which show in their simplicity that the "child is father of the man," and that the days of Edmund Griffin "were linked each to each by natural piety." Speaking of the Bible, the boy says all the man could say. "Here we see examples of meekness, forbearance, and fortitude, unrivalled and unexampled in profane history. Here we read all the labours of the cross, and the triumphs of Christianity. Here we may learn that the maxims of Confucius are empty and vague; that the promises of Mahomet are false, and his Koran is but a lie."

In his thirteenth year, Edmund visited, with his parents, the place of his birth,

"On Susquehanna's side, sweet Wyoming."

He kept a journal of his tour; and from it we see how alive his heart was to nature. As he approached the wild and romantic scenes of his infancy he exclaims—"Oh, nature, sweetest nurse both of the sense, mind, and body, how beautiful dost thou appear! Thy wide-spreading

fields, thy shelving declivities and hills, thy awful mountains and precipices, either fill the mind with gratitude or with awe." To the traveller, as he approaches from the east, the valley of Wyoming opens suddenly and with great beauty, from the brow of an eminence, familiarly known as "Prospect Rock." Young Edmund thus describes it:—"When we had ascended the second mountain, we went a short distance from the road upon a ledge of rocks. And what was it first struck my sight? Was it a darkly frowning wilderness beneath me? Did a rushing, foaming cataract pour its streams along? No; a scene more lovely than imagination ever painted presented itself to my sight—so beautiful, so exquisitely beautiful—that even the magical verse of Campbell did not do it justice. The valley extends far and wide, beautified with cultivated fields, and interspersed with beautiful groves. The Susquehanna meanders through it, now disappearing and losing itself among the trees, now appearing again to sight, till it is at last entirely hidden among the mountains. I saw the Susquehanna roll its waves along, and scarcely knew that nearer to me flowed a slow and silent stream." Nor was the heart of the boy insensible to heroic aspirations. He was the grandson, on the mother's side, of Colonel Zebulon Butler, a distinguished revolutionary officer, who was long regarded as the patriarch of that secluded village, having commanded on the side of its defenders in the memorable, but ill-fated engagement (3d July, 1778), which terminated in the devastation of the British, and their Indian allies, of that beautiful, and now classic valley. Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, had said that John Butler, the commander of the Indians, was the brother of Colonel Zebulon Butler; and that hero's grandchild, in his journal, says, with much animation, "this is false. My blood boils in my veins when I hear that a stranger, a man not at all acquainted with Wyoming or its inhabitants, should presume to call so cruel a traitor as John Butler the brother of my grandfather, for there was not even the most distant relationship between them." This is a fine trait. "On the Sunday preceding our departure, we visited the grave of grandpapa." "The grave of this villified hero of the valley," says his sympathetic biographer, "naturally attracted the steps of his indignant grandson, and he found it embellished with the uncouth, but pious rhymes, of some poet of the wilderness—

'Distinguish'd by his usefulness
At home and when abroad,
In court, in camp, and in recess,
Protected still by God.'

On this Sunday an incident occurred, long remembered with interest by those present; and we must give it unbridged, in the Professor's own words:—

"It happened that the solitary pastor of the valley was on that day absent on some neigh-

houring mission. The church consequently was not opened, but the congregation assembling in the large room of the academy, *extempore* prayers (it being a presbyterian congregation) were offered up by some of the elders. After this a discourse was to be read. A volume of sermons with that view was handed to Edmund's father, either out of compliment to his standing, or as being more conversant with public speaking than any present. The father not being very well, transferred the book to his son; Edmund's modesty for a moment shrunk from it—but the slightest wish of his father was ever a permanent law with him; so he arose and addressed himself to his unexpected task, with no greater hesitation than became the occasion. The sermon selected proved to be an impressive one. 'The reader was less than thirteen years of age; in the language of affection, of 'angelic beauty;' and many of those present saw him now for the first time since, but a few years before, they had caressed him an infant on the knee. His talents as a reader, by nature superior, were heightened by the excitement of the occasion; and the effect upon a numerous audience, to use the language of one who heard it, was 'indescribable and overpowering.' They remembered the words of the Psalmist, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength,' and their hearts yielded to the lips of a child, an obedience which age and wisdom could not have commanded. This incident, never forgotten by the inhabitants of his native valley, was afterwards recalled to mind with deep interest, when, after eleven years, he again addressed them as an authorized preacher of the gospel; this was his only subsequent visit, and but two years before his death. An Episcopal church had in the mean time been erected in the valley, where the ordinances of religion were regularly administered, and where Edmund was listened to with affectionate admiration. The praises bestowed upon him owed, no doubt, somewhat of their fervour, to the touching recollections of his earlier visit."

With a swelling bosom Edmund bade Wyoming farewell. "Farewell, Wyoming! Perhaps, farewell for ever. Thy groves might be the recesses of departed sages; thy forests, those of the forgotten Druids of antiquity; thy cultivated fields, the product of the amusement of those who, during life, loved rural scenes and enjoyments; thy open areas, the places where the shades of youths exercised themselves in warlike sports; thy Susquehanna the bathing-places of nymphs and naiads; and thy houses, the dwellings of those who had formerly been *discreet housewives*."

The vacation of the following year was made happy, by a visit to the Falls of the Passaic. After describing a scene of great beauty, the boy says, "How divine are our sensations! We look up with gratitude to the Creator of all things, and not only *know* but *feel* that he is a Father." In wandering about the Falls he met a melancholy stranger, playing on his native bagpipes. "I thought," says he, "of the Highlands of Scotland. I saw in imagination's eye, a Wallace,

or a Bruce, leading Scotia's chiefs upon some daring enterprise. I saw the chieftains of other times, the turf-raised monument, the four gray stones that rested on the body of heroes; methought I heard the deserted, blind, and mournful Ossian lamenting for his child." Returning with the setting sun, he thus writes:—"We saw the sun setting in his beauty; the fields of grain look more lovely under his influence, and the river reflect his golden beams in its clear lucid channel; the village spire shines like gold; the tinkling of the cow-bell is heard, as the village boy is driving her from the cot; the milkmaid with her pail; the old people sitting at the door enjoying the cool air, the children sporting on the green, the farmer returning with his plough, happier than the king in his palace, &c." All these pretty descriptions show how early his fine spirit was imbued with a high, and also a homely love of Nature, in which he delighted to the last, and which in riper years was sometimes vented in language, by earnestness and enthusiasm of feeling made poetical, though it can hardly be said that he ever was a poet.

When in his fourteenth year, and properly thought by his father to be too young for College, however well fitted by attainments, Edmund was placed at a school just then rising into great celebrity. Here is a noble picture.

"This was kept by Mr. Nelson, distinguished at that time as the Blind Teacher, in the city of New York, and afterwards more widely known as the learned classical professor in Rutgers College, New Jersey. The mention of this name recalls to the writer, who was his college class-mate, the merits of a singular man; and as death has now turned his misfortune into an instructive lesson, it may be permitted to dwell for a moment upon his eventful story. The life of Mr. Nelson was a striking exemplification of that resolution which conquers fortune. Total blindness, after a long, gradual advance, came upon him about his twentieth year, when terminating his college course. It found him poor, and left him to all appearance both penniless and wretched, with two sisters to maintain, without money, without friends, without a profession, and without sight. Under such an accumulation of griefs most minds would have sunk, but with him it was otherwise. At all times proud and resolute, his spirit rose at once into what might well be termed a fierceness of independence. He resolved within himself to be indebted for support to no hand but his own. His classical education, which, from his feeble vision, had been necessarily imperfect, he now determined to complete, and immediately entered upon the apparently hopeless task, with a view to fit him as a teacher of youth. He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and employed one or other constantly in the task of reading aloud to him the classics usually taught in the schools. A naturally faithful memory, spurred on by such strong excitement, performed its oft-repeated miracles; and in a space of time incredibly short, he became master of their contents, even

to the minutest points of critical reading. In illustration of this, the author remembers on one occasion, that a dispute having arisen between Mr. N. and the Classical Professor of the College, as to the construction of a passage in Virgil, from which his students were reciting, the Professor appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence as conclusive of the question. 'True,' said Mr. N. colouring with strong emotion; 'but permit me to observe,' added he, turning his sightless eyeballs towards the book he held in his hand, 'that in my *Hegns* edition it is a colon, and not a comma.' At this period a gentleman, who incidentally became acquainted with his history, in a feeling somewhere between pity and confidence, placed his two sons under his charge, with a view to enable him to try the experiment. A few months' trial was sufficient; he then fearlessly appeared before the public, and at once challenged a comparison with the best established classical schools of the city. The novelty and boldness of the attempt attracted general attention; the lofty confidence he displayed in himself excited respect; and soon his untiring assiduity, his real knowledge, and a burning zeal, which, knowing no bounds in his own devotion to his scholars, awakened somewhat of a corresponding spirit in their minds, completed the conquest. His reputation spread daily; scholars flocked to him in crowds: competition sunk before him; and in the course of a very few years he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States—with to him the infinitely higher gratification of having risen above the pity of the world, and fought his own blind way to honourable independence. Nor was this all; he had succeeded in placing classical education on higher ground than any of his predecessors or contemporaries had done; and he felt proud to think that he was in some measure a benefactor to that college which a few years before he had entered in poverty and quitted in blindness."

It was at this school that young Griffin first became acquainted with his biographer, who says he "knew him then a lovely boy, full of sensibility and generous ardour, bearing with blushing modesty the honours heaped upon him, in a race where he rarely or never failed to come off victor; and such he may say he continued to know him the remainder of his short life." Some specimens are given of his translations from Virgil and Ovid, done with much elegance and spirit.

In the autumn of this same year, (1819,) when he was just fifteen years old, Edmund appeared among the candidates for admission into Columbia College. The examination for entrance into that college, was at that time long and rigid, continued for several days, and terminated in an arrangement of their names in the order of merit. The older schools were not willing to yield pre-eminence to a blind competitor. Their choice scholars were therefore studiously drilled for the occasion; and most of the teachers, and many anxious fathers, were in close attendance to en-

courage their sons or pupils by their presence, or perhaps to become judges of the impartiality of the decision. Among these, says Professor M'Vickar, Mr. Nelson might always be distinguished; the first to come, the last to go; the most anxious, and yet the most confident; his blind steps, as he entered the hall, being followed, rather than directed, by the youth who attended him, so singularly resolute was he in all his motions. His beloved pupil, Edmund Griffin, on this occasion triumphed over all competitors, though some of them were by much his seniors, and of more than ordinary talents and attainments.

From all the Professors during his connexion with the college, Edmund received marks of high approbation and confidence; but in the venerable President (the late Dr. Harris), he excited a feeling more akin to the affection of a parent. During a fever which had brought him very low, "his venerable and venerated friend" visited him in his father's house; and the meeting, as described by his father, was a touching one. Edmund had risen trembling from his seat to receive the President; but the "good old man" hastened to him, extended his arms, and folded his emaciated form to his bosom; neither spoke for nearly a minute, and both wept, as those who had longed but despaired to meet again." In August, 1832, at the age of nineteen, he took the usual degree of A.B.; and, on parting, the highest honours were adjudged him amidst universal applause. His biographer, in the following beautiful passage, has set before them a picture which all generous youths will do well to study, and, if possible, to make it a true picture too of their academical life.

"Edmund's habits of study at this period might be recommended as a model to the student, on the score both of health and industry. They were early formed; and, partly from love of order, still more from a sense of duty, were perseveringly maintained through the whole course of his education. His practice was to rise so early as to study between two and three hours before breakfast, which meal was at eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. His morning studies were, therefore, during one half of the year, commenced by candle-light. From breakfast until three P.M., the hour of dinner, he was employed at his books; either at home, school, or college. After dinner, he gave up to exercise and recreation until twilight; when he resumed his studies, and continued them until bedtime. While a schoolboy, this was at the primitive hour of nine o'clock, and not later than ten, while a collegian: thus securing for sleep some of those early hours, which, in the opinion of physicians, are worth double the amount after midnight, for the rest and invigoration of both body and mind. After quitting college, the demands of social intercourse broke in upon this regularity, and led him to trespass in his studies far upon the night: it was a change, however, which he both lamented and condemned; and had his life been spared, would no doubt have returned to those fresh morning-

hours which he always spoke of with delight, and which are so essential to the health of the student. Happy they who can receive this doctrine; with the young it is in their power, and let them choose wisely and in time, lest haply when old they pay the penalty of having divorced a life of study from one of healthy enjoyment. With Edmund, these regular habits strengthened a constitution naturally delicate, and enabled him to bear without injury a more than ordinary degree of mental exertion, and to execute an amount of intellectual labour almost incredible at his early years: having left behind him manuscripts to the amount of at least six octavo volumes. The secret of his health lay in early hours, and regular systematic exercise; and his example in this particular is the more valuable, because in our country it is more needed. In Europe, the sedentary habits of the students are attended with comparatively little danger to what awaits them in our warmer climate, where they are found so often to render valueless all the advantages of education, and to present the painful picture of a young man unfitted for usefulness in his profession by the very zeal with which he has pursued it. The peculiar character of young Griffin contributed still further to this end; he enjoyed the health which flows from equanimity. His mind was singularly well balanced; in that happy even poise which ever preserved its serenity; hence, though earnest, he was not enthusiastic; though diligent, he never overstrained his powers, but preserved, on all occasions, even of the highest excitement, a tranquil self-possession, and an even sweetness of temper, which to a stranger savoured of coldness; but to those who knew his warm heart, only added to their admiration of his abilities. This felicity of nature was early remarked of him by his teachers. 'He did every thing,' says Mr. G., 'apparently without effort'; and, so far at least as it was called forth in academic competition, the author speaks from long personal observation, having often regarded with wonder his calm benevolent repose of features in the midst of the highest exertion; which he remembers on one occasion to have drawn forth from one of his examiners the warm-hearted exclamation, 'He has the face of an angel.'

Such was Edmund Griffin in his nineteenth year—a youth of whom any country—England or Scotland—might have been proud;—and many such there are, at this hour, in their cottages and halls, destined, with all their talents and attainments equal to his, and some of them, no doubt, with genius superior, to perish, perhaps, ere their prime, or to pass obscurely, but happily, through the light of the valley of life into the shadow of that of death, and to leave behind them, in the humble sphere of their prolonged usefulness, but a fast-fading name, unknown altogether to the wider world. A few favoured spirits find biographers, and continue to live on earth in their "Remains." They shine, like the lesser lights, in their own quiet region of the skies; nor are they obscured by the larger luminaries. 'Tis pleasant, but mournful to the soul,

to look at these fair emblems of purity and peace, withdrawn unstained and undisturbed from the storms of the world. His schoolboy and college years were the most felicitous allowed to this noble boy. He was happy ever in the vernal dawn of his own moral and intellectual and religious being brightening more and more into the perfect day. The desire of knowledge has been with some gifted spirits a burning—a devouring passion; with him it was a tranquil and steady affection, that did indeed grow with what it fed on, but found constant contentment in every new acquisition, and loved the sweet seasons of study because they were all so like one another, and because the closing year contained at last such a quiet crowd of hours, days, weeks, and months, all blended together in the dream of memory by the magic of one lustrous and unclouded light. As every study had its hour—says his amiable and enlightened biographer,—and every hour its employment, the day was always free for its own labours; no neglect of yesterday burdened it, or threw hurry and anxiety into his preparation or performance of a prescribed task. But he beautifully adds—a still greater blessing rested upon it. As industry was the surest road to ease, in it seems to have been also that to innocence and virtue, and to have left his moral character, not only without blemish, but above suspicion. This indeed was to have been expected from that generous industry which belonged as much to the heart as to the head, and which, springing from high and pure motives, led naturally to the pursuit and practice "of whatever was pure, lovely, or of good report."

Emerging from the retirement of college life, thus crowned with honours, and at an age most accessible to flattery, a little youthful vanity, says the good Professor, might have been pardoned to him, especially as to all other exculpatory circumstances was joined the reputation of great personal beauty; yet did he continue to be noticed for a modesty of manner approaching to shyness, and a diffidence which was sometimes mistaken for coldness, and still oftener set down to the charge of affectation. With so many fine accomplishments, such love of knowledge, and so much sensibility, the choice of a profession was to Edmund Griffin a perilous thing; and in a state of doubtfulness, he took that step from which he thought he could most easily recede. He entered his father's office as a student of law, and there remained about two months, diligently devoted to the study of it; but there was a voice within that called him to more sacred duties; and at length, after some delay, and much doubt of his own faithfulness, he resolved upon devoting himself to the ministry, and that in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which, at that time, no member of his family belonged. On this choice of a profession, Professor M'Vicar, among many other excellent observations, has the following—

"Edmund's preference of the Episcopal church, though suddenly avowed, had been slowly and deliberately formed. His first

doubts arose in pursuing his academic course of civil history. The period of the Reformation arrested his attention, the circumstances of haste and distrust which then attended the establishment of the presbyterian form of church government, bearing so evidently the marks of expediency and not choice, together with the open declaration of many of its leaders to that effect, putting themselves on the ground of necessity, in casting off the jurisdiction of bishops; these things very naturally startled him in his prepossessions, and led him to farther enquiry. In attending the prayers of the church, which he then occasionally did, he became deeply impressed with the beauty and devotion of its noble liturgy. In its solemn and impressive services, its grave and decorous regularity, there was something peculiarly attractive to one of his refined and almost fastidious taste. His feelings revolted from any thing like an approach to familiarity of language addressed to the Deity. He argued, that public worship demanded the consecration of the lips, as well as the heart; that the name of God should be like his nature, 'clothed in majesty'; and that the fervour of Christian boldness should never go so far as to make man forget the humility that belongs to a 'worm of the dust:' these securities he missed in extempore prayer, but found in the ritual of the church. In this matter, too, his judgment went with his feelings; in the use of prescribed forms he recognised, as he often said, the strongest bulwark against both error of doctrine and fanaticism of life; and whether he looked into the past history or present state of the Christian church, he found abundant proof of the necessity of such safeguards. His own country was full of warning examples; and when he saw the pathless ocean of error into which so many churches had wandered for the want of such a landmark, of such an abiding test by which to try the doctrines of the living preacher, he may be said to have clung to the liturgy of the church as to the pillar, or rather the anchor of Christendom."

In a letter written to a Presbyterian friend, October 29, 1823, he avows his preference of the Episcopal Church, and asks his friend to excuse his want of delicacy in speaking thus plainly against the feelings he entertains in favour of his own denomination. "My preference of the Episcopal Church arises from my conviction of the superior purity of its origin, the greater certainty of its doctrines, and the beauty, holiness, and devotion of its forms." In the same letter he writes thus of his religious connexions, and of his views on entering the ministry.

"With respect to my motives for entering the profession—I have chosen it not, believe me, for a maintenance or a name. No; I could not sell my soul to everlasting death, for the means of keeping the breath of life in this mortal frame. I could not grasp at the fleeting shadows of earthly fame, forsaking the substantial and inestimable good of everlasting glory. I acknowledge, most fully, the truth of your description of the unsanctified man who takes upon himself the character of a mi-

nister of God. I know that he must be hypocritical, perjured, impious. I know that he must be, in this life, as wretched as restraint, self-denial, and conscience, can make an unregenerate man; and that he must have his portion in the world to come, beside that betraying disciple whose character and conduct his most nearly resemble. Mere worldly honour, mere worldly prudence, would deter me from making all my life a lie—my whole existence a scene, a reality of wretchedness. But I hope I have that within me which will render it unnecessary to call these principles into exercise. My heart is changed from what it once was. I acknowledge the existence of sin within me, and I abhor it as the cause of every evil, as the bar to every good. I love, admire, revere the character of God. I believe in the character of Jesus Christ, as the only means of salvation; I love his character, his attributes; I love him as the voluntary sacrifice for my sins, the atoning victim for my iniquities. I love his cause—the greatest, the most philanthropic, the most all-important, that ever engaged the attention of mankind. To this cause, it is my hope and prayer to be made the instrument of good. Though my heart is changed, I cannot firmly say it is regenerate; and believe me when I say, that I will never approach the communion-table until my hope is stronger and more constant."

The same strain of fervent piety runs through a letter written to a friend shortly after, on the death of a sister:—

"Dear —, I write to you under circumstances of affliction, which it has not been the lot of our family ever before to experience. Our dear Ellen is no more. She died last Sunday evening, after an illness of about four weeks. We feel resigned to this providence of God, not only because it is the will of our heavenly Father that we should suffer affliction, but because our beloved relative gave the most consolatory evidences of having made her peace with God, and of her being about to enter upon the joys of heaven. She was informed of her danger about two weeks before her death. She was heard in prayer. She called her dear father to pray with her; and when informed she was dying, about thirty-six hours before her end, though she was perfectly possessed of her reason, the king of terrors had no terror for her. Ought we not to be thankful, my dear —, instead of repining that she is taken from us to be with her God? For my own part, I shall think of her hereafter, not with the bitterness of grief, but with the sad, yet sweet and soothing recollection we derive from joys that are gone. I shall regard her not as she lay upon the bed of death, though even there the smile of a seraph dwelt upon her lips—not as she now lies in her narrow house, as calm, as pure, as innocent as the statue of a saint, but as a blessed spirit calling to my spirit, bidding me prepare to appear before my God, to stand with her in the presence of her Redeemer, and enjoy with her the beatitude of heaven. Pray with me, my dear —, that I may be enabled to attain that preparation. My composure does not, I trust, arise from insensibility; from God I have sought for consolation, and I trust it is from

God I have found it. Pray for my dear parents; they will see this letter, and join in the request that they may have that consolation which cometh down from above. Pray for all of us, my dear —, that our hearts may be purified in the furnace of affliction; and that we may have reason to thank God, not only for her, but for ourselves; that our sister, daughter, and friend, has been taken from us. Let not this deprivation damp the joy of my dear cousin —'s bridal; we trust that it has been our sister's bridal also, and that the bridegroom whom she has wedded, is one who, throughout all the endless ages of eternity, will be able to drive every pain and every sorrow far, very far from her heart."

In August 1826, after three years devotion to theological studies, he was admitted into deacon's orders by Bishop Hobart—"The warm, the energetic friend, the liberal patron of youthful merit, then engaged in one of those frequent and laborious visitations through his extensive diocese, which though to human eye they shortened his usefulness, have yet left behind them such an apostolic seal of his ministry, as is in itself a blessing, and may well awaken into emulation thousands of those who follow him." Mr. Griffin was appointed by his diocesan to accompany him on his Episcopal visitation; and at Utica stopped, to supply, for a time, the pulpit of a clergyman who took his place as travelling companion. On his return to New York, he was appointed, along with a dear friend, agent of the General Theological Seminary, in which they had both been educated for some years, and went to Philadelphia to collect contributions for that establishment.

"His return was marked by one of those little incidents which are treasured up in the memory of parents when death has removed the objects of them. Edmund, at all times a devoted student, had no great collection of books. A good theological library was therefore the great object of his ambition, and its acquisition, at this period, was one of those pleasing surprises with which parents love to gratify a darling child. A highly valuable one, the property of a deceased clergyman, was for sale. It was purchased by Mr. Griffin unknown to his son, and during his absence on this tour transferred to his study, which was converted into a neat and well-furnished library. On entering, upon his return, his well-known room, he was lost first in astonishment, and then in delightful thankfulness. Such a son, what father would not love to gratify? The loss of such a son, what can enable a father to bear, but that hope which looks beyond the grave?"

About this period he was appointed assistant to the rector of St. James's Church; but his health soon after becoming very precarious, he made a tour to Baltimore and Washington, from which he derived much benefit, and to confirm it was then advised to visit Europe, for which, accordingly, he set sail in October 1828, being then twenty-two years of age.

Mr. Griffin passed two months in Paris; and his Journal (though that part of it is not published) contains many picturesque descriptions of what he saw and heard, especially of the personal appearance, manners, and character of its *sarans* and popular lecturers. But he longed to cross Mount Cenis. The ardour with which he greeted Italy's names of glory and scenes of interest, none, says his biographer, can fully appreciate, "but the youthful scholar from the New World." This assertion seems somewhat startling; but it is thus explained, and, as he thinks, no doubt established by the ingenious Professor. "Those of England, or the Continent, may visit the monuments of Italy better qualified to *examine* and to *judge*; but to *feel* their power belongs peculiarly to the American student." What American student ever felt their power—like Byron? But let us hear our friend to the end. "He to whom *yesterday is antiquity*, stands in speechless admiration on the spot where a Roman trode, or before works which a Grecian chisel traced; these are feelings which a European can hardly estimate, but which our young traveller seems to have experienced in their full force, for he lingered amid them, and especially at Rome, after all the other American travellers had quitted it, and to the very utmost limit of his time." That will never do; but let us be with the young rapt American traveller in Italy, and see how he speaks of its wonders. After a rapid visit to Naples and Paestum, he returned northward by way of Ancona and Bologna, to Venice. Through Padua, Vicenza, and Parma, he reached Milan; and, crossing the Simplon towards the end of June, bade to Italy an unwilling farewell.

The whole of the first volume, and nearly a third of the second, are occupied by his Italian Journal; and very delightful reading it is, full of fine fresh feeling, and without a particle of pedantry every where showing the scholar. It is imbued with a noble love of liberty, and marked throughout by the most generous and exalted sentiments. The taste of the young minister of religion is as pure as his morals; but he is in nothing too fastidious; not delicate overmuch; manly in his innocent life, and indulgent in his judgments, from the spirit of that faith which is at all times his solace and his strength—that in which he "placeth his delight." The works of the fine arts he describes always well, but those of nature better; and there are not wanting some solemn, almost sublime passages, containing meditations on the great events and characters of the olden time, and on the revolutions of empire. But the pervading character of the whole is a temper of mind at once pensive and cheerful, which carries one along with it in its own delight, and interests the reader in all that interested the spectator. There is not a sentence of false or inflated feeling in the two volumes; no affected enthusiasm; no raptures. And ever as he moves along, Mr. Griffin lets drop easily from his pen observations on life and manners which show that his intercourse with books had not been

barren, but prolific of fine thoughts and sentiments which gained new life when awakened by the realities, or the shadows of the realities, of which he had read in the poetry and philosophy of the people, among whose degenerated descendants he now walks, finely exclaiming,

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.
To look upon whose mountains in the hour
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
Of purple flows around them, would restore
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,
The yellow harvest loads the scarce till'd plain,
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreath with their chaplets, sweet though fading soon,
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,
Distinguish e'en the peasant and the slave.
Where like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,
Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,
Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,
By art's weak aids or passion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,
The art of self-defence! Thy fostering care
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,
And bids e'en canvass speak; thy magic tone,
Infused in music, now constrains the soul
With tears the power of melody to own,
And now with passionate throbs that spurn control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,
Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!
Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,
No memory of the brave, of what has been?
Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then
That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence—
Shades of departed heroes, rise again!
Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence!

Oh, Italy! my country, fare thee well!
For art thou not my country, at whose breast
Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,
The fathers of my mind? whose fame impress,

E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
Ere yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
Where Cæsar's palace in its glory stood.

And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
And Pæstum's shrines, and Bain's classic shore,
And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
That floats by night through Venice—never more?

Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
It washes not thy feet, that envious sea.
But waits, with outstretch'd arms, to waft me o'er
To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not
As other things inanimate. Thou art
The cherish'd mistress of my youth; forgot
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Launch'd on those waters, wild with storm and wind,
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

These are good lines, the best by far in the volumes; but Mr. Griffin's prose is far superior to his verse—it is more poetical—whether he speaks of the people or of their country. His letter on Turin and the Turinese is in all respects admirable, and, occurring early in the volume, assures us at once that he will turn out to be an instructive traveller. He saw at a glance that the manners of the Turinese furnish no illustration of Italian character. Their very language, his fine ear told him, is a dialect; their costume is transalpine. Their features, though generally handsome, had not that classic mould which he had been taught to expect on the classic ground of Italy. He knew that he was not yet in the Italy of the ancients. The most striking feature to him, on coming from France, was the general devoutness of the people. While in France, the churches were always vacant, the people always spoke with disrespect of the mysteries of religion and the members of the priesthood, and these latter showed themselves but seldom, or walked with downcast eyes and deprecating humility of aspect. Here, on the contrary, the churches were well attended, and the priests walk abroad through the streets with an air unembarrassed and independent, and seem to be treated with deference and kindness. The best positions in the vicinity of the city for prospect, he says rightly, are the citadel on the west, and the bridge of the Po on the east. Beyond the bridge arises a lofty

hill, whose topmost summit is crowned by the aspiring dome of the Superga; its sides are covered by the country-seats of the Piedmontese nobility; and nearer at hand, on a smaller eminence, arises a beautiful convent. But the great ornament of Turin is still farther in the distance. The lofty pinnacles of Mount Cenis rise far in the west, resting lightly on the azure sky, and only distinguishable from clouds by the precision of their outline. Towards the south the pointed cone of Monte Viso rises far above its neighbours, and seems to pierce the heavens. The Alpine barrier again stretches itself from Mount Cenis, towards the north, and continues until broken in the north-east by the valley of the Po. Meantime, the children of the Alps, at various points, descend in less lofty ridges; the plain of Piedmont and its surrounding parts present a natural amphitheatre, whose arena is the plain itself, whose gradually arising benches are the aspiring summits of the successive mountains, and whose walls are the eternal Alps. The following is a very fine description:—

"It was on the morning of our leaving Turin that I had a better view than on any preceding occasion, of the magnificent scenery with which it is surrounded. Starting at six o'clock, we soon arrived at the bridge of the Po, and I looked of course for the mountains. My hope of seeing them was but small, as day had only just begun to break. However, far in the horizon, opposed to the coming sun, I perceived a faint red, which served to mark their outline. While the rest of the world was still buried in night, they were privileged to catch the beams of day. By and by their colour warmed into a rich roseate hue, which contrasted beautifully with the violet tint of the mist that lay in darkness at their feet. As morning advanced, a red-hot glow succeeded, and the vast amphitheatre of Piedmont was, in its whole western section, lighted up with an ineffable and overwhelming radiance. Meantime the eastern horizon was not unworthy of attention. The golden hues of an Italian sky formed a magnificent background, against which were relieved the towers of the Superga, and the picturesque outline of the neighbouring hills. Scarcely had I time to contemplate this part of the scene and turn towards the mountains, before their aspect was again changed. The mist had fallen like a curtain at their feet, and the precarious tints of dawn had ripened into a twilight gray. The mountains themselves, in their whole vast extent, now seemed a wall of fire. I am using no figure of rhetoric, and wish to be understood literally. Iron in the furnace could not have glowed with an intenser red, than did those stupendous masses in the rays of morning. Never did I witness a scene of such transcendent and overwhelming magnificence. A wall of fire, seeming almost as extensive as half the circumference of the earth, its battlements and pyramids and towers shooting upwards into heaven, as if preparing to inflame those elevated regions; and above and still beyond, new spires catching the same fiery radiance, the bases of the mountains clothed in vapour, the valley pervaded with the gray mist

of twilight, the distant town relieved against this brilliant background, the majestic river, the rich eastern sky, composed a landscape which brought the tears into my eyes, and closing my lips in silence, precluded even the ordinary expressions of delight."

Having reached through snows the summit of the Apennines, Mr. Griffin charmingly describes his descent into the valley of the Pocevera, by traverses cut into the sides of the mountain. 'Twas like entering almost at once into quite a different region. The snow had disappeared; the hill-side was clothed with verdure; the early flowers of spring began to show their heads, and a milder atmosphere breathed from the genial south. And how exquisitely beautiful is that valley! Its ever-varied mountains, its murmuring stream, its pleasant villas, its high-seated churches, its picturesque villages placed by the river-side, or on some lofty knoll—and then the accessories of the scene, in one place a line of mules creeping slowly up the mountain side; in another, a group of peasants in the peculiar costume of their country, red caps, short jackets, small clothes and long gaiters, with perhaps a coat or great-coat, arranged in careless folds over the shoulder; here a solitary individual opening the earth, a sign so grateful of returning spring; there another engaged in pruning the vines, or cutting the canes, which grow spontaneously in the humid bottoms; with here and there a priest in flowing garments, or a female dressed in red, the favourite colour, which, though not calculated to satisfy good taste, still adds to the effect of the romantic scenery. I have heard the Italians accused of laziness, says Mr. Griffin, and have myself seen them in crowds lounging unemployed, and sunning themselves in the streets of villages. But if such be their natural characteristics, this valley at least forms a striking exception. Here not only every inch of apparently practicable ground is sedulously cultivated, but the steep sides of the mountains are covered with regular orchards of chestnut trees, and the stony bed of the river is actually cleared for use, and walled in little patches with pebbles gathered in the operation.

We have seen how well Mr. Griffin describes the scenery of Nature. His letter from Genoa contains some fine passages descriptive of the works of art. In the church of the Albergo Dei Poveri, there is a bas-relief by Michael Angelo, which is placed over one of the altars. When compared with it, all its other decorations fade into insignificance—even the beautiful altar of Carrara marble, ornamented by a fine statue, by Puget, of the Assumption of the Virgin. This bas-relief is a round medallion, about two feet and a half in diameter, and represents Christ dead, and embraced by his Mother. You may have seen it; and it has often been described; but seldom or ever more feelingly than by this young American. The head of the Saviour, and the head and hands of Mary, are alone visible. One hand of the Mother supports his falling head, the other rests upon his neck and bosom. Her lips

are approached towards him, as if to kiss the cold inanimate cheek. The face of the Saviour bears the marks of a consuming and overwhelming anguish. The hollow eye, the lines of the brow and mouth, speak irresistibly to the heart. Yet the storm is overpast, and more than the repose of death, the very tranquillity of heaven, has settled down upon the features. The face of the Mother is one of living anguish, modified by the tenderest traits of affection. Should the pile of St. Peter's, says Mr. Griffin enthusiastically, tumble to the earth, and were the walls of the Vatican itself defaced, the immortal artist might trust to this single remnant for the preservation of his fame.

Mr. Griffin speaks equally well of that fine picture of Guido in the church of St. Ambrosio—one of his finest—the Assumption of the Virgin. The Virgin is borne upwards, in a sitting posture, by a host of angels, who surround her on every side, and precede her into Heaven. She is clothed in white—her hands are folded meekly on her bosom—her countenance is raised towards her destined home. That heavenly expression, for which Guido is so remarkable, glows in her countenance with ineffable force, and satisfies the imagination that it may be in very truth a just resemblance of the Mother of the Son of God, ascending up in glory. The St. Ignatius of Rubens, and the Stoning of St. Stephen, from the joint hands of Raphael and Julio Romano, he speaks of with the same eloquence of feeling, and without any of that pretence of scientific knowledge of the art, which renders most critiques by amateurs or connoisseurs so disgusting; and when the subject is sacred, sometimes so impious. Speaking of Raphael's part in that divine picture, Jesus seated at the right hand of his Father, leaning over with one hand extended in the attitude of benediction, and surrounded by a cloud of angels—he says truly, that the God-made man is depicted with wonderful grace and expression, and that the angels are worthy representations of the inhabitants of Heaven. In the same natural strain, he writes of many of the finest pictures and statues in the Gallery at Florence. His favourite—as well it may—is the Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, which bears away the palm of beauty from all the productions of art, and is well known to all the world through the medium of the finest engravings. But how, asks Mr. Griffin, can any engraving convey that exquisite taste in the selection, that delightful harmony in the disposition of colours? How can any hand, inferior to that of the great master, trace those graceful outlines, arrange those natural and meaning attitudes, or communicate that beaming of maternal love, that glow of adoration, which animates the features of the infant John; that tranquil and benignant, that dignified, though childish expression of the Babe of Bethlehem? The inclination of the Mother's head, just touching that of her child, the close embrace with which she holds him to her bosom, the youthful beauty of her

features, but, above all, their expression, which speaks more than volumes, and which all can comprehend and feel who ever knew a mother's love, entitle this celebrated work to all the praises that have been lavished on it so abundantly. Its composition is perfect; its design is perfect; its relief is perfect; its expression is perfect; every thing about it is faultless and divine.

Mr. Griffin's descriptions of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of the ruins of Pestum, are admirable; and we need not say that he puts forth all his powers on Rome. But we can afford no further account of his Italian Journal, and must bring him without delay to Britain. After a few weeks spent in Switzerland, he quitted it by Schaffhausen and the Rhine; and passing through the Netherlands by the usual route of Aix-la-Chapelle and Brussels, reached England on the 5th of August, crossing from Calais to Dover, and proceeding immediately to London.

His feelings for some time after his arrival he thus describes in his Journal:—"Here am I, in London, but like a drop in the ocean—alone in countless crowds—more solitary than in a wilderness. Such is the oppressive feeling which weighs upon the mind during a first drive round this vast metropolis. Street succeeds to street, edifice to edifice, city to city, in apparently interminable succession. All are active, busy, bustling about affairs with which you have no acquaintance. Not a face meets you with a well-known look. Not a smile, a word of welcome, greets your eye or ear." Mr. Griffin must have been *hyp'd* when he wrote in this puling strain; nor was it reasonable for him to expect smiles and words of welcome all at once to greet his eyes and ears from the Cockneys, who had not the honour of his acquaintance. He writes to his mother, too, "that England does not please him at first sight," and that he always cherishes his own country (just as we do) "as the dearest, the freest, the happiest, the most moral, the most religious upon earth." In the same letter he says, "he loves Italy and Switzerland with something or the feeling one bears to dear living objects; that France and Germany and the Netherlands sink lower in the scale of interest, and that England does not please me at first sight, though I am sure I shall like it better on farther acquaintance." He had been but a week in London when he thus wrote, nor are we informed how he had employed himself, except that "Sunday I spent with a Mr. —, who lives in great style, has an amiable wife, a gentlemanly son educated at Oxford, two grown-up daughters, and a host of younger ones. I went to church with them all day, and dined and spent the evening at his house. You cannot conceive how delightful it was to me to join once again in a family circle resembling our own, (he had found none such, it would appear, in France and Italy;) to exchange once more, in my native tongue, views and feelings with those disposed to listen with more than the mere interest of a passing

stranger; to see a mother who reminded me of you, and two little girls in size and appearance like my dear little sisters; to go again to church, and listen to that sublime, devotional, affecting liturgy which I had not heard since I left Geneva." He ought to have loved England already for the sake of that one household.

The preference Mr. Griffin here so decidedly expresses for the Continent over England, Professor M'Vickar says, was the natural result of the order in which he visited them, and may suggest to subsequent young American travellers the advantages of reversing that order on the score both of pleasure and improvement. To a native of the New World, argues the Professor, no portion of Europe is without interest; he finds every where the stimulus of both novelty and antiquity; he should therefore begin with the one as it were nearest home, that by so doing every step may raise in its power over his imagination. Thus England, though the first in the scale of improvement, is unquestionably, to Americans at least, the lowest for excitement; with it therefore they should begin; and then France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, will be found successively to ascend in the scale of interest. The reversed order spoils the whole. After Italy, short of Greece, there is no antiquity; after Switzerland there is no scenery; consequently all that follows is dull, tame, and modern. Hence, he continues, the inconsistent estimate which travellers form of the beauty and grandeur of the Rhine, according as they are fresh from the marshes of Holland, or the mountains of Switzerland. It is noble or tame, just as the tourist's course may happen to be north or south. From this cause Mr. Griffin failed to derive the pleasure he would have done from English scenery. Thus the language of the journal, after describing the ascent of Skiddaw, is, "But what is Skiddaw to Righi?" and again, "One glance at the Terni is worth a whole day's contemplation of the falls of Cumberland." This, says the Professor, is true; but it is unwise and unnecessary; and from personal experience he would recommend to his countrymen that order in visiting them which makes each a subject of enjoyment, and not of criticism—or if it brings on comparison, brings it always in aid of admiration.

Much—all—if you please—of the above is rational; yet it seems to us that Mr. M'Vickar exaggerates the importance of the order he recommends, and that any American, after having seen all the world, may visit Britain without feeling that either the scenery or the institutions of the country are *tame*. We confess ourselves unable to sympathize with so violent a passion for the antique as appears to rule in the soul of Jonathan; nor, indeed, were we previously aware of its being the ruling passion in that heroic residence. But grant it be; can he not descend from his meditations among the old Roman tombs to the more modern monuments on Salisbury Plain—Stonehenge? "*Yesterday is not antiquity*" with us as with our Transatlantic

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brethren; and there are not a few eras in our history that carry the mind back to a tolerably remote period in that of human affairs in general. "But what is Skiddaw to Righi?" was no very wise exclamation; and some of the greatest poets that ever lived have gloried in that mountain, when fresh from their familiarity with the live thunders leaping among the Alps. Mr. M'Vickar should not have said that "after Switzerland there is no scenery;" for there is scenery in Scotland as sublime as any in Switzerland. There is magnitude enough there for the imagination; Painting and Poetry have preferred our Highland mountains to those mightier masses; and genius has intermingled with them its own more magnificent creations.

Mr. Griffin remained about six months in Britain; and the circle of friends into which he was introduced, among whom were some of rank, and many of talent, was highly favourable, says his biographer, to the attainment of every noble end which travel can produce. But seventy pages of disjointed and fragmentary matter, are all we have given us regarding England and Scotland. He well describes Windsor.

"The prospect from the windows of the state apartments, and the raised walk immediately under the castle walls, called the terrace is beautiful and peculiar. It had no pretensions to sublimity, nor a feature that was picturesque; it could boast no southern atmosphere to enhance its charms, no unclouded sky to reveal and heighten them. Yet have I never gazed on a scene so rich in rural beauty. Parks of venerable trees embowering palace mansions; plains of brilliant verdure mixed with the yellow tints of harvest; villages with modest spires, and in the distance, gently swelling hills, composed a landscape the most luxuriant in nature. Immediately at the castle's feet, as if under its protection, lay the town of Windsor: divided from the long street of Eton only by the Thames, now flowing in open sight between his verdant banks, and now seeking concealment beneath the foliage of overshadowing groves. Though the elevation of the hill is not more, I should think, than three hundred feet, yet so level is the country round, that the eye ranges in some directions a distance of nearly twenty miles; embracing a spectacle well worthy of a king, well calculated to remind him both of his resources and his responsibility.

"Leaving the walls, I proceeded on a ramble through the Great Park, commencing at the long walk immediately opposite the principal front. This a noble avenue, said to be three miles in length, bordered by two rows on each side of lofty and wide-spreading elms, and stretching in a straight direction over hill and dale. In the rear, the venerable castle is always visible; becoming, from the nature of the ground, more lofty in appearance as you recede from it. On the right and left extend as far as the eye can reach, verdant lawns, with clumps, and lines, and groves of ancient oaks; and herds of deer feeding, reposing, and sporting, on their surface. It was delightful to see them trotting along, with step so springy

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and so light as hardly to bend the herbage; or bounding more swiftly onward with a leap so graceful as scarce to seem an effort; raising their dappled sides of every shade and mixture of brown and white, above the long grass or low shrubbery, rejoicing in their forest freedom, and guarded security from harm. The venerable oaks of Windsor, which have increased in strength and beauty during the lapse of ages, are not only trees—they are also monuments. One might almost fear to walk among them at night. One might almost expect to encounter on that open glade, the spirits of the mighty Edwards, careering with the lance; to meet in yonder labyrinth the Humpback plotting treason; to be crossed in this melancholy grove by the murdered Richard, or the martyred Henry; to be tormented beneath yon aged oak, like the fat knight of old, by the ghost of Herne the hunter and his merry imps.

"From Snow Hill, an eminence about two miles distant, is enjoyed the best view of Windsor Castle. The whole south front, with tower and battlement, is there presented, flanked by the massive keep, continued by descending piles, and ending in the long line of pinnacles which terminate the buttresses of the chapel of St. George. The whole mass is raised above the lofty forest, and appears from afar indeed the fitting seat of dominion, the worthy citadel of the majesty of England."

Mr. Griffin's description of the House of Commons and its proceedings is very tame; and that of the Court of King's Bench somewhat better; and he shortly gives his impressions of some of our principal lawyers:—

"The Court of King's Bench sits in a small apartment in Westminster Hall. There is no accommodation for spectators except a narrow passage, in which they may stand, and a small gallery in the rear, where however, the voice of the speaker cannot be heard, nor any thing be seen of him except his back. The benches are filled almost exclusively by barristers. The court is composed of four judges, in full-bottomed wigs; that is, wigs which hang down three or four inches below the chin, and almost meet in front. The rest of their costume is grave and becoming, consisting of a black robe with an ermine cape and flowing bands. Lord Tenterden, the Chief-Justice, is a fine thoughtful-looking man, with regular features, and worn and faded complexion; who realizes, by his appearance of attention, candour, and anxiety, our best conception of the character of a judge. Justice Bailey has a countenance still more strongly marked by lines of thought. Little-dale is dignified, but not remarkable: while the prominent bright days of the somewhat torpulent Park, exhibit a vivacity and acuteness which I am told are characteristic of the nan.

"The barristers are habited in gowns, bands, and ordinary wigs, and are seated before the judges on an ascending series of benches. They are very numerous in their attendance, a hundred at least being ordinarily present. On the lowest bench are placed the King's Council, the Attorney-General in the centre. That elevated post is at present filled by Sir James

Scarlett, a man whose eminence in his profession does honour to the office. He is a tall, and remarkably stout portly man, with a broad, sanguine countenance, and features, which, though small in proportion to his frame and face, are yet well and accurately formed. A perpetual smile lurks around his lips, which is remarkably intelligent, and, though sarcastic, pleasant. His mode of speaking is animated, without being impassioned: his voice is not strong, but is natural in its intonations; he gesticulates with his body as well as with his hands, seeming to follow with the whole man the direction of thought and the impulse of feeling. He is fluent in speech, clear and concise in argument. Remarkable sagacity I should consider his distinguishing characteristic.

"Mr. Brougham is justly celebrated for higher qualities—his great attribute is force.—In person, he is remarkably contrasted with his rival. Taller than the Attorney-General, yet he would not probably measure one-third of his circumference. His face is long and lank, his mouth drawn downward, and surrounded with deep-indented furrows. The outline of the lower part of his nose is a small segment of a circle, which is distorted, however, from time to time, into a variety of less regular curves, by a nervous twitching, of which he seems to be altogether insensible.—The face, upon the whole, however, is harmonious, consistent with itself, and powerfully intellectual. His manner is most profoundly grave and earnest. No one can doubt his sincerity, and the importance of his cause. His voice is loud, deep, clear, and penetrating; his gesticulation, though constant, is in general constrained. No man understands better than himself the power of emphasis; the chief word in a passage intended to be forcible, is pronounced with a significance and an impulse of voice which infallibly arrest the attention, and fix it on the object desired. I have seen him once, and once only, when animated to such a degree as afforded some slight specimen of what he may be during one of his supernatural exertions in the House of Commons. (He has withdrawn from the House for a season, I know not for what cause, having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, a nominal appointment under the Crown.) On the occasion to which I allude, all restraint vanished from his gesticulations; both arms were extended in sympathy with the energetic feeling which elevated his person with new dignity, touched every line of his dark countenance with a glow of inspiration, and lightened from his eye with the vividness of an electric flash. The cause in which he was engaged concerned the ejection of a master of a poor-house, for gross misconduct. He had been removed by the constituted authorities, and re-elected at a meeting (which, however, Mr. Brougham contended was irregular) of the parish. After a brief, clear, and calm history of the aggravated misdemeanours of the person in question, Mr. Brougham asked, *Is it to be borne* that this man should be enabled, by an irregular proceeding, by a mere intrigue, to beard those very officers who have just discharged him in the discharge of their own bounden duty? &c. I do not

pretend to give the words employed by Mr. Brougham. Perhaps the startling effect of the unexpectedly forcible enunciation of the first phrase, conspired to drive them from a memory never very tenacious."

There is more spirit in the article entitled—
"London—a Literary Party."

"I dined yesterday with a very distinguished party, at Mr. M——'s, consisting of Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Smith, (one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses,) and other *beaux esprits*; Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes, and some others of less name than fame. The first is certainly a most unpoetical figure. Nor is his countenance, at first sight, more promising than his person. When you study it, however—when you consider the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidal forehead, the marked, yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompany the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy, you forget, and are ready to disavow, your former impressions. To Moore, Lockhart offers a strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of colour, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, (he seems scarce more than thirty,) yet I designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and penciled brows; those retired, yet full, dark eyes; the accurately chiseled nose, and compressed, though curved, lips. His face is too thin, perhaps for mere beauty; but this defect heightens its intellectual character. Our distinguished countryman is of about the ordinary height, and rather stout in person. His hair is black, and his complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale caste of thought." His eyes are of a pale colour: his profile approaches the Grecian, and is remarkably benevolent and contemplative. Mr. Smith carries a handsome, good-natured countenance; and Mr. Mitchell's physiognomy, though not handsome, is at least amiable.

"The conversation at dinner consisted chiefly in the relation of anecdotes. To my great disappointment, no discussion of any length or interest took place. It must be admitted that the anecdotes were select, and told with infinite wit and spirit. Many of them, I doubt not, were the inventions of the narrators. Such seemed to be peculiarly the case with those of Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith; who, though seated at different ends of the table, frequently engaged each other from time to time in a sort of contest for superiority. This contest, however, was still carried on in the same way. Both tried only which could relate the most pungent witticism, or tell the most amusing story. The subjects of the anecdotes in general were extremely interesting. Lord Byron, and other eminent men, with whom the speakers had been or were familiar, were frequently brought upon the stage. Mr. Lockhart meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasant-

ries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr. Irving seems to be one of those men, who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is of a strikingly different character from that of the Editor of the Quarterly. The one appears the reserve of sensibility; the other that of thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr. Irving is mild and bland, ever anxious to please. Mr. Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent.

"On returning to the drawing-room, the scene was changed, though the great actors remained in part at least the same. Music was substituted for conversation. Mr. Smith gave an original song, full of humour and variety. Mr. Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music, and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. The modern poet has more sentiment than the Greek, but can lay no claim (what modern author can?) to the same simplicity and purity of taste. His genius, however, is more versatile. The old voluptuary complains of his inability to celebrate a warlike theme; his lyre will not obey the impulse of his will. But the author of the Fire Worshipers gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel's song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen.

"I cannot conclude this brief sketch, without saying a few words of my host. He is a good-looking man, with a pre-occupied and anxious air. This gives way, however, to true Scottish sense and cordiality in conversation. He has a strong understanding, and a good memory; and is exceedingly interesting from the long intercourse which he has maintained with, and the intimate knowledge he possesses of, all the eminent literary characters of the age. The memoirs of himself and his times, would be invaluable. He has been the Mæcenas of his day; and, though not the favourite of an emperor, has conferred more substantial rewards on merit than even the distinguished Roman. Such has been his libera-

lity, that, though millions have passed through his hands, he is, I am told, by no means exorbitantly rich."

Mr. Griffin visited Oxford, of which he says nothing, and Cambridge, of which he says not much; but that little is, as might be expected from such a man, laudatory of the spirit of the place. He gives a sketch of the extent of knowledge necessary to obtain a bachelor's degree among the *οι πολλοι*; and all the world knows that it is about as great as the space traversed by a squirrel in his cage. But of the examination of the competitors for honours, he truly says, "that it takes in the whole of pure and mixed mathematics." It undoubtedly requires, he adds, "considerable talent, and the most laborious previous study." Aye—more than considerable—great talent—the greatest—to be senior wrangler or at the top of the list; as is proved yearly by the admirable persons who attain that proud pre-eminence, of whom, not a few, the Kings, the Aireys, the Whewells, the Herschells, and the Peacocks, are among the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe.

"But the examination is exclusively mathematical—no other subject is even touched on. In justice, I ought to add, that one balance against the preponderance of mathematics exists in the fact, that prizes of considerable value are in the gift of both the colleges and the university, for proficiency in classical and other studies." This is true, but meagre; and will leave an erroneous impression on the minds of the Americans, if they happen to take from it any impression at all, of the system of education established in that illustrious university. In no college in America is classical literature studied with such enthusiasm and success as in the colleges and halls of Granta—bear witness the many great scholars she has produced and is producing, the numberless good scholars she annually distributes, along with her stately sister, all over enlightened England, who never will suffer to be shorn of their beams, even by a reformed Parliament, those two glorious establishments. But though Mr. Griffin says little to the purpose on the system of education at Cambridge, he speaks worthily of the men who conduct it.

"Much has been said of the indolence of the fellows; of their disposition to quarrel, and petty intrigue; and of their fondness for guzzling ale, and tipping port, and playing whist. Such things were. Nay, since such are the natural consequences of a want of ambition to be useful or distinguished, a want of occupation, and a want of that most practical stimulant, dire necessity, such things doubtless are. The cases, however, are unfrequent. The fellows to whom I had the honour to be introduced, were men of a different stamp. They were gentlemen, in the highest meaning of that high term; and bore about them no traces of their somewhat monastic system. Their conversation smelt a little of the shop—was sometimes a little too mathematical, at least

for me; but was throughout the most purely intellectual that I have ever enjoyed. Their reunions, after a plain but well cooked dinner on the *dais* of their college-hall, either in the common sitting-room, or in the apartments of some individual member, left upon my mind a delightful impression. It was such as literary society should be, composed only of men of real learning; of friends, confiding in the mutual esteem entertained by all, undisturbed by impudent quacks or ambitious pretenders. I have always pitied a man of letters drawn into a house for the purpose of being drawn out for exhibition. Such men are at home only with their equals."

The Star of Columbia College thus speaks of what he saw of the every-day life at Cambridge.

"The dining-halls are, most of them, noble apartments. The fare is plain, but well cooked, and attended by potations of excellent ale. The services in chapel, particularly in the evening, are very imposing, from the long lines of lights and surpliced students. The dresses of the students are beautiful and becoming. Fellow-commoners, that is, those who pay higher, dine at the table with the fellows, wear gowns barred on the sleeves with gold or silver, and caps with gold or silver tassels. The fellow-commoners of Trinity wear blue and silver gowns; the others black and gold. Noblemen wear full sleeves; and have the high privilege of wearing hats instead of caps. There is more in these dresses than at first meets the eye. The obligation to wear them at all times is enforced by very high penalties. The dress acts upon the wearer's *esprit du corps*, inducing him to maintain the respectability of the body to which he belongs, and also keeps before his eyes the fear of detection. The mode of conferring degrees at Cambridge continues the old form of feudal homage. The candidate kneels, and places his hands between those of the vice-chancellor. The ceremony is accompanied by a truly English salutation. If the individual be popular, or admired, the senate-house rings, as he advances, with the acclamations of his companions."

We have sections entitled Stratford upon Avon—Warwick Castle—Beauchamp Castle—Ruins of Kenilworth—Speedwell Mine in Derbyshire—Scenery of Cumberland—all written with animation and picturesque effect. Of Shakspeare he says, with much simplicity, "For my own part I have always considered him, in the union of great and shining qualities, in profoundness of intellect, and lofty creative power, as the most extraordinary person that England or the world has ever produced." At Keswick he visits Mr. Southey, and tells how pleasing were his impressions of that good and great man.

"In the midst of this scene of soothing beauty and abundant fertility on the one hand, and of picturesque grandeur and wild sublimity on the other, lives Mr. Southey; the character of whose genius seems to have been formed after, or itself actually to have given shape to, the material objects by which it is surrounded.

He resides at Greta Hall, beautifully situated upon a rising ground near the river Greta. I found him in the evening, surrounded by his books and family, the most simple and unpretending of men. He is in person above the middle size, but slender, with something of the stoop and listless air of an habitual student. A retiring forehead, shaded in part by thick curled hair, already grey; strongly marked arching eyebrows; uncommonly full, dark eyes, blue, I incline to think; a thin but very prominent nose; a mouth large and eloquent, and a retreating but well defined chin, compose a countenance which, whether animated or contemplative, and it frequently changes its character, is at once impressive and attractive. To give you, perhaps, a more definite idea of his features, they resemble, in form and arrangement, those of Kirk White. Indeed, so striking is the likeness, that the mother of Kirk White was very much affected by it on her first interview with the biographer of her son. He converses very rapidly, both in language and ideas. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with his mind, in its transition from one idea to another, consequent upon, or analogous to it. He asserts with great energy and decision; but this seems to arise, not from a disposition to dogmatize, but from a natural impetuosity and perspicacity of mind. He uses no gestulation; but his features and person are instinct with animation, and alive with nervous action. He frequently walks up and down the room, as if to expend a superabundant quantity of excitement. Though he has viewed the scenery of the continent with the eye and imagination of a poet, yet he seems fondly attached to the scenes among which he lives, and loves to point out their beauties. Indeed, I should have discovered his favourite haunts without his assistance. Mr. Southey's walks, and Mr. Southey's views, seemed to be almost as well known to my guide as to himself. I was delighted to hear him speak in terms of enthusiastic applause of an American production. He had lately received from the United States a book containing the life and remains of Miss Davidson.* He remarked that he had never read a more melancholy or interesting story; that the young authoress, who died like Kirk White from over-excitement, exhibited in her poems proof of uncommon early talent. I am persuaded that the idea too commonly prevalent in our country, that Mr. Southey is disposed to undervalue American genius, is incorrect. He evinces, it is true, a glowing attachment to his own country; but he also displays in his countenance, manners, and conversation, the liberal views and feelings of a general philanthropist."

We fear that Mr. Griffin's heart never took kindly to England. In his last letter from London he says, "I return a more enlightened, and for that reason a more *partial* American than ever. I love my country better, and see reason to love it better than before I left it." On this sentence Professor M'Vicker thus comments:—

* See in Museum, vol. xvi. p. 103, a review of that work by Southey.

"While no American would feel inclined to dissent from this conclusion, there are many who may see in it a tone of excited feeling, not only foreign to the mildness of Mr. Griffin's character, but unfavourable to the acknowledgment by foreigners of its truth. The explanation of this warmth is afforded by his private journal; from which it appears that his feelings, as an American, had been often wounded during his stay in England, by a sneering tone on the subject of his country; he having been so *unfortunate* as to meet with some whose patriotism went beyond their politeness, and it is probable, beyond either their knowledge or judgment. The author says, that in this Mr. G. was *unfortunate*, since, judging from his own experience, such language is as rare in England as it is misapplied. His recollections of a recent visit not furnishing him with a single instance of an educated man, who was not also liberal in his feelings towards America; and though often ignorant of the detail of her institutions, yet appreciating justly their nature and influence; and reciprocating with fraternal frankness those sentiments of respect and amity which unquestionably belong to the better part of the American community. These are sentiments, it may be added, not only just, but mutually becoming: they spring naturally from the sympathy of a common language, literature, and faith, and no feeling or considerate mind would willingly wound them; woe then to that pen or that policy, by which such bonds are severed, and which seeks to sow discord where nature hath planted peace. Treated as a brother, the writer would now fain perform a brother's part, and add his mite towards healing those wounds of petty jealousy, which are as unwise in policy as they are in domestic life, and certainly are unworthy of great and kindred nations.

"But Mr. Griffin's feelings had been evidently greatly hurt, inasmuch as to induce him to address a letter on the subject to the editor of a leading Review in London; which, however, it would seem that second thoughts withheld him from sending."

We cannot but consider this extreme, almost morbid sensitiveness of Mr. Griffin, on the subject of his country's wrongs, as but in part characteristic of his own nature, in part of that of all Americans. In Paris, we presume, people give themselves no trouble in thinking about the "free-born," but look on them merely as human beings, more profuse, it may be, of their expectations (though 'tis not easy to outspit a Frenchman) than of their gesticulations, and conjectured to be aliens but from the unshrugging shoulders they bring with them over the main. In Italy, again, Americans pass from town to town, undistinguished from Europeans; seldom mix much in native society; and, should they sometimes do so, we can well believe that they hear neither praise nor blame of their country, from the mellifluous tongues murmuring round them that sweetest of all speech. In Paris, Mr. Griffin listened to the lectures of *savans*; in Rome, he gazed on pictures and statues; in

Switzerland, he conversed with the cloud-capt mountains; and in Germany, he heard but the flowings of the Rhine. There could not possibly occur any thing there to hurt that *amor patriæ*, which in him, as in every other American, is *amour propre*; but in England, proud, bluff, rude, merry England, he was looked at in his true light, that of a Yankee, whose face, however mild, and Mr. Griffin's was not merely mild, but we are told beautiful, seems to an English ear or eye—we know not which, so let us say both—to be perpetually playing, as from an invisible Jew's Harp, the tune of *Yankee Doodle*. That any coarse or contemptuous words should have dropped from any lips, in his presence, respecting the character or claims of his country or countrymen, we, as polite persons, do very much regret—none such should ever have fallen from our lips in such companionship. But surely on meeting with outspoken sentiments or opinions somewhat derogatory to the dignities of the United States, Mr. Griffin needed not to have been either greatly surprised or distressed; and might have been prepared, from all he had heard of us at home, to suffer such offences without any disturbance of temper.

All Englishmen who have visited America encounter the same sort of treatment every hour; but they simply smile, chuckle, or crow, and are not impatient to take shipping for the chalk cliffs at the first—nor yet the fiftieth insolent sneer—though filthified with the fumes of tobacco. The idea of John Bull's always behaving prettily and minily before Jonathan, cautious not to give offence, as if he were a boarding-school miss mincing matters through a delicate small mouth, is surely absurd; by his very name he is privileged to growl, nay, bellow; and our brethren across the water may be assured that he would not abuse them if he did not regard them, I guess, with pretty considerable respect. They are not Frenchmen, nor Italians, nor—we were going to say Germans—but bone of his bone, and blood of his blood; they have made us haul down our flag more than once, and be — to them; and so have we theirs, (Broke did so in ten minutes); and therefore, as we said before, we love and hate, and shake hands with and insult them; heap hospitalities upon their heads, well knowing that we shall be repaid in kind another day. On seeing them on board a packet at Liverpool, give them a blessing, and perhaps, as she leaves the mouth of the Mersey, pipe our eye, and in our swollen throats gulp down a religious farewell.

"Boston is a pretty town,
And so is Philadelphia;
You shall have a sugar plum,
And I'll have one—myself—eh?"

The subject is a pretty serious one, it is true, though we have chosen, as is our wont, to treat it somewhat jocularly; and perhaps 'tis the best way of preventing any bad blood between the nations. Let us be men, not children. In that

character we have met in war—and after sinking of ships and burning of towns, and defeats by sea and land given and received, but never on either side with loss of honour, why complain childishly of conversational incivilities in peace, it being well known to all the world that we are both great bears—all three—John, Jonathan, and Sandy—yet three such bears as could, if fighting on the same side, send to the devil in double quick time, mountains of wolves and wildernesses of monkeys. But Mr. Griffin, though a high-spirited youth, was but a youth, and had mingled little with rough-and-ready full-grown men, with hair on their breasts, and fists like shoulders of mutton. Professor M'Vickar had fifteen years more growth and strength of character than his amiable friend, when he paid us a visit; and the impressions he carried back with him to Columbia College, of which he is an ornament, we need not be ashamed of, as they are given above in that manly passage. We should like to see a book from his hands on us and our country; nor would any man or woman of sense in Britain take offence at that freedom of speech with which it would be necessary for him to speak of the Isle Invincible. But though Mr. Griffin's first and last letters from our shore showed that he brought with him a somewhat jealous and suspicious temper of mind towards us, and carried away—sorry are we to say it—no very genial feelings towards the nation, yet, of our distinguished men whom he visited, he speaks with respect and admiration, and he shows throughout, that no annoyance he may have suffered unduly to ruffle his equanimity, damped or disturbed the enthusiasm with which he worshipped genius and virtue.

He seems to have been happier in Edinburgh than in London; and here are pictures—and good ones—of some of our most illustrious Scottish worthies:—

"In the first division of the inner court, you find seated daily, in the capacity of clerk, no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott, unquestionably and by universal suffrage the literary wonder of his age. He is a tall man, of large but not well filled frame. His shoulders are remarkably sloping, giving an appearance of great longitude to his neck. He is very lame, the consequence of an accident which occurred years ago. When he walks, one knee bends under him and turns inward, making his progress very slow and painful to the spectator. His head, bald upon the crown, is considered a wonder by phrenologists. It is certainly the highest above the ears I have ever seen; and if, as many allow who yet scout the science of phrenology, the front part of the cranium indicates the intellectual ability, as the hinder part does the animal tendencies of the individual, then the intellectual abilities of Sir Walter Scott must be marvellous indeed: a fact, however, for proof of which we need not resort to so questionable an authority. But if the head of this great man confirms one of the principles of phrenology, his features utterly contradict all the conclusions of a sister science. True, the forehead is capacious and

finely formed, as far as you can see through the few grey locks combed down over it; and the brow overhanging and strongly marked. But the eye is small, and generally dim; and the lower features of the countenance, at least when in a state of repose, bear no indications of the mighty spirit that dwells within. In court, he ordinarily appears as if asleep, or retired so far within himself that no thought or emotion disturbs the placidity of the exterior surface. Twice only, and I have watched his countenance for hours, have I seen it illuminated with an expression indicative of his genius. On one occasion, his eye was turned on one of the spectators, and his countenance involuntarily became so quizzically humorous, that I really could not help laughing, and thinking to myself that he had recognised the original of his own Saddle-tree. On another occasion, his features were fixed in an attitude of concentrated woe, more eloquent than I should have thought them capable of assuming. His soul seemed to have escaped to the pastures of St. Leonard's, or the precincts of the Grassmarket, or to be wandering far away amid the groves of Ravenswood, or dwelling in the retirement of Cumnor. Such is an outline of the personal appearance of that extraordinary man, who has created a new era in literature; who has communicated the charm of classic association to every name and place which he has touched; who is the boast of Scotland, the glory of Great Britain, an honour and an ornament of human nature. Such, I should rather say, is an outline of his appearance in the reverie and abstraction of his quiet station in court. For, in conversation, his countenance brightens with intelligence, and overflows with goodness. You forget what you lately thought his torpid and unmeaning features; you forget yourself and the world; you only remember that you are in the presence, and are listening to the accents, of the greatest of living men.

"Another object of perhaps equal interest in the Scottish courts, is Mr. Jeffrey. He is now Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, ostensibly, and really, too, the head of the Scotch bar. He is a small man, remarkably light and active in all his motions. The most marked peculiarity of his countenance, is a large, dark, and rather prominent eye, full of activity and fire. In his voice there is a charm but rarely to be met with. Deep, rich, and mellow, its bland and varied tones of themselves communicate pleasure to the ear. Periods of the utmost elegance fall spontaneous from his lips. Without effort, his imagination clothes his thoughts in images the most apt, the most illustrative, the most poetical, according to the subject of discussion. His knowledge seems universal. He has a quickness of mind, and I have seen it illustrated on more than one occasion, that flies to a conclusion over the heads of ordinary mortals, and astonishes them, not only by the rapidity of its movement, but by the directness of its course, and the infallibility of its aim. I can now imagine, what was before a problem, how he contrives, amid a multitude of professional engagements, that would of themselves oppress almost any other man, to write so much, as for a long time he has been

known to do, on merely literary subjects. It is no effort to him to write extempore. Since his elevation to the place of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, some six months since, I believe; he has withdrawn from the editorship of the Edinburgh Review, though it is said to have yielded him fifteen hundred pounds a year. He is a gentleman of the old school, and possesses a cordial courtesy of manners, which puts one at one's ease with him, notwithstanding the consciousness of his eminent talents and distinguished reputation. His conversation is the most delightful that I have ever heard. He resides, in summer, at a charming retreat, called Craigcrook, about three miles from Edinburgh, near the Queensferry road; where, surrounded with books and friends, and the most delightful scenery, he cultivates the muses. No one can visit him there without being vividly reminded of Cicero, and the occupations and inmates of Tusculum.

"I have seen Mrs. Grant of Laggan. That remarkable lady is one of the literary boasts of Edinburgh; familiar with all the men of letters, and universally respected. She was the daughter of a barrack-master in the British army, and was in the United States at the age of thirteen, in company with her father, during the revolutionary war. She afterwards married a clergyman, who became a minister of Laggan, a small place somewhere, I believe, in the Highlands, from which she continues to derive her distinctive appellation. From these small beginnings she has raised herself by her talents and her virtues to high literary eminence, and an intimate and equal intercourse with people of the greatest rank and fortune. She is the author, as you doubtless know, of *Letters from the Highlands*, and *Memoirs of an American Lady*. She has lost nine children, all of whom died after they were grown up, and has but one surviving. She is herself a venerable ruin. She is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches; and even with their assistance, her motions are slow and languid. Still, she is not only resigned, but cheerful; her confidence in Divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, and yet so tranquil; so indicative, at once, both of goodness and of greatness. Her broad and noble forehead above all, relieved by the parted grey hair, exceeds in interest any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteristic; frank, yet far from rude; replete at once with amusement and instruction. She frequently, among friends, claims the privilege of age to speak, with what she calls the truth; what every one indeed must acknowledge to be such, in its wisest and most attractive form.

"One of the most remarkable days of my life, to be marked, as old Horace says, with a white stone, or bean, I really forget which, was the one on which I saw Mackenzie, 'The Man of Feeling.' I found him just returned from a drive, and seated musing in his study; a tall figure, wasted by age, with a venerable countenance, whose mild, beneficent expression, age seems only to have heightened. I never saw a form and face so instinct with goodness

so attractive of affection. The tenderness poured forth in his works, seems diffused around his person; and I defy any man that has a soul, to admire the former more than he shall feel inclined at once to love the latter. He received me with an air almost paternal, and broke at once into an animated conversation. It was then that his eye glowed with a fire which I had not anticipated, but which you may see sometimes exhibited in his portraits. He spoke of the Continent at once with the fond recollection of age, and the ardent animation of youth. I thought of Julia de Roubigne, but did not venture to remind him of the scenes where his own story is laid. Out of compliment to me, he alluded to my own country, saying, that there was a manifest bond between Great-Britain and America, both by nature and self-interest; and that for his own part he had always been an advocate for conciliation and friendship. He admired the elastic and enterprising spirit of my countrymen. I confess, I felt the prouder for his praise; though, in such a case, my pride would reject the praises of most men. I should have been delighted to draw him into a conversation relating to the olden times, to the distinguished companions of his more youthful days; a subject on which, it is said, he loves to expatiate, and sometimes expatiates to the delight of every auditor. Who, indeed, would not expect so much from the friend and companion of Johnson and Goldsmith, the living patriarch of letters? This pleasure, however, I was obliged to forego, as I could neither presume to lead nor to fatigue him. After some further conversation, therefore, on Scottish scenery, and the direction of my tour, I withdrew."

He then gives a brief account of some modes and habits of ours, not without interest to him, because, he says, different from those in his own country:—

"The houses in Edinburgh are much better fitted for the reception of company than our own, though it puzzles me to imagine how sleeping accommodations are found for a large family, where so much room is occupied for other purposes. The drawing-room is always on the second story, and occupies the whole front or depth of the house. Adjoining is a small parlour, closed by a folding door, or left entirely open, and constituting a part of the drawing-room. The dining-room is always below, and the library beside it. The furniture is much plainer than ours, but far more tasteful. No glaring mirrors or gilt pier-tables are to be seen; the most striking objects are an ottoman in middle of the room, and a chandelier above it. As few as possible of those awkward articles, called chairs, are admitted; their place is supplied by sofas, and in some instances by cushioned benches placed along the recesses of the windows. The dining-room is always very plain. The dresses of the ladies are remarkably simple. I have seen the daughter of a baronet dressed in something that looked very much like calico, at a large music party at home. The gentlemen—were one of our exquisites dropped down among them, he would think himself in a clerical conclave, and might

himself be regarded as an ape newly caught, of some unknown species. The finest gentlemen, in fact, in point of dress, are the servants, with their gay liveries, velvet small-clothes, and white silk stockings. The mode of introduction at these parties is peculiarly convenient. A servant receives your name at the door, and transmits it through an ascending file of some half dozen of his fellows, to the entrance of the drawing room; there it is audibly pronounced, attracting at once the attention of the master and the mistress of the house. This proclamation of your name does not, it is true, entitle you to address an individual without a special introduction, yet to a stranger it saves the awkwardness of a long search for his inviters, whom perhaps he may not even personally know. The conversation among both ladies and gentlemen, is of a far more literary cast, I am sorry to say; than with us. Without being downright blue or pedantic, it is sensible and instructive; without marching always upon stilts, it yet manages to get over the mud of scandal, and the dust of frivolity, without soiling a shoe.

"On a pleasant day, the promenades of Edinburgh present an animated and pleasing scene. Yet I have seen a much more brilliant display in our own Broadway. Not that I mean to prefer the latter. The Scotch ladies dress with good sense and good taste, warmly as becomes the season, and plainly and in dark colours, as becomes the place. Many a time, in my own country, I have been compelled to anticipate cold and consumption from the sight of a silk slipper. Many a time have I trembled for the fate of a gauze, jostled by some rude porter. Many a time have I been grieved by seeing garment of the most delicate hues visited, alas too roughly, by the winds of heaven, with a plentiful sprinkling of dust. And all these emotions have been excited by the very course adopted, I suppose, (unless people dress to please themselves,) to fascinate me, and all the world. But if to the Scotch ladies I am obliged to assign the palm of dress, what satisfaction do I find in claiming for my own fair countrywomen the golden prize of beauty? Since, then they stand less in need of the foreign aid of ornament, why will they not submit, in this single instance, to the warning voice of prudence, and the dictates of a juster though severer taste? Health, far more than ornament, is the soul of beauty.

"The weather has been just cold enough to freeze over Duddingston Loch, and make it capable of bearing. Such an occasion is eagerly embraced, not only by the boys and youth, but by men of advanced age and dignified character. Mr. Jeffery is a distinguished member of the skating club, and Principal Baird has attained a high reputation as a curler. The ladies swarm to witness the exhibition, and the whole scene is more gay and animated than any of which we have an idea, accustomed as we are, to the exercise of skating, and the more frequent opportunities of using it. By the by, it is a marked distinction between the manners of our country and this, that sports, which with us are abandoned on leaving school, or at farthest

on quitting college, are here persisted in with increasing ardour, to the very verge of old age. The active games of golf, skating, curling, &c. have the same attractions for the man of fifty, as they had for the boy of ten.

"Yet cheerful as is the spirit which this circumstance would seem to indicate, the Christmas holidays are not kept here with any show of festivity. Except in the Episcopal chapels, there are no religious services on either Christmas or New Year's day. On both days the shops are all open; and the Scottish tradesman is more occupied in getting in his bills, than in reflecting on the glories of his coming dinner. One singular exception, however, to this general rule, is presented on New Year's eve. On this occasion, the ancient Saturnalia seem to be revived. The streets are filled with groups of persons bearing in triumph a bottle and a glass; or, still more frequently, a kettle of hot punch, who insist on your shaking their greasy palms, and drinking to their future happiness. These worthy personages also claim as matter of prescription transmitted from their ancestors, the right of kissing every female who appears in the streets after twelve o'clock, whether it be a lady in her chair or carriage, unluckily detained beyond the witching hour, or a merry maid-servant who has stolen forth intent upon securing at least her share of frolic and of kisses. Various other pranks do they enact with impunity, to the great disturbance of the public sleep.

"I would with great satisfaction remain at Edinburgh the whole winter, instead of going to London. The Scotch are the kindest, the most hospitable, and most agreeable people in the world. To give you an instance of their hospitality: I think I mentioned to you that I had met, on the summit of Mount Righi, a young Russian nobleman called De Vicoline, who urged me very earnestly to go back with him to Russia, whither he was returning in the winter. The other day, whom should I encounter, in a reading-room to which I had gone to look over some American papers, but my young Russian. I had completely forgotten his features, as we had passed only a day or two together, but fortunately recollected him the moment he mentioned Righi. He told me that, after leaving me, he met with some Scotchmen, who diverted him from his intention of returning home, by setting forth the beauties of Edinburgh, and the excellencies of its university. Accordingly, he descended the Rhine in their company, and came to Scotland, passing weeks among their relations in Ayrshire, and among the Western Highlands. He is now residing with one of them at his country seat, about five miles from Edinburgh, and attends the chymical and metaphysical lectures at the University. He is, it is true, a most accomplished person, and a nobleman—facts which may in part account for the extraordinary hospitality shewn him. But Scottish hospitality, in all its kind and soothing influences, is extended also to the stranger who claims neither high birth nor eminent accomplishments. I shall leave Edinburgh with impressions on my mind and heart which nothing but the cold hand of death can ever obliterate.

Mr. Griffin returned to America in April 1830; and within a week of his arrival, was appointed to deliver a course of lectures on literature in Columbia College, in consequence of the illness of his biographer. During the months of May and June, they were prepared, written out, and delivered; and a considerable part of them are published in these volumes. And we agree with Professor M'Vickar, that when it is considered that it was a voluntary service, taken up without premeditation on the very moment of return, carried on without aid, and completed in the midst of all the interruptions incident to such a period of congratulation, it may be said, without exaggeration, that they remain a noble monument of promptitude, diligence, and knowledge, and afford a rich sample of what might have been effected by him had life been spared.

"For the task itself Mr. Griffin was well fitted, both by nature and education: since, to great natural delicacy of taste was added a familiar acquaintance with the best models of both ancient and modern times. His classical education had been thorough, so far as that term may be applied to American scholarship. He was also intimately acquainted with the languages and literature of Italy and France, and deeply read in that of his own tongue. His recent tour had not only extended his knowledge, and still further cultivated his taste, but produced somewhat of its usual influence in raising criticism into a science. The Italian language had been one of his early acquisitions; he was engaged in its study with his lamented sister, when death made him a solitary student. His instructor, (Professor Da Ponte,) speaks of him as having evinced a singular aptitude in its acquisition, and great diligence and judgment in the perusal of its authors. With the French he was equally familiar. According to the statement of one of the most accomplished of our French scholars, (the Rev. A. Verren,) he spoke the language, upon his return from Europe, with such purity, that Mr. Verren looked forward with confidence to his occasional aid in the supply of his pulpit in that tongue. His course embraced Roman and Italian literature, together with that of England, down to the writers of the reign of Charles II."

But the close of his career was at hand. Released from his college labours, Edmund paid a visit to a younger brother in the western part of the state of Massachusetts, one whom he had not seen since his return, whom he had left, two years before, a thoughtless, perhaps worldly youth, but found now a devoted zealous enquirer after Christian truth, abandoning the fair prospects of worldly advancement which had begun to open to him, and retiring to solitude and study, with a view to devote himself to the work of the ministry. With that beloved brother he returned to New York, and with him spent the few remaining days of his life. They were passed in such delightful and improving intercourse, that the survivor loves to look back upon them as a period when brotherly affection was

sanctified by the common bond of deep-felt religion, and made more tender by the feelings of long separation. The news of the happy change on his brother's feelings had reached Edmund in Europe, and the following is an extract from one of his earliest letters after his arrival:—

"One of my most eager longings, on my voyage home, was to have an opportunity of conversing freely with you on the happy change which you have recently experienced; a change which concerns not merely temporal, or transitory interest, but which secures, I trust, your eternal happiness. I have wished to see you accomplished, literary, rich; but God has given you brighter ornaments, a more precious wisdom, and more enduring riches. I purchased for you, at Geneva, a very pretty breastpin. At present I shall not tender it to your acceptance, but shall retain for you a Bible purchased for my own use, and which includes, under the same cover, (no unmeet companion,) the Common Prayer-Book of the Church of England. I shall send it by the first opportunity that occurs, and beg that you will make the Bible, at present, the sole object of religious study. Have, nothing to do, as yet, with *theology*. It is enough for the present, that the Bible convinces you of the heinousness of sins committed by yourself, and points out the only remedy, the atoning blood of the Lamb of God; that the Bible assures you of your own inability to turn to God, and to preserve your peace with him, and directs you to the only efficient aid in the assisting and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, to be sought by prayer, meditation, and the attentive perusal of the will of God. It is enough, that as the Bible threatens, so also it promises; as it pierces, so also it heals; that it has brought life and immortality to light, and has assured a participation in those glorious privileges, to all who humbly and perseveringly seek after them. With the explanation of minor difficulties, you have at present no concern; they are but as motes in the sunbeam; they cannot interrupt the passage of the light."

One afternoon, the two brothers crossed the river to Hoboken, in order that, in the retirement of that rural spot, they might wander and talk with greater freedom. On the morning of the same day, Edmund had passed some hours with his friend, the Jay Professor of Languages in the college, planning, among other schemes of literary labour, to devote the leisure of his vacation to German literature. Full of life and health, and all its energy of usefulness and self-improvement, no labour, says his biographer, seemed too great for him, no attainments beyond his grasp; inasmuch that one of his friends, upon his departure, gave vent to that mingled feeling of admiration and fear which is so naturally inspired by an over-prosperous good fortune, and which, on this occasion, seemed like a presentiment of evil. So natural, continues Professor M'Vickar, in a fine strain, is this apprehension of the near approach of sudden misfortune in the midst of great prosperity, as to have inspired the ancient

heathen with the belief that some deity was jealous of man. Christianity has taught us the wiser lesson, that it is appointed to teach us the vanity of the world.

In the course of their walk, the younger brother was relating to Edmund a death-bed scene which a few weeks before he had witnessed; and he now describes him as riveted to the spot in mute attention, every feature fixed, every faculty of the mind absorbed, and for minutes after the tale was ended, apparently lost in thought, as if some secret voice had whispered to him, "Be thou also ready." Before they reached home, the fatal disease (inflammation) had attacked him. This was on Saturday; and on the Tuesday following (August 31, 1830) he expired. The Rev. Dr. Lyell, who was with him at the last, says—"that he had seen deaths more triumphant, but never one so calm and tranquil." The details of his sufferings and resignation are given very simply and affectingly; and Professor M'Vickar, who has done himself infinite honour by his part in this publication, among other fine reflections on the death of his friend, says beautifully, that "he trusts this fair portraiture of youth well employed, will lead some of those who are following in the path of life to form themselves upon its model; that by it some will be roused to diligence, from witnessing what diligence can accomplish; some be saved from vice, by beholding the beauty of innocence; some be led to religion, by seeing it united with taste and accomplishments; some be weaned from their prejudices against a church to which such an enquirer was freely led; some child be won to filial obedience; some brother to fraternal love, by the pleasing picture exhibited of domestic attachment; and all who read it be impressed with the wisdom of being prepared for an event against which no sufficient barrier was found in youth, health, knowledge, virtue, or all the fond anticipations which human affection builds upon them."

From the Athenæum.

THE OUDALISK'S SONG.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THEY said that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away—
Within the Sultan's halls of light,
A glittering wretch to stay;
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam—
Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,
My own—my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare
That glitter in the sun,
And braid with pearls my long black hair—
I weep when all is done;
I'd give them all for one bright hour
Free and unwatched to roam:
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower
From thee—my childhood's home.

They bring my low-toned harp, and bid

My voice the notes prolong—
And oft my soul is harshly chid
When tears succeed to song
Alas! my lip can sing no more,
When o'er my spirit come
The strains I heard in these of yore,
My own—my childhood's home!

For then, the long-lost visions rise
Of happy sinless year—
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,
Yet cannot cease from tears:
I see the porch where wearily
My mother sits and weeps—
I see the couch where rosiely
My little brother sleeps.

I see the flowers I loved to tend,
Lie tangled on the earth;
I hear the merry voices blend—
Mine old companions; mirth!
O what to me are gilded halls,
Rich vestments, jewels rare?
I'd rather live in cabin walls,
And breathe the mountain air.

Here the hot heavy winds are still,
The hours unwearied pass:
Oh! for the sunshine on the hill—
The dew upon the grass!
Oh! for the cool resounding shore,
The dark blue river's foam!
Shall my sick heart ne'er see them more?
Woe! for my childhood's home!

From the United Service Journal.

AN ADVENTURE IN LA VENDEE. By

AN OFFICER IN THE FRENCH SERVICE.

On the 1st November last (1831), I was appointed to a lieutenancy in the first grenadier battalion of the 1st regiment, which was at that time doing duty with the forces in La Vendée; and I started with buoyant spirits and without loss of time for Chemilli, where the staff of our regiment was quartered. I reached it about three o'clock on the 4th of that month, and not only found that I had been expected some hours sooner, but that it was planned for me to execute a commission, which would carry me and two grenadiers as my escort, through a wood lying betwixt Chemilli and Chalonne. I therefore sat out with my two men; and we pursued our course along the high road, between hedges and ditches, out of which I every instant expected a Chouan to start up, or at least, looked to be honoured with the flash of his pan; but every thing continued quiet until we had advanced about a quarter of a mile into the wood. At a corner, however, where the road took a wind, we came upon a sort of palling, manned with fifteen armed peasants; I summoned the men to lay down their arms, and having repeated my summons three several times, we opened upon them. My own weapon consisted of a double-barrelled gun; but it played me false, both barrels flashing boot-

lessly in their pans. The Chouans now set up a loud hurrah! gave fire, and all three of us fell. I have since learned, that one of my comrades was shot through the heart: the second appeared to have received a wound in the head: and, as for myself, a bullet grazed my right shoulder, and another passed right through me, between my shoulder and breast. I fell on the ground in a state of insensibility, and, upon opening my eyes, found that I had been completely plundered and was lying with my two grenadiers in a ditch; the gore was streaming from both wounds, I was suffering under a degree of thirst that was almost insupportable, and the loss of blood had reduced me to so weak a state, that I had the greatest difficulty in the world to creep out of my grave, and look out for assistance. I observed a peasant's cabin hard by, and crawled towards it. An old man was standing at the door; I implored his help, and lay before him in so wretched a plight, that although he was himself a Chouan and had a son who had made his escape from the conscription, he took pity upon me, stretched out his hands to assist me, and aided me in mounting an uncouth bed, on which a quantity of hay was piled together; his wife in great haste threw some coverlids over me, for, whilst they were consulting in a whisper upon what should be done with me, several rough voices were heard before the door: she had scarcely laid me under an injunction to keep myself as quiet as possible, when the Chouans, whose fire had brought me down, strode through the door into the only apartment the cabin contained,—which served for kitchen and bed-chamber, as well as lodging for man and beast. These men told my hosts, that they had shot three red-men, but, on their return from a short round, had found but two bodies; adding, that, as to the third, they knew he had made his way into their hut by the traces of blood leading towards it, and they were come to require he should be delivered up to them in order that they might put him effectually out of the way at once. The countryman swore, that he had not seen a soul alive, and would be the first to drive a bullet through a red-man's head as soon as he should fall in with him. The strangers vowed and maintained that I could be nowhere else, loudly charged him with playing the traitor, and swore by Heaven! they would track me wherever I might have found a covert. Upon this they separated, hunted about every crevice in the hut, pulled up the floor, drove their arms into the hay-heap, and I expected every instant to feel them plunging their bayonets into the bed. Whilst this was passing, I was lying almost at death's door, and my blood was running down from my shoulders through the hay, until it collected on the floor, where it caught the nose of a hog that lay beneath the bed, and set instantly upon gulping it down; The creature then began thrusting his snout into every corner of the hay in search of more, and at last got it close to my foot, at which he made a bite; this roused my small remaining stock of energy, and

I drew my foot back, and gave the hog a kick upon the nape of his neck with all my might and main; at this, he set up a long, barking sort of a grunt, and brought the whole nest of Chouans about the bed. A little girl, the poor people's daughter, at this moment entered the cabin; she had watched the transaction from the outset, and made up her mind what plan to follow, without exchanging a word with her parents. "Holla! what are you about there?" the girl inquired. "We are hunting after a red-man, answered the Chouans, "you must have seen him, ay?" "To be sure I did," replied the girl, "I have just seen a couple of grenadiers carrying an officer off, on the road towards Bressieux." "Away, boys, away!" bellowed one of the men, who seemed to act as a leader; "we must bring the red-dog down before he gets out of the wood; and the whole crew instantly scampered off, that they might be in time to intercept my retreat. What with loss of blood, and the utter exhaustion to which this harrowing scene of alarm and anxiety had reduced me, I felt so completely overcome as to sink into a state of insensibility, from which I was not roused until the ensuing morning, when I was delighted to find myself under the protection of a platoon of my own company, aided by the regimental surgeon, who dressed my wounds and had me carried on a litter to Chemilli; my recovery was for a long time doubtful, and the medical attendants were astonished that the breath had not long before departed from my nostrils. But youth, and the fortunate direction which the bullet took, for this once saved me.

From the Monthly Review.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND.

By Barry Cornwall.

Farewell Old England's shores!

Farewell her rugged men!

Now, sailors, strain your oars!

I ne'er will look again.

I've lived—I've sought—I've seen—

Oh, things I love too well,

Upon those shores of green:

So England! long farewell!

Farewell!

I go,—what matter where?

The Exile where he flies,

Thinks not of *other* air

Dreams not of *alien* skies:

He seeks but to depart

From the land he loves too well,—

From thoughts that smite his heart:

So England! long farewell!

Farewell!

O'er lands and the lonely main,

A lonelier man, I roam,

To seek some balm for pain,—

Perhaps to find a home:

I go,—but time nor tide,

Nor all that tongue may tell,

Shall e'er from thee divide

My heart,—and so, farewell!

Old England, fare thee well!

From the Monthly Review.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.*

IN noticing the numbers of this valuable work which comprised the class of "Reptiles," we paid what we conceived to be a just tribute, not only to Mr. Griffith's admirable accuracy in translating, but also to the additional importance and utility which he has conferred upon Cuvier's labours by his own original observations, and by his felicitous tact in abridging the mere technical details with which the French volumes are overloaded. He has thus rendered the matter of the publication as popular as it was possible to make it; combining, at the same time, with the severe correctness of science, the attractions of entertainment.

The number now before us treats of insects; a class of the creation that more, perhaps, than any other is calculated to excite our attention, from the wonderful varieties which it comprehends, and the astonishing minuteness of anatomical mechanism which it discloses. In both these points it surpasses every other. The number of species which have been already observed, exceeds twenty thousand, and it is not too much to say that, taking the species indigenous to Asia, Africa, and America into consideration, there are at least as many more, of which we have, as yet, no adequate descriptions. Travelers, in those quarters of the globe, have too often contented themselves with collecting only those insects which appeared to them most remarkable for the singularity of their forms, or the beauty of their colours. Hence it happens, that their catalogues are very scanty, and their specimens still more limited; partly for the reason we have mentioned, but partly also, it must be admitted, on account of the great difficulty which attends the preservation and conveyance home of such fragile materials.

To the multitude, insects are uninteresting, because they are generally so small. But to all persons who have a moment for reflection, this very minuteness of conformation is the very features of all others that renders them so attractive. 'Infinity,' observes Mr. Griffith, 'exists in small as well as in great things, and the insignificance of an atom, the imparting to it, under such minute dimensions, so many organs, capable of a variety of sensations, is a greater marvel than the production of those colossal animals on which we look with terror and astonishment.' "Wherefore," asks another writer—one of the most philosophical observers of nature—"should we fear to bestow too much praise on the works of the Supreme Being? A machine is the more admirable, and does the greater honour to its in-

* The animal Kingdom described and arranged, in conformity with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier. Translated with additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named; of many not before noticed; and other Original Matter. By Edward Griffith, F. L. S., and others. Paris XXVIII. to XXXII. London: Whittaker & Co. 1832.

ventor, in proportion, as it is simple in relation to its destined object, though complex as to the number and variety of its parts. The union and concurrence of so many different and necessary pieces to the production of one given end, impress us with a high idea of the genius of the mechanist. He who has formed those animated machines which we term *insects*, has assuredly admitted no unnecessary parts into their composition. Notwithstanding their minuteness, they cannot fail to excite our admiration in a much greater degree than larger animals, when we consider that there are many more component parts in their body, than in the enormous living masses of the elephant or the whale. In the production of the butterfly, and of every insect which undergoes a true metamorphosis, the equivalent at least of two animals is produced."

What a theme for meditation is suggested by these few remarks! In every insect that undergoes a complete transformation, there must be, in fact, the germ of one animal contained in the perfect body of another. Thus in the lion-ant we have the four-winged fly, and the beautiful butterfly in the mean-looking, crawling caterpillar. What is the use of all these insects and transformations? we have heard a thousand times asked. What good do they produce? Is it not, we ask in return, a sufficient good if they remind us even for a moment of the power and ever active presence of the Omnipotent? Supposing we were told that this object alone was the only one which the Creator had in view, when He peopled the air, the water, and the earth with insects, would it not be an adequate object for the display of such varied and miraculous power? He has intended us for Himself: but He knew that, placed in a world in which the multitude would have to labour for their maintenance, we might too often give up all our thoughts to the occupations which existence renders necessary, and He has in consequence strown our path every where with objects—like so many fire-flies—which may at every moment of the brilliant day or the winter night, speak to us of Him! No person has ever yet asked the use of an insect, who has paid the slightest attention to its wonderful structure; for besides the unknown, or rather unnoticed part which may be assigned to it in carrying on the necessary operations of nature, it is in itself one of the letters in that divine alphabet which the Deity has framed for his favourite creature man, to enable him to read if he have but the will to read, the precious volume which is here unfolded for his perusal.

Although it is the opinion of the best natural philosophers, that insects are uniformly governed by instinct, yet it is certain, that their instinct operates occasionally in a manner so like reason, that we find a difficulty in ascertaining to which faculty we are to attribute some of the facts which fall within our observation. Instinct is their natural guide, and it must be admitted that they could have no better, since their existence

is so transitory that they could have but little time to deliberate, or to gather lessons from experience. The bee is born an accomplished geometrician, and if it had not been so, it would soon perish for the want of subsistence. Something of this precious benevolence of nature is occasionally seen also in men, to whom happy dispositions for particular pursuits are given, which enable them, often without being taught, to excel in the mechanical, and even in the elegant arts. The most wonderful character in the instinct of insects is, that they have often displayed a power of accommodating themselves to circumstances, which is seldom to be observed in the conduct of birds, or even in other classes of the higher animals. Honey-combs, for instance, may occasionally be found altogether peculiar, with cells differently shaped, and even differently arranged, in order to meet the difficulties of the situation in which they happen to be placed. But inasmuch as it is known that this power of accommodation to particular circumstances has been displayed by the bees in all ages, and that even in these deviations from the usual routine, there is nothing that can be imputed to the new individuals of the species, it is looked upon, and justly, rather as a variation of instinct, than as the proof of a reasoning faculty.

It is very curious to observe the number of instincts with which insects are endowed, as compared with the higher animals. In the nurses, for instance, among the working bees, thirty different instincts are enumerated. We must confess, that it would appear to us more reasonable to refer these varieties of action to one general instinct, than to say, that each particular duty which they perform is the result of a particular instinct directing it. But the high authority of Spence is quoted for the former doctrine, and, at all events, whether it be well founded or not, it places the insect in an equally wonderful point of view. Thus it matters little, whether we refer to one instinct or to many, the habits which bees have of sending out scouts before they swarm, in search of a proper place of settlement; of following the queen wherever she goes; of cleansing their new abode from dirt; of propping up their combs when too heavy; of embalming in wax any offensive object which they are not able to remove. These and many other operations which the bees go through, are equally worthy of our admiration, whether we ascribe each of them to a separate instinct, or the whole to one presiding impulse.

But is not that impulse something higher than mere instinct? This is a question upon which there will always be two opinions. In fact, we men cannot understand by what kind of faculty, short of reason, it happens, that, although the working bees are sure to destroy the drones every autumn, they abstain from injuring any one of them if the hive has lost its queen. In this case the drones are suffered to live unmolested throughout the winter. Here is an alteration of conduct, an abstinence from that which

seems to be a natural and habitual course of periodical hostility, caused by the loss of the queen, an event that does not often happen. Dr. Darwin's story of the wasp which sawed the body of a large fly in two, and then cut off its wings, for the greater convenience of carriage, is well known. Dr. Franklin relates also a singular anecdote, showing that ants not only exercise a degree of sagacity, but also that they have the power of communicating information to each other. "Having placed a pot containing treacle in a closet infested with ants, these insects found their way into it, and were feasting very heartily when he discovered them. He then shook them out, and suspended the pot by a string from the ceiling. By chance one ant remained, which, after eating its fill, with some difficulty found its way up the string, and thence reaching the ceiling escaped, by the wall to its nest. In less than half an hour, a great company of ants sallied out of their hole; climbed the ceiling, crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued, until the treacle was all consumed, one swarm running up the string, while another passed down. It seems indisputable that one ant had, in this instance, conveyed news of the booty to his comrades, who would not otherwise have at once directed their steps in a body to the only accessible route." Messrs. Kirby and Spence relate another anecdote, from which we must conclude that insects are in possession of an instinct capable of assisting them in many difficulties.

"A German artist, a man of strict veracity, states, that in his journey through Italy, he was an eye-witness to the following occurrence. He observed a species of scarabæus, (*Atrechus pilularius*) busily employed in making for the reception of its egg, a pellet of dung, which, when finished, it rolled to the summit of a small hillock, and repeatedly suffered to tumble down its side, apparently for the sake of consolidating it by the earth, which each time adhered to it. During this process, the pellet unluckily fell into an adjoining hole, out of which all the efforts of the beetle to extricate it were in vain. After several ineffectual trials, the insect repaired to an adjoining heap of dung, and soon returned with three of his companions. All four now applied their united strength to the pellet, and at length succeeded in pushing it out; which being done, the three assistant beetles left the spot, and returned to their own quarters." part—xxviii. pp. 111, 112.

The summary of the doctrine upon this subject seems to be reducible to this, that the great majority of the actions of insects are directed by a principle of instinct, totally distinct from reason; but that nevertheless they have the faculty, though supposed to be a limited one of forming judgments from their immediate perceptions, and of acting thereupon. It seems undeniable also, that they have some mode of communicating with each other, and that in addition to this faculty, they are endowed with memory.

We may perceive, in the warm latitudes particularly, the active share which insects take in fulfilling the economical scheme of nature. The ants, for instance, of which there are in those climates innumerable legions, although they sometimes commit depredations upon the works of man, devouring his books and furniture without any distinction, and thus warning him to apply his ingenuity and industry in taking precautions against their inroads, are of the greatest use in destroying dead organized matter, such as carrion, which might otherwise putrify and fill the atmosphere with pestilence. They are constantly occupied in purging the surface of the soil from matter of this description, and so voracious are these insect vultures, that they have been known to consume the flesh of a collared quadruped in one day. They in their turn become the food of birds, reptiles, quadrupeds, and thus the equilibrium of animated life is kept up by means of a system, of which at best we see but a part, and even that darkly.

The fecundity of the females among the social insects, and the care which nature has taken in providing the young with nurses, is another wonderful portion of their history.

Reaumur estimates at twelve millions, the number of eggs laid by the domestic bee in spring, within the space of twenty days. But this fecundity is much inferior to that of the termites of the same sex. At the time of laying, their belly is so distended by the number of eggs with which it is filled, that this part is then, according to Smeathman, five hundred or two thousand times more bulky than the rest of the body. Its volume is twenty or thirty thousand times larger than that of the belly of the neuter. In fine, the number of eggs which the female can lay in the space of one day, amounts to eighty thousand. Now, this exceeding fecundity of insects which live in society, seems to establish the necessity of a third division of individuals, such as the neuters, which shall possess the affections of maternity, without the reproductive faculty.

All these insects, with the exception of the termites, are of the number of those which undergo complete metamorphoses, and their larvæ, unlike the caterpillars, are quite unable, from feebleness, absence of feet, and the extreme smallness of the mouth to provide for themselves. Besides, they would seek in vain to procure their food, which consists in vegetable or animal matter, which has undergone preparatively a digestive process. In this state of things almost daily assistance is necessary for them. This the mothers, had they been alone, could by no possibility have afforded. They never could have found strength or time to collect magazines of provisions for so numerous a family, nor could the provisions have been preserved in a proper state, up to the time that they were wanted. If the existence of the mothers were prolonged beyond the time of the disclosing of the young, and the bringing up and the education of the latter were entrusted to them, their difficulties would still increase. They could not find every day the quantity of aliments required, especially

in rainy weather, and even supposing that they could procure them, how could they distribute them to each individual larva? How could they watch over, and preserve them from the infinite number of perils by which they are menaced? It is very different with solitary insects. Their family, few in number, isolated, concealed, and occupying but a small space, can easily be withdrawn from the investigations of its enemies. But insects, united in great numbers in the same nest, have more unfavourable risks to run. The careful attention of the ants to their progeny affords an apt illustration of this point.—part xxviii. pp. 115, 116.

These provisions of nature, and others which might be mentioned, afford indisputable proof of a system established from the creation, and ought constantly to lead our thoughts to that Eternal Intelligence by which it was ordained. How justly may we not exclaim with Cowper,

"These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,

How dimly seen, how faintly understood!

Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair."

The parasite order of insects, though highly interesting in a scientific point of view, do not furnish us with many ideas of an agreeable nature. We shall therefore pass them by altogether, suggesting only to the attention of the reader the exhibition of the "wonderful fleas" now open in Regent Street. One of these well disciplined tiny animals draws up a bucket from a well; another is harnessed to the model of a man of war of 120 guns, with sails, &c., four hundred times its own weight, which it draws after it without any difficulty; while others are engaged in carrying upon their backs effigies of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, and in combatting with swords in regular warfare. Mr. Griffith mentions a flea of middling size that has been seen to draw a silver cannon supported on two little wheels, which was charged with powder and let off, apparently without giving the insect the slightest alarm. Hook has recorded the labours of an English artist, who constructed an ivory coach for six horses, holding four persons, having two lackeys behind and a coachman on the box, with a dog between his legs, which was drawn by a single flea! M. Latreille, remarking on such works of art, asks why such delicacy and fineness of labour should not be devoted to objects of greater utility? We quite coincide in the answer which Mr. Griffith has given to this question. We shall add to it his very sensible observations upon the insects in question.

"If every work of man was to be measured by its direct utility, some of the noblest productions of art and genius might be undervalued and despised. The exercise of human ingenuity is in itself laudable, and though it be employed on an object of no direct utility, it may and not unfrequently does, lead to the most useful discoveries and inventions. The man employed on such a task as we have de-

scribed, was at all events improving himself in his art, and increasing the delicacy of his tact, and the accuracy of his vision. Better to be so employed than in fabricating engines of destruction, or mingling in scenes of dissipation, vice and folly.

"In studying so small an animal as the flea, many subjects of admiration present themselves to our mind. What prodigious force of muscle must not that be which enables this insect to raise itself thirty times its height! How singular the structure of that tube with which it sucks our blood! Nature, with her usual wisdom and foresight, has given this animal a compressed form, which enables it to insinuate itself with more facility between the hairs of animals, and conceal itself there. She has encased its body in a sort of armour by enveloping it in a firm and elastic skin, capable of resisting the pressure of our fingers.

"It is not necessary to enter into any detail here, of all the means which have been prescribed for the destruction of these troublesome insects. Some recommend the placing in apartments plants of a powerful and penetrating odour, such as savoury, wormwood, &c., or acrid plants, such as *persicaria*, or vegetables with glutinous leaves, and branches of the alder. Others have recourse to a mercurial unguent, to boiling water, into which simple mercury has been put, and which is scattered throughout the chamber. Some prescribe the vapour of sulphur. The inhabitants of Dalecarlia, place in their habitations a hare's skin. These insects take refuge there, and are then easily destroyed by fire or water.

We often murmur against Nature, and consider fleas and other vermin as a spot which soils the beautiful picture which she presents to our eyes. But let us be reasonable, and admire the wisdom of her designs, in having chosen the sensation of pain as a sentinel to give us warning of the consequences of our vices, or the irregularity of our habits. We should conform ourselves to her views. Cleanliness without fastidiousness should be observed in our dwellings. If, towards the end of autumn, and the commencement of spring, the different articles of furniture that we use, were exposed to a heat of sufficient strength, the sources of our inconveniences would be speedily destroyed, at all events we should cease to calumniate Nature, even if we had not sufficient gratitude to study and admire her. But a small number of the species of the flea is as yet known; but it is probable that if the fleas of different animals were examined with a little more attention, that several others might be discovered.—part xxviii. pp. 167—169.

It is not difficult, by attending to these directions, to extirpate, or at least to diminish very much, the race of which the author speaks. We say the author, Mr. Griffith, from whose excellent supplementary remarks we have extracted them. His translation of Cuvier's text will be read with great interest by persons who have made the science of natural history an object of their attention. His supplementary observations are of a more popular character, as they contain the results not only of his own labours but of those of several other philosophers besides the

Baron, drawn up in a style as free from technicality as possible.

Of all the insects of which man is apt to complain, there are none perhaps that give him greater annoyance than those which infest plants and trees of every description. Among these are found a species of flea, which jump by means of their hind legs with considerable elasticity. They feed upon the juice of leaves, which they suck up with their proboscis. The females are furnished with a kind of augur; by this instrument they are enabled to prick the leaves, in which they deposit their eggs, and the incisions thus made often cause the destruction of the leaves, by turning the juice out of its natural channel. Sometimes these incisions cause the leaves to turn up like a hood, and many of them unite together to form a ball, in which the larvae are found enclosed. These larvae void a white saccharine matter, soft to the touch, which according to Geoffroy, strongly resembles manna. They leave often long threads of it behind, and little grains of it are sometimes to be met with in the balls which they have inhabited. The fleas which are attached to the alder tree, live together in little societies composed of about a dozen individuals each. They are covered by a cottony down, which renders them hideous. But in point of destructiveness, these insects bear no comparison to the aphides, which are found assembled in immense quantities, or rather masses, upon almost every species of plant. In noticing Mr. Rennie's work on insects, we went pretty much at large into the very curious natural history of these prolific creatures.* They are dull, and in appearance motionless; but at the very moment that they seem least active, they are busily engaged in extricating the juice from the leaves with their proboscis. Wherever they come, they are always sure to be speedily followed by whole armies of ants. They exude constantly a delicate saccharine fluid, which may be sometimes found upon the leaves of gooseberry or currant trees, of which the ants are excessively fond. They have their natural enemies, which devour them in great numbers, otherwise they are so fruitful they would put an end to agriculture altogether. The best way to destroy them is to burn some sulphur or tobacco under the trees, and conduct smoke to the part affected by means of a tube. The following remarks on the larger aphides, from the pen of Mr. Curtis, fully explain the phenomenon usually called "Honey-dew," and are full of curious matter.

"In the quality of the excrements," says Mr. Curtis, in the sixth vol. of the *Lin. Trans.* "voided by these insects there is something very extraordinary. Were a person accidentally to take up a book in which it was gravely asserted that in some countries there were animals who voided liquid sugar, he would soon lay it down, regarding it as a fabulous tale,

calculated to impose on the credulity of the ignorant; and yet such is literally the truth. The superior size of the *Aphis silicis* will enable the most common observer to satisfy himself on this head. On looking steadfastly for a few minutes on a group of these insects, while feeding on the bark of the willow, one perceives a few of them elevate their bodies, and a transparent substance evidently drop from them, which is immediately followed by a similar motion and discharge, like a small shower, from a great number of others. At first, I was not aware that the substance thus dropping from these animals, at such stated intervals, was their excrement, but was convinced of its being so afterwards; for on a more accurate examination, I found it proceed from the extremity of the abdomen, as is usual in other insects. On placing a piece of writing-paper under a mass of these insects, it soon became thickly spotted; holding it a longer time, the spots united from the addition of others, and the whole surface assumed a glossy appearance. I tasted this substance and found it as sweet as sugar. I had the less hesitation in doing this, as I had observed that wasps, flies, ants, and insects without number, devoured it as quickly as it was produced; but were it not for these, it might no doubt be collected in considerable quantities, and if subjected to the processes used with other saccharine juices, might be converted into the choicest sugar, or sugar-candy. It is a fact also, which appears worthy of noticing here, that though wasps are so partial to this food, yet the bees appear totally to disregard it.†

"In the height of summer, when the weather is hot and dry, and aphides are most abundant, the foliage of trees and plants (more especially in some years than others) is found covered with, and rendered glossy by, a sweet clammy substance, known to persons resident in the country by the name of *honey-dew*: they regard it as a sweet substance falling from the atmosphere, as its name implies. The sweetness of this excrementitious substance, the glossy appearance it gave to the leaves which it fell upon, and the swarms of insects which this matter attracted, first led me to imagine that the honey-dew of plants was no other than this secretion, which further observation has since fully confirmed. Others have considered it as an exudation from the plant itself. Of the former opinion we find the Rev. Mr. White, one of the latest writers on natural history that has noticed this subject. But that it neither falls from the atmosphere, nor issues from the plant itself, is easily demonstrated. If it fell from the atmosphere it would cover every thing indiscriminately; whereas we never find it but on certain living plants and trees. We also find it on plants in stoves, and green-houses covered with glass. If it exuded from the plant, it would appear on all the leaves generally and uniformly; whereas its appearance is extremely irregular, not alike on any two leaves of the same tree and plant, some having none of it, and others being covered with it but partially. But the phenomena

† This, however, is contradicted by Mr. White in his *History of Selborne*.

* See Museum, Vol. xx. p. 247.

of the honey-dew, with all their variations, are easily accounted for, by considering the aphides as the authors of it. That they are capable of producing an appearance exactly similar to that of the honey-dew, has been already shown. As far as my observation has extended, there never exists any honey-dew but where there are aphides; such, however, often pass unnoticed, being hid on the under side of the leaf. Wherever honey-dew is observable about a leaf, aphides will be found on the under side of the leaf or leaves immediately above it, and under no other circumstances whatever. If by accident any leaf should intervene between the aphides and the leaf next between them, there will be no honey-dew on that leaf. Thus then we flatter ourselves to have incontrovertibly proved that the aphides are the true and only source of the honey-dew."—part xxxii. pp. 270—273.

Of the same order is the cochineal insect, a very small and delicate creature, of whose labours we have contrived to make an important use, while we have altogether neglected to turn the honey-dew of the aphides to advantage. They also are extremely injurious to vegetables. They pass a great portion of their lives attached to the bark of trees, from which, in the course of time, they extract all the sap. The female undergoes a singular change when her young are brought forth; the body then swells prodigiously, assumes the form of a gall, which covers the new progeny, and ceases to be animated. Some species of the cochineal assume a form different from that of the gall. They are covered with a cottony down, which serves as a kind of nest for a lodgement of part of the body. It serves also to receive the young brood. The eggs proceed from the body of the mother through an aperture placed at the extremity of the abdomen, and they pass under her belly to be hatched there. When this process is over, the body of the mother dries up, and becomes a sort of shell or cocoon, in which the eggs are enclosed. These eggs, if bruised on white paper, will leave a red stain upon it. There are but two species of the cocci which are employed in the arts. From their appearance they were at first supposed to be a fruit. Those by which the finest colouring is produced, consisting of all the shades of scarlet and purple, are imported from South America, in the form of small grains, of an irregular figure, generally convex on the one side, and concave on the other. The most valuable are of a slate-grey mingled with reddish, and covered with a white dust. The colour of the cochineal is attributed to the plant upon which it is principally reared, the flower of which is small, and of a blood-red. In Mexico, the cultivation of the plant and of the cochineal, affords an important branch of occupation to the Indians. They plant the shrub called nopalli, the natural food of the insect, near their habitations; the largest of these plantations do not contain more than an acre and a half, or two acres, and a single man is sufficient to keep one in a proper state. About the middle of the

month of October, the epoch of the return of the fine season in that climate, the cochineal is sown, if such an unphilosophical expression may be allowed, on the nopals. The operation of sowing consists in placing on the plants the females which already have some young ones, and which the Indians had preserved on branches of the cactus in their houses during the rainy months. Eight or ten females are put into a little nest, made with a sort of flax, which is generally taken from the petals of the leaves of the palm tree. The leaves of the cactus are armed with thorns, upon which the nests are placed, and the bottom of the nest is turned towards the rising sun, for the purpose of accelerating the maturity of the little brood. At the proper time, the young cochineals proceed in thousands from the nest, none of them larger than a pin's point; they are all of a red colour, and covered with a white dust. Spreading themselves rapidly over the leaves of the plant, they soon attach themselves there altogether, and remain fixed. There are three crops every year. They are gathered in this way. The Indians use a knife, the edge and point of which are blunted: in order that the plant may not be injured, the blade of the knife is passed between the bark of the nopal and the cochineals, which are thus gathered into a vessel: they are then dried either in the sun; or in a hot oven, or on chafing dishes. When dried, they may be kept shut up in boxes for ages without losing a particle of their tinctorial property. The history of the Kermes, which some have confounded with the cochineal, forms one of the most remarkable narratives in this branch of human knowledge.

‘The Kermes more resembles a gall, than any of the cochineals, having the body so much distended, that it presents no vestige whatever of an incision. This point excepted, the characters of the two are identified, and we must confess that we see but little reason for the generic separation made between them by Geoffroy and Reaumur.

‘In their youth, the females resemble little white wood-lice, which would have but six feet. They run upon the leaves, and afterwards fix upon the stems and branches of trees and shrubs, where they pass many months in succession. It is then that they assume the figure of a gall, or excrescence.

‘It is upon such shrubs and plants as survive the winter, that these insects grow. They need a plant which shall nourish them for nearly a year, that being the time fixed for the duration of their existence. Having acquired their growth, some of them resemble little balls attached against a branch, the size of which varies from that of a pepper-corn, to a pea. Others have a spherical form, but truncated or elongated. Some are oblong, and others, by far the greater number, resemble an inverted boat. The colours are diversified.

‘Fruit-trees, and peaches more especially, are sometimes so much covered with Kermes, whether of that species like the inverted boat, or the other, like small grains, that their branches appear altogether scabby. These in-

seeds do not arrive at the term of their growth until the middle, or, at latest, towards the end of spring. If the peach-trees be observed at this period, we may remark tuberosities on their branches, which are Kermes, some of which are living and immovable, and others dead from the preceding year. These may be distinguished from each other, in that the first are extremely adherent to the plant, and that the place where their body is attached, is covered with a cottony matter, on which their belly, which is as much inflated as possible, is applied. If these insects are observed a little later, their skin appears nothing but a simple dried shell, containing or covering an infinity of little, reddish, oblong grains, which are eggs. The little ones which come from them, still remain for a few days under the skin of the mother.

It is impossible to observe without admiration, the manner in which the females cover the eggs and the little ones. A great number of insects know how to weave cocoons, in which they enclose their brood, with considerable art. It is with her own body that the female of the Kermes covers her offspring. It answers all the purposes of a very close shell, or cocoon. She does not leave them for a moment exposed to the impressions of the air, places them in perfect shelter, and covers the eggs from the very instant in which they are laid. She is also useful to her young, even after her death, since they remain for many days under her dried-up body.

The females die very shortly after having laid their eggs. Those of some species, according to many authors, lay but two thousand eggs, while those of others produce above four thousand. The little ones proceed from under this skin, through an aperture which exists at the lower part of their body. Scarcely have the young Kermes quitted their cradle, than they begin to run upon the leaves. Their growth is very slow, continuing from the end of spring, or the commencement of summer, the time of their birth, until the spring of the following year, but then they begin to acquire bulk rapidly. If those of the peach-tree are observed at the renewal of the fine season, there will be seen upon their back a number of little tubercles and some hairs or threads, tolerably long, which proceed from different parts of their bodies. These hairs, which are placed in different directions, proceed to attach themselves on the wood, tolerably distant from the insect.

For a long time naturalists were ignorant how these females were fecundated. Some authors believed that they were of both sexes, and could lay eggs without any intercourse with the male. But the observations of Reaumur, who has witnessed the union of the sexes, in the species of the peach-tree, prove that the Kermes, in this respect, do not differ from other animals of the same class.

All the young Kermes resemble one another, and do not assume the form which is peculiar to them, until they have grown. The most celebrated species is that whose figure approaches that of a ball, from which a small segment had been excised. This Kermes lives upon a species of small green oak, which is a mere shrub, that rises to the height of two or

three feet, and is the *quercus coccifera* of Linnaeus. This oak grows in great quantities, in the uncultivated lands of the southern parts of France, in Spain, and the islands of the Archipelago. It is from these shrubs that the peasants proceed to gather the harvest of the Kermes, in the proper season.

The Kermes for a very long time had excited the curiosity of naturalists, before its true nature was discovered. It gave rise to an experiment, which succeeded, and led Marcellus into an error on this subject. Every one is acquainted with the composition of ink; we know that it is by the mixture of nut-galls that the solution of vitriol assumes a black colour. Marcellus tried if he could make ink with the Kermes and vitriol, and succeeded in so doing. From this he concluded that the Kermes, producing an effect similar to that of the galls found upon the large oaks, was a gall of the little oak; but he was deceived respecting the nature of these insects. This experiment discovers to us a curious fact; namely, that vegetable substances proper for the making of ink, preserve this property after having passed into the body of an animal.

The Kermes which has come to its full growth, appears like a little spherical shell, fixed against the shrub. Its colour is a brown-red. It is lightly crowned with an ashen crest. That which is obtained through the medium of commerce, is of a very deep red, and only owes its colour to the vinegar with which it has been treated.

The inhabitants of the countries where the Kermes is gathered, considered this insect under three different states. The first takes place in the commencement of spring. At this period it is of a very fine red, almost entirely enveloped with a sort of cotton, which serves it as a nest. It has then the form of an inverted boat. The second state occurs from the moment in which the insect arrives at its full growth, and that the cotton with which it was covered is spread over its body in the form of a greyish dust. It then appears to be a simple cocoon, filled with a reddish liquor. Finally the Kermes arrives at its third state towards the middle or end of the spring of the following year. It is at this period that there are found under its belly eighteen hundred or two thousand little round grains, which are the eggs. They are as small again as a poppy-seed, and filled with a reddish liquor. In the microscope they appear set with brilliant points, of the colour of gold. Among these eggs, some are whitish, and some red. The first produce little ones of a dirtier white, more flattened than the others, and whose brilliant points have an argentine colour. These individuals, according to Reaumur, are less common than the red. They are erroneously considered, in the countries where they are found, as the mothers of the Kermes.

Towards her second state, the female Kermes prepares herself for her laying, by approximating the lower part of her belly to the back. She then resembles a wood-louse half rolled up. The vacancy formed by this contraction is filled by the eggs. The mother having acquitted herself of the duties imposed upon her by nature, very speedily perishes.

Her carcase dries up. The traits which characterized it as an insect are obliterated, and totally disappear; nothing more is perceptible than a sort of gall.

The eggs exclude the young; the latter abandon the cradle of their birth, spread themselves over the leaves of the shrub on which they have just been born; and feed upon their juice, which they extract with their proboscis.

The male at first exhibits the greatest possible conformity with the female. He fixes himself in the same manner that she does, becomes metamorphosed into a nymph in his cocoon, becomes then a perfect insect, raises the cocoon, and issues forth from it; the hinder part of his body being foremost.

Scarcely does he see the light, when excited by the desire of love, he hastens to fulfil the grand, and indeed the only end of his existence. As soon as this is accomplished, he ceases to exist.

The harvest of Kermes is more or less abundant, according as the winter has been more or less mild. There is every expectation of its being good, when the winter passes without fogs or frosts. It has been remarked, that the oldest trees, and those which appear the least vigorous, and are the least elevated, are the most loaded with Kermes. The soil also contributes to their bulk, and to the vivacity of their colour. The insect, which comes from shrubs neighbouring to the sea, is larger, and of a more brilliant colour, than that which comes from shrubs more remote from it.—part xxxii. pp. 286—291.

The Kermes serves very well to dye silk or wool of a fine crimson, but it has not been deemed of much importance since the discovery of cochineal. It is produced in considerable quantities in certain districts of the south of France, where it is gathered by the women. When gathered from the shrubs, the Kermes destined for the purposes of dyeing, is wetted with vinegar; the pulp enclosed in the grain is then removed, the grains are washed in wine, and after being dried in the sun are polished by rubbing them in a sack, and then mixed up with a quantity of their own powder. Their value depends on the quantity of powder which they yield.

Nothing can be more complete than the method with which Mr. Griffith treats every subject which he touches. He follows his illustrious guide with the feelings of an enthusiast, and yet with the patience of a philosopher, through the various orders of insects which form the subject of his elaborate and masterly treatise on the animal world. We have only glanced at those topics which appeared to us to possess some novelty, but we should be doing great injustice to Mr. Griffith's labours, if we did not add, that we have occasionally found our attention fixed much more eagerly upon his supplemental observations, than upon the minute, often dry, and technical descriptions of Cuvier. It is impossible to conclude this notice of his great work, without paying his memory the tribute of our gratitude. His death has left a void among the

deservedly esteemed names of France, which may not be filled up for another century.

From the Monthly Review.

TIGER HUNTING.*

THE 1st of March will always be a "dies notanda" in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Doab, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favourite haunts of wild beasts,—the banks of the Jumna and Ganges.

Some of the most experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, while we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gongualas*, or villagers, in waiting, who had some khubber (news) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up, and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows, headed by a stout young man, with a good sword by his side, and "bearded like fifteen pards," who announced himself as a jeemadar.—As usual in like cases, all the natives began to speak at once in Veluti-like tone, and with vehement gesticulations. The young jeemadar, however, soon silenced them with a "chirp, teerie!" &c., and then gave us to understand, that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowerds.

At 4, P. M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport,) Lord Combermere, and nine others of our party, mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp, pointed out as the lurking place of the buffalo-devouring monsters.

Sancho, the jeemadar-hurkarah of the quartermaster general's department, insisted upon leading the cavalcade, mounted on his pony. This strange old character, who obtained his *non de guerre* from the strong similitude he bears to his illustrious prototype, both in the short, round, bandy proportions of his person, and the quaint shrewdness of his remarks—served under Lord Lake in the Mahratta war, and has ever since distinguished himself as the most active and intelligent of the intelligence department. Almost the last act of Lord Combermere, before he left India, was to obtain for the faithful Sancho a snug Barataria, in the shape of a little jaghire, a possession which had long been the object of his ambition.

This noted individual now spurred on before our party, mounted on his piebald palfry, (or bel-

* Sketches of India, by Capt. Mundy.

fry, as his namesake would have called it,) with his right arm bared, and his scimitar-flourishing in the air.

The jungle was in no places very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes—every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking.

We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which my mahaut informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere "between the wind and our nobility." The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for tally-ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M—— confirmed the sporting *Eureka*.—The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant except Lord Combermere's (which was a known staunch one), turned tail and went of at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain till he quite sunk below the horizon; and for all proof to the contrary, he may be going to this very moment.

The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant, but being wounded in the loins by Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action, and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,) he was quite *hors du combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "who! who!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had for some minutes alone sustained the attack of the tiger—a three quarters grown male—the *spolia opima* were duly awarded to him.

Having loaded and reformed line we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle,

as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd! and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short and turned into the jungle, followed by us at full speed.

At this pace the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did,) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full grown male and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds, called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning; when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail. Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough; his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun, for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie; who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head.

We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger; who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail, quite dead.

From the Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON AMERICA.

Nearly every variety of religious belief finds its supporters in Charleston, and the clergy of all denominations are highly and deservedly respected. During the period of my residence there, Dr. England, the Roman Catholic Bishop, was the most distinguished for talent and energy of character. He is one of the best argumentative orators I have ever heard from the pulpit, and his afternoon discourses were always delivered to crowded audiences, composed in part of the wealthiest and best educated Protestants in the city. His regular congregation was extremely

poor, and he was under the necessity of keeping a school, to augment his slender income. Assuredly, I never considered him a less worthy representative of the Apostles on that account; and when the propriety of granting large incomes to the dignitaries of our own church is insisted upon, in order to procure for them the respect and deference of the laity, I always think of the highly gifted Bishop of Charleston, who has secured the affection and reverence of his flock, and the universal esteem of his fellow citizens, by the simple exercise of the Christian virtues, and the absence of episcopal pomp.

The advocates for a paper currency should visit Charleston, in order to behold their favourite theory reduced extensively to practice. There, bank notes of all sums are in circulation, from a thousand dollars to 6 1-4 cents. The bills for the fractional part of a dollar, (square bits of paper, about twice the size of a turnpike ticket,) are distinguished, for the benefit of the negroes, who are unable to read, by engraved figures of animals, such as sheep, oxen, &c.; and it is very amusing to hear a negro adding up a sum in this singular currency. An Englishman, who has journeyed through the Rhenish provinces from Holland to Switzerland, may have some idea of the confusion arising from the constant alteration of the currency in the different states of North America. In New England, the dollar is called 6s.; in New York 8s.; in Pennsylvania 7s. 6d.; in South Carolina 4s. 8d. The 12 1-2 cent piece in Charleston is called 7d., but the 6-4 coin is 4d. When the price of any article is 37 1-2 cents, a negro will tell you it is "quottur dollar an sebpence." Efforts have been frequently made to establish a uniform mode of reckoning throughout the country. But the old state currencies, though branded as badges of colonial servitude, still seem to stand their ground; thus affording another proof, among a thousand, that custom is stronger than law,—for the decimal mode of calculation, so beautiful and convenient, has long been the only one recognised in the public offices and courts of justice of the United States.

In Charleston, as in every other city in the Union, it is usual for people of all ranks to herd together in large boarding-houses. The great variety which a stranger is thereby enabled to see, compensates, in some degree, for the discomfort to which the practice necessarily subjects him. It is proverbial, that an Englishman, out of his own country, may in vain expect to take his ease at his inn; but the young, the active, and the enquiring, have little reason to complain of any peculiarity in the mode of living, which opens to their inspection the real character of the people with whom they may be temporary sojourners. There is scarcely any difficulty in procuring admission to the palaces of the great. The lives and conversation of German, Spanish, and Italian nobles, have been correctly delineated and reported in the journals of numberless tourists: but where shall we meet with the traveller, more especially the English traveller,

who is qualified to describe the domestic manners, and instruct us in the habits of thought, which distinguish the middle classes of Continental Europe from their self-exhibiting superiors in rank—the lawyers, the merchants, the agriculturalists, and the working clergy, from the "puff and patty portion of mankind?" Now, in their boarding-houses, you see the Americans in their natural and unassumed characters; and, notwithstanding the repeated assertions of the contrary, I am ready to maintain, that courtesy and good humour almost invariably mark the conduct of the guests: I allude, of course, to the well educated classes. If *soi-disans* ladies and gentlemen will visit coarse and low-bred people, and will frequent third-rate hotels, they ought at least, in common decency, to refrain from attempting to pass off the manners and conversation of their associates as those of the nation at large.

This mention of American inns, reminds me of having once dined at the Planter's Hotel, in Charleston, in rather singular company. Immediately opposite to me sat Mr. Conway, the actor; next to him, on the right, the *then* Prince, now reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was supported on his left by a "yankee" judge from Connecticut. This latter personage, to the duties of a judge united the business of a hat manufacturer, and kept a shop for the sale of his goods in Charleston.

The table at these hotels is generally spread with great abundance. Turtle and terrapin soup, fish, venison, wild turkeys, and meat of all kinds, are the common dishes. Very little wine is drank, and rather too much brandy. The wine is almost always Madeira, to the perfection of which the climate is very favourable. The charge per week is about two guineas.

It has been already mentioned, that the whole white male population, capable of bearing arms, is compelled to perform military duty, although the French are expressly exempted from it by treaty, and the English, and all other aliens, by the universally acknowledged law of nations. Treaties and laws, however, are disregarded in the southern States, whenever the more effectual coercion of the slaves is the point to be considered. Self-preservation is declared to be the paramount duty. When called out upon fire duty, or to quell an incipient insurrection, the militia force of South Carolina is cautious, steady, and resolute. The service on which they are engaged is amply sufficient to make them so. But upon other occasions, such as training days and reviews, the disregard of all discipline is quite laughable. The different companies choose their officers by ballot, and the captain, under whose orders I had the honour to serve for a short time, was a comical old Dutch man, especially elected because it was impossible to understand one word he uttered. Shouts of laughter broke from the ranks whenever he attempted to give the word of command. As we marched through the streets, and to and from the place of exercise, one file of our warlike company would amuse themselves and the spectators, by

closing their right eyes; the next, their left: another would shoulder their muskets with the butt ends uppermost, or would carry their cartridge boxes dangling from the tops of their bayonets.

The whole militia system of the United States is faulty in the extreme. The appointment of the officers by the privates is sufficient of itself to destroy all effective discipline. In the country towns tavern-keepers are generally preferred, on account of the superior facility for meeting afforded by their business. The uniforms of the independent companies are ridiculously expensive and showy; and the frequent trainings serve rather to demoralize than to discipline the men. I have repeatedly on review days seen the greater number too much intoxicated to keep the ranks. It is usual on great occasions, before dismissing the troops, for the commanding officer to deliver a suitable, that is to say a complimentary harangue; and I once heard a Connecticut colonel hold forth in a very exalted strain. He concluded, I recollect, by thanking the privates for their officer-like conduct on that great day—meaning, I suppose, that the men were as drunk as their officers.

I have twice attended reviews when whole divisions have mutinied and marched off the field, because the "right" or post of honour was not assigned to them. Court Martials, &c. were talked of—but the mutineers of course treated the threat with deserved contempt. This disgraceful work is the fault of the system, not of the people; for the Americans, as we know to our cost, under regular discipline, are orderly, effective, and most gallant soldiers.

After having thus borne my willing testimony to the gallantry of the American soldiers, I trust I shall not be suspected of any wish to detract from it, when I mention a single instance of poltroonery in an officer of the United States' Navy, which fell under my own observation.—I once sailed from Philadelphia to Charleston, in company with the individual alluded to, and as we neared the shore, our vessel, through the mismanagement of the pilot, struck upon the bar, which guards the entrance of the harbour. The captain of the ship was much alarmed, and gave orders to cut the halliards, but the first mate, who was an active, determined fellow, insisted upon our carrying all sail, and "thumping over," as he termed it! The wind was high, and we certainly came into rather rough contact with the bar. At this time, I saw the United States' officer trembling, pale as death, and clinging to a hen-coop. His young and very handsome wife, to whom he had only been married the previous week, had secured the arm of an Irish gentleman. He was endeavouring to comfort her. "Oh my God," she exclaimed, "we shall all go to the bottom." "We are there already, Madam," said the Irishman, and the idea seemed to reassure her a little. At length we "thumped" across the bar into deep water, and presently afterwards landed. The lady of course was profuse in her acknowledgments to her protector; who had behaved, she

declared, with true American firmness. "Irish firmness, if you please," he replied; and the unfortunate husband seemed to feel the sting of the remark. Yet, I know, that this man had "sought reputation at the cannon's mouth," and had fought his way up in his profession with distinguished bravery.

It is usual in England to describe American elections as very peaceable and orderly proceedings. The charm of the ballot is supposed to work wonders upon the passions of the transatlantic politicians. But I am sorry to be obliged to confess, to the discredit of my favourite Charleston, that elections there sometimes reminded me very forcibly of what I had often witnessed on similar occasions at home. Extreme party violence, bribery, and intoxication, prevailed grievously. The Irish portion of the population, it will easily be credited, is never backward in enjoying these opportunities of "kicking up a row." I once met a party of these fellows in what Mr. Jefferson would have termed "the full tide of successful experiment," shouting "Grattan for ever!" and knocking down all who would not declare themselves in favour of General Geddes, the democratic candidate for Governor, whom, in the warmth of their Irish recollection, they compared to Henry Grattan. A few broken heads and extra gallons of rum are, however, of no great consequence. The most serious part of the business is to follow, in the shape of duels, and family quarrels; which almost invariably, among the higher classes, arise from these election contests, in the southern states.

While I am upon this subject, it may be as well to describe the method by which, notwithstanding the use of the ballot-box, the Americans contrive to scrutinize the votes of those whose fidelity to their party is suspected. Previously to the day of election, a most thorough and strict canvass is made, and every man's promise is recorded. Of course in America, as in England, many of the pledges are given under an undue influence, and these are the parties who must be watched when they come up to vote. The ballot-box is placed on a stand before the chairman or assessor, and when the paper containing the name of the candidate is laid upon it, he slips it carefully through the orifice, having first ascertained by the pressure of his finger that there is *only one*, a very necessary precaution, as sometimes the number of votes given has greatly exceeded that of the voters. A double line of the most acute electioneers of each party reaches from the chair to the door, and the voter passes through the middle, having previously received from parties stationed at the entrance a paper with the *right* name inscribed upon it. If the individual has been bribed, or is suspected of treachery, he is required to carry the paper in such a way as to satisfy those appointed to watch him, that he has not changed it. Should he neglect or refuse to do so, he is supposed at once to be playing false—he is branded as a traitor—and the patronage of the deceived party is withdrawn. Of course all

these circumstances do not occur at every election, but this was the plan adopted during a severe contest at Hartford, in Connecticut, the proceedings at which I examined very closely.

I was residing at Charleston, at the period of Mr. Jefferson's decease. A stranger, or one unacquainted with the state of political feeling in America, must have imagined that no statesman was ever more deeply revered when living, or regretted when dead, than this gentleman. This opinion seems to prevail very generally in England, and is supported by the writings of the Americans, who, since his death, have been profuse in their expressions of admiration of his character and actions. The publication of his life and correspondence, cautiously selected by a very friendly hand, has tended to confirm and perpetuate the delusion; for that it is a delusion, the following facts, not sufficiently known, or attended to, in England, will, I think, prove beyond a doubt:—

It was matter of notoriety sometime previous to Mr. Jefferson's decease, that his private circumstances were in the greatest disorder. It was his peculiar ambition to stand well as a philosopher and a gentleman in the opinion of Europeans, who were always received and entertained by him with unusual politeness, hospitality and expense. He had lived beyond his income, and was greatly in debt. An attempt was made by his friends to procure from Congress a grant of public land or money to relieve the necessities of the author of the declaration of independence. This effort was worse than fruitless, it was scornfully repelled. Application was then made to the legislature of Virginia, his native state, and over which he had formerly, in the day of his glory, presided as governor, for permission to dispose of his property by means of a lottery. After a severe struggle, this was granted by a very small majority. A subscription was then proposed to be raised throughout the Union, for the purpose of purchasing the tickets of this lottery, in other words, for paying his debts. Mr. Jefferson just lived long enough to be aware that this project had utterly failed. The amount subscribed was paltry in the extreme. I recollect that when I was called upon, the Charleston subscription had not reached one hundred pounds, and as an Englishman and a foreigner, I must have been one of the last applied to for that patriotic purpose.

In Boston, the amount collected for Mr. Jefferson's relief was so trifling, that the committee declined to publish it, and returned the money; and in New York and Philadelphia the attempt was almost equally abortive.

How are we to believe the professions of respect and attachment to the memory of a man whose petitions for relief were treated in this unfeeling manner? It is to be recollected, that, in the previous year, upwards of twenty thousand pounds had been voted by Congress to La Fayette, whose services, as compared with those of Mr. Jefferson, may be said rather to live in the imagination of the Americans, than in the pages of their national

history. Sufficient time had also elapsed for the animosity engendered by party politics to have passed away. It was many years since the president of the college at Newhaven had described Mr. Jefferson as a man of superior talents indeed, but of greater profligacy than Charles the Second; when it was not uncommon for the congregational clergy in New England to beseech the Lord "to vouchsafe to the President of the United States a little common honesty, for that assuredly he needed it much." But, as I remarked above, these times had passed away. It was natural, therefore, to suppose that one of the foremost men of the revolution, one who had been twice President, would not have been suffered to expire in abject and, notorious poverty. The nation, however, was appealed to in vain on his behalf.

I was therefore somewhat at a loss to account for the uniform strain of panegyric on his character and services, which, immediately on his decease, resounded through the country. But not very long afterwards I observed, that much the same style of affectionate respect was used by my loyal compatriots in England, at the public meetings, and in the addresses of condolence sent up to the throne on the death of the late Duke of York; and I then concluded that the maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* was more generally adopted and acted upon than I had previously imagined.

There is a street in Charleston called Vendue Range, where commodities of every description, including negroes, are bought and sold by auction. If it were possible for an Englishman to overcome his feelings of sorrow and disgust at seeing his fellow creatures knocked down to the highest bidder, like so many sheep and oxen, the scenes exhibited in the Vendue Range would not be unproductive of amusement.

The value of a negro in the market does not depend so much upon his personal strength, or skill in any mechanical employment, as upon the good will with which he would probably serve his owner. At a slave auction, therefore, it is highly necessary, previously to making a purchase, to ascertain from the poor fellow himself, whether or not he is willing to become your property. If he has any objection to the proposed transfer, as separating him from his wife and family, or from any other cause, he will probably tell some lie about his health, pretend that he is a bad workman, always getting drunk, &c. Should he perceive, that notwithstanding, you advance on your bidding, he will say at once—"Massa, if you buy me, Massa, my gum, me be dam bad nigger, me no work a bit, nutting but eat; me be drunk ebbery day; an no wort ten dollars." Money is absolutely thrown away in the purchase of a slave in such a temper as this. He will consume twice as much as he earns.

If, on the contrary, the bidder is considered a kind-hearted man, and the slave is desirous of being purchased by him, there is scarcely a quality which a valuable servant ought to possess, which poor Pompey will not claim as his own. His joy at having escaped the clutches of a hard mas-

ter will know no bounds, and he may be considered a "cheap lot," at a "large sum."

It is not unusual for a master to commission a slave to sell himself. To bring a high price in the market is the great ambition of a negro. He will call upon "de good Buckra men," begging them to purchase him, showing off his best points with the zeal and tact of an experienced auctioneer.

The price of a good negro varies from 400 to 1000 dollars. A mulatto fellow, who was employed as a porter at an auction-room, and was considered trustworthy and sober, brought 1500 dollars (about 350*l.*) when I was in Charleston. This is the largest sum I have ever known to be paid for a slave.

It was my intention to have attempted in this paper, to give some description of the interior of the Southern Atlantic States—the natural scenery—state of society—and peculiar manners of the inhabitants. This, however, must be postponed, for I have lingered in Charleston with the fondness of one, whose memory is stored with a thousand recollections of the place, which he only wishes it were in his power to render as delightful to the reader as they are to himself. But, striking incidents and peculiarities, such as tell in description, are not those which convey the most pleasing impresson of the country where they occurred, or the people to whom they belong. I fear that this is true with respect to the sketches contained in the foregoing pages, which I regret the more, as in a future number, truth will compel me to present a less favourable picture of the inhabitants of the interior than can or ought fairly to be drawn of the residents in the Atlantic cities.

The circumstances which attended my final departure from Charleston were rather singular. And I am tempted to relate them here, as independently of any interest they may possess in themselves, they afford a mournful proof of the tendency of slavery to debase the human mind, and produce a dogged indifference to the preservation of life itself.

I had taken my passage for England, in a vessel that lay about four miles from the city, waiting for a favourable wind. Being much hurried, I was unable to proceed to her place of anchorage till late in the evening, and then sailed in the boat which conveyed to her the last supply of fresh water. This boat was manned by two negroes and a mulatto. I soon perceived that it leaked rather alarmingly, and while the mulatto fellow steered, the two blacks were obliged to busy themselves in lading out the water. It was a warm, dull, dark evening, and the atmosphere was very thick and oppressive. Lights gleamed from the casements of the lofty mansions which stretch along the walk called the Battery, and afford an extensive view of the shipping and the bay; on the opposite side of which, the glancing fire-flies illumined the beach of Sullivan's Island. On shore, the silence was only broken by the deep-toned chimes of St. Michael's Church, and

in bidding my final adieu to Charleston, I could truly say—*Vale in pace.*

There was just wind enough to waft us gently along; but a less experienced sailor than my wanderings had made of me, could have surely foretold a coming gale. The negroes, however, worked very lazily, and at length fell asleep. The man at the helm, who alone knew in what direction our vessel lay, was somewhat intoxicated, and mistook the lights on the shore for those of the ship lanterns. While we were roaming about in this manner, the wind began to rise, and the boat to fill rapidly with water. The heat of a close Carolinian night had unmerved me. My thoughts had wandered to far distant shores; and long buried recollections, coming thick upon me, had hitherto prevented my perceiving our perilous condition. Now, however, I endeavoured to awaken the sleepers, and make the helmsman do his duty; but this was beyond my power. They seemed to consider drowning a matter of no moment, and the preservation of life not worth an effort. I tried the effects of kicks, and blows with my fist, in vain. They merely laughed, with their usual "He, he, he, Maassa vebv funny." At length I found at the bottom of the boat a piece of board, about two feet long, and rough at the corners; with this I belaboured the "niggers" on their heads and shins, till I awakened them thoroughly, and compelled them to work for my preservation and their own. So at last, after a hazardous sail of four hours we reached the ship. But never shall I forget the deadly sickness which came over me, when, for a time, I despaired of rousing the poor slaves. After an absence of many years, during which labour, anxiety, and some ill-health, had rather worn me, I was within half a mile, probably, of a first-rate vessel, ready to sail for home and England—yet was I doomed, as I feared, to perish disgracefully by the sinking of a dirty water-tank, in company with two "niggers" and a mulatto! Strange as it may seem, this last consideration was, I believe, the one which stimulated me to exertion. Those of my readers who have resided much among this degraded race, will, I think, understand this feeling; though they may not, any more than myself, be able to justify or admire it.

From the Athenæum.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO THE PIANO-FORTE.*

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear the speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee:
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

* Intended for a forthcoming work, entitled 'Musical Illustrations of the English Poets, by Mr. Barnett.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
 With griefs or joys,
 Unspeakable emotions owe
 A fitting voice.
 Mirth flies to thee—and Love's unrest—
 And Memory dear—
 And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
 Comes for a tear.

Oh! since no joys of human mould
 Thus wait us still,
 Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
 Of peace at will.
 No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
 In thee we find:
 Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,
 Thine answers kind.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.*

THE age of Napoleon is one, of the delineation of which history and biography will never be weary. Such is the variety of incidents which it exhibits—the splendid and heart-stirring events which it records—the immortal characters which it portrays—and the important consequences which have followed from it, that the interest felt in its delineation, so far from diminishing, seems rather to increase with the lapse of time, and will continue through all succeeding ages, like the eras of Themistocles, Cæsar, and the Crusades, to form the noblest and most favourite subjects of historical description.

Numerous as have been the Memoirs which have issued from the French press during the last fifteen years, in relation to this eventful era, the public passion for information on it is still undiminished. Every new set of Memoirs which is ushered into the world with an historical name, or any pretensions to authenticity, is eagerly read by all classes on the continent. English translations generally appear in due time, but they are, in general, so extremely ill executed, as to give no conception whatever of the spirit of the original; and as there is not one reader out of an hundred who can read French with such facility as to make it a matter of pleasure, the consequence is, that these delightful works are still but imperfectly known to the British public. Every person intimately acquainted with their composition, must have perceived in what an extremely unfavourable aspect they appear in our ordinary translations; and in the utter ignorance of the principals of revolution which pervades the great bulk of the best informed classes in this country, compared to what obtains on the other side of the Channel, is to be found the best evidence, that the great historical works which have recently appeared on the events of the last forty years in France, have had no share what-

ever in the formation of public opinion in this country.

The Duchess of Abrantes undertakes the work of Memoirs of her own Times with singular and almost peculiar advantages. Her mother, Madame Permon, a Corsican lady of high rank, was extremely intimate with the family of Napoleon. She rocked the future emperor on her knee from the day of his birth, and the intimacy of the families continued till he was removed to the command of the army of Italy, in April 1796. The authoress herself, though then a child, recounts with admirable esprit, and all the air of truth, a number of early anecdotes of Napoleon; and after his return from Egypt she was married to Junot, then Governor of Paris, and subsequently admitted as an habitual guest in the court circle of the First Consul. In her Memoirs, we have thus a picture of the private and domestic life of Napoleon from his cradle to his grave; we trace him through all the gradations of the Ecole Militaire, the artillery service, the campaigns of Italy, the return from Egypt, the Consulate, and the Empire, and live with those who have filled the world with their renown, as we would do with our most intimate acquaintances and friends.

It has always struck us as a singular proof of the practical sagacity and just discrimination of character in Sir Walter Scott, that though his *Life of Napoleon* was published before the *Memoirs of Bourienne*, the view which he gives of Napoleon's character is substantially the same as that drawn by his confidential secretary, his school companion, and the depository of his inmost thoughts. This is very remarkable. The French are never weary of declaiming on the inaccuracies of the Scottish biographer, and declare that he wrote history in romance, and romance in history; but they have never been able to point out any serious or important error in his narrative. The true reproach against Sir Walter's work is of a different kind, and consists in this, not that he has incorrectly stated facts, but unjustly coloured opinions; that he has not done justice to any of the parties whose conflicts desolated France during the revolution, and has written rather in the spirit of an English observer, than one participant in the feelings of the actors in those mighty events. There is but one way in which this defect can be avoided by a native of this country, and that is, by devoting himself for years to the study of the memoirs and historians of the Revolution, and by acquiring, by incessant converse with the writings, somewhat of the spirit which animates the people of the continent. The object to be attained by this, is not to imbibe their prejudices, or become infatuated by their errors, but to know and appreciate their ideas, and do that justice to passions directed against this country, which we willingly award to those excited in its favour.

The character of Napoleon has been drawn by his contemporaries with more graphic power than any other conqueror in history; and yet so varied and singular is the combination of qualities which

* See Museum, vol. XIX. pages 427 and 572.

it exhibits, and so much at variance with what we usually observe in human nature around us, that there is no man can say he has a clear perception of what it actually was:—Brave, without being chivalrous; sometimes humane, seldom generous; insatiable in ambition; inexhaustible in resources; without a thirst for blood, but totally indifferent to it when his interests were concerned; without any fixed ideas on religion, but a strong perception of its necessity as a part of the mechanism of government; a great general with a small army, a mighty conqueror with a large one; gifted with extraordinary powers of perception, and the clearest insight into every subject connected with mankind; without extensive information derived from study; but the rarest aptitude for making himself master of every subject from actual observation; ardently devoted to glory, and yet incapable of the self-sacrifice which constitutes its highest honours; he exhibited a mixture of great and selfish qualities, such as perhaps never were before combined in any single individual. His greatest defect was the total and systematic disregard of truth which pervaded all his thoughts. He was totally without the *droiture*, or honesty, which forms the best and most dignified feature in the Gothic or German character. The maxim, *Magna est veritas et præcælebit*, never seems to have crossed his mind. His intellect was the perfection of that of the Celt or Greek; without a shadow of the magnanimity and honesty which has ever characterised the Roman and Gothic races of mankind. Devoted as he was to the captivating idol of posthumous fame; deeming as he did, that to live in the recollection and admiration of future ages "constituted the true immortality of the soul," he never seems to have been aware that truth is essential to the purest and most lasting celebrity; and that the veil which artifice or flattery draws over falsehood during the prevalence of power, will be borne away with a merciless hand on its termination.

In the Memoirs of Napoleon and of the Archduke Charles, the opposite character of their minds, and of the races to which they belonged, is singularly portrayed. Those of the latter are written with a probity, an integrity, and an impartiality above all praise; he censures himself for his faults with a severity unknown to Caesar or Frederick, and touches with a light hand on those glorious successes which justly gained for him the title of Saviour of Germany. Cautious, judicious, and reasonable, his arguments convince the understanding, but neither kindle the imagination nor inspire the fancy. In the Memoirs of Napoleon, on the other hand, dictated to Montholon and Gourgaud, there are to be seen in every page symptoms of the clearest and most forcible intellect; a *coup d'œil* over every subject of matchless vigour and reach; an ardent and impassioned imagination; passions which have ripened under a southern sun, and conceptions which have shared in the luxuriant growth of tropical climates. Yet amid all these varied

excellencies, we often regret the simple *bonhomie* of the German narrative. We admire the clearness of division, the lucid view of every subject, the graphic power of the pictures, and the forcible perspicuity of the language; but we have a total want of confidence in the veracity of the narrative. In every page we discover something suppressed or coloured, to magnify the importance of the writer in the estimation of those who study his work; and while we incessantly recur to it for striking political views, or consummate military criticism, we must consult works of far inferior celebrity for the smallest details in which his fame was personally concerned. We may trust him in speculations on the future destiny of nations, the march of revolutions, or the cause of military successes; but we cannot rely on the numbers stated to have been engaged, or the killed and wounded in a single engagement.

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The Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes are well qualified to correct the bias, and supply the deficiencies of those of his private secretary. As a woman, she had no personal rivalry with Napoleon, and could not feel herself mortified by his transcendent success. As the wife of one of his favourite and most prosperous generals, she had no secret reasons of animosity against the author of her husband's elevation. Her intimate acquaintance also with Napoleon, from his very infancy, and before flattery of power had aggravated the faults of his character, renders her peculiarly well qualified to portray its original tendency. Many new lights, accordingly, have been thrown upon the eventful period of his reign as well as his real character, by her Memoirs. His disposition appears in a more amiable light—his motives are of a higher kind, than from preceding accounts; and we rise from the perusal of her fascinating volumes with the impression, which the more extensively we study human nature we shall find to be the more correct, that men are generally more amiable at bottom than we should be inclined to imagine from their public conduct; that their faults are fully as much the result of the circumstances in which they are placed, as of any inherent depravity of disposition, and that dealing gently with those who are carried along on the stream of revolution, we should reserve the weight of our indignation for those who put the perilous torrent in motion.

But leaving these general speculations, it is time to lay before our readers a few extracts from these volumes themselves, and to communicate some portion of the pleasure which we have derived from their perusal. In doing so we shall adopt our usual plan of translating the passages ourselves; for it is impossible to convey the least idea of the original in the circumlocutions of the ordinary London versions.

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he was its object; my sister, who was considerably older than I, answered, that as he had girded on his sword, he should consider himself as the Chevalier of Dames, and be highly flattered by their joking with him.

"It is easy to see," said Napoleon with a haughty air, 'that you are a little miss just let loose from school.'

"My sister was then thirteen years old; it may easily be imagined how such an expression hurt her. She was of a very gentle disposition,—but neither she nor any other woman, whatever her age or disposition may be can bear a direct insult to her vanity—that of Cecile was keenly offended at the expression of little miss escaped from school.

"And you," said she, 'are nothing but a Puss in Boots.'

"Every one burst out laughing: the stroke had told most effectually. I cannot describe the wrath of Napoleon; he answered nothing, and it was as well he did not. My mother thought the epithet so well applied, that she laughed with all her heart. Napoleon, though little accustomed at that time to the usage of the world, had a mind too fine, too strong an instinctive perception, not to see that it was necessary to be silent when his adversary was a woman, and personalities were dealt in; whatever her age was she was entitled to respect. At least, such was *then* the code of politeness in those who dined at table. *Now* that utility and personal interest alone are the order of the day, the consumption of time in such pieces of politeness is complained of, and every one grudges the sacrifices necessary to carry into the world his little contingent of sociability.

"Bonaparte though grievously piqued at the unfortunate epithet applied to him by my sister, affected to disregard it, and began to laugh like the rest; and to prove that he bore her no ill-will on that account, he bought a little present, on which was engraved a Puss in Boots, running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabas. This present cost him a good deal, which assorted ill with the straitened state of his finances. He added a beautiful edition of "Puss in Boots," for my sister, telling her that it was a *Souvenir*, which he begged her to keep for his sake.

"The story-book," said my mother, 'is too much: if there had only been the engraving, it was all well; but the book for Cecile shews you were piqued against her.'

"He gave his word to the contrary. But I still think with my mother, that he was piqued, and bitterly so: the whole story was of no small service to me at a future time, as will appear in the sequel of these memoirs."—I. 52, 53.

Several interesting anecdotes are preserved of the Reign of Terror, singularly characteristic of the horrors of that eventful period. The following picture is evidently drawn from the life:—

"On the following day my brother Albert was obliged to remain a considerable time at home, to put in order the papers which my father had directed to be burnt. He went out at three o'clock to see us: he found on the road

groups of men in a state of horrible and bloody drunkenness. Many were naked down to the waist; their arms, their breasts, bathed in blood. At the end of their pikes, they bore fragments of clothes and bloody remnants: their looks were haggard; their eyes inflamed. As he advanced, these groups became more frequent and hideous. My brother, mortally alarmed as to our fate, and determined at all hazards to rejoin us, pushed on his horse along the Boulevard where he then was, and arrived in front of the Palace Beaumarchais. There he was arrested by an immense crowd, composed of the same naked and bloody men, but with an expression of countenance altogether infernal. They set up hideous cries; they sung, they danced; the Saturnalia of Hell were before him. No sooner did they see the cabriolet of Albert, than they set up still louder cries: an Aristocrat! an Aristocrat! and in a moment the cabriolet was surrounded by a raging multitude, in the midst of which an object was elevated and presented to his view. Troubled as the sight of my brother was, he could distinguish long white hair, clotted with blood, and a face beautiful even in death. The figure is brought nearer, and its lips placed on his. The unhappy wretch set up a frightful cry. He knew the head: it was that of the Princess Lamballe.

"The coachman whipped the horse with all his strength; and the generous animal, with that aversion for blood which characterises its race, rushed from that spectacle of horror with redoubled speed. The frightful trophy was overturned, with the canibals who bore it, by the wheels of the carriage, and a thousand imprecations followed my brother, who lay stretched out insensible in the bottom of the cabriolet.

"Serious consequences resulted to my brother from that scene of horror. He was taken to a physician, where he was soon taken seriously ill of a burning fever. In his delirium, the frightful figure was ever present to his imagination. He never ceased, for days together, to see that livid head and those fair tresses bathed in blood. For years after, he could not recall the recollection of that horrible event without falling into a swoon, nor think of those days of woe without the most vivid emotion.

"A singular circumstance concluded this tale of horror. My brother, in 1802, when Commissary General of Police at Marseilles, received secret instructions to watch, with peculiar care, over a man named Raymonet, but whose real name was different. He lived in a small cottage on the banks of the sea; appeared in comfortable circumstances, but had no relation nor friend; he lived alone in his solitary cabin, and received every morning his provisions from an old woman who brought them to his gate. The secret instructions of the Police revealed the fact, that this person had been one of the principal assassins at the Abbaye and La Force, in September 1792, and was in an especial manner noticed as the most cruel of the assassins of the Princess Lamballe.

"One morning my brother received intelligence that this man was at the point of death; and, gracious God! what a death! For three

days he had endured all the torments of hell. The accident which had befallen him was perfectly natural in its origin, but it had made him suffer the most excruciating pains. He was alone in his habitation; he was obliged to drag himself to the nearest surgeon to obtain assistance, but it was too late: an operation was impossible, and would not even have assuaged the pains of the dying wretch. He refused alike religious succour and words of consolation. His death-bed was a chair of torture incomparably more agonizing than the martyrdom of a Christian. He died with blasphemies in his mouth, like the Reprobate in Dante's *inferno*."—I. 95.

The French, who have gone through the Revolution, frequently complain that there are no descriptions given in any historical works which convey the least idea of the Reign of Terror; so infinitely did the reality of that dreadful period exceed all that description can convey of the terrible. There might however, we are persuaded, be extracted from the contemporary memoirs (for in no other quarter can the materials be found) a picture of that memorable era, which would exceed all that Shakspeare or Dante had figured of human atrocity, and take its place beside the plague in Thucydides, and the annals of Tacitus, as a lasting beacon to the human race, of the unheard of horrors following in the train of democratic ascendancy.

One of the most curious parts of the Duchess's work is that which relates to the arrest of Napoleon after the fall of Robespierre, in consequence of the suspicions that attached to him, from his mission to Genoa with the brother of that tyrant. It appears, that whatever he may have become afterwards, Napoleon was at that period an ardent republican: not probably because the principles of democracy were suited to his inclinations, but because he found in the favour of that faction, then the ruling power in France, the only means of gratifying his ambition. Salicetti, one of the deputies from Corsica, occasioned his arrest after the fall of Robespierre, and he was actually a few days in custody. Subsequently Salicetti himself was denounced by the Convention, and concealed in the house of Madame Permon, mother to the Duchess of Abrantes. The whole details which follow this event are highly interesting; and as they afford one of the few really generous traits of Napoleon's character, we willingly give them a place.

"The retreat of Salicetti in our house was admirably contrived. His little cabinet was so stuffed with cushions and tapestry, that the smallest sound could not be heard. No one could have imagined where he was concealed.

"On the following morning at eleven o'clock, Napoleon arrived. He was dressed in his usual costume; a gray great-coat, buttoned up to the throat—a black neck-cloth—round hat, which came down over the eyes. To say the truth, at that period no one was elegantly dressed, and the personal appearance of Napoleon did not appear so singular as it now does, upon

looking back to the period. He had in his hand a bouquet of violets, which he presented to my mother. That piece of gallantry was so unusual to him, that we immediately began to laugh. 'It appears,' said he, 'I am not *au fait* at my new duties of *Cavaliere Servente*.' Then changing the subject, he added, 'Well, Madame Permon, Salicetti has, in his turn, reaped the bitter fruits of arrest. They must be the more difficult to swallow, that he and his associates have planted the trees on which they grow.' 'What!' said my mother, with an air of surprise, and making a sign to me at the same time to shut the door, 'is Salicetti arrested?' 'Do you not know,' replied Napoleon, 'that his arrest was yesterday decreed at the Assembly? I thought you knew it so well, that he was concealed in your house.' 'In my house!' replied my mother, with a well feigned air of surprise; 'Napoleon, my dear child, you are mad! In my house! That implies that I have one, which unfortunately is not the case. My dear General, I beg you will not repeat such nonsense. What have I done to entitle you thus to sport with me as if I were deranged, for I can call it nothing else?'

"At these words Napoleon rose up; he crossed his arms, advanced immediately opposite to my mother, where he stood for some time without saying a word. My mother bore, without flinching, his piercing look, and did not so much as drop her eyelid under that eagle's eye. 'Madame Permon,' said he at length, 'Salicetti is concealed in your house: Nay, do not interrupt me. I do not know it for certain, but I have no doubt of it, because yesterday at five o'clock he was seen on the Boulevard, coming in this direction, after he had received intelligence of the decree of the Assembly. He has no friend in this quarter who would risk life and liberty to save him but yourself; there can be no doubt, therefore, where he is concealed."

"This long harangue gave my mother time to regain her assurance. 'What title could Salicetti have to demand an asylum from me? He knows that our sentiments are not the same. I was on the point of setting out, and had it not been for an accidental letter from my husband, I would have been now far advanced on my road to Gascony.'

"What title had he to seek an asylum in your house?" replied Napoleon, 'that is the justest observation you have yet made, Madame Permon. To take refuge with a lonely woman, who might be compromised for a few hours of concealment to a proscribed culprit, is an act that no one else would be capable of. You are indeed his debtor; are you not, Mademoiselle Loulou?' said he, turning to me, who had hitherto remained silent in the window.

"I feigned to be engaged with flowerpots in a window, where there were several bushes of arbutus, and did not answer him. My mother, who understood my motive, said to me, 'General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear.' I then turned to him; the remains of my trouble might show him what had passed in the mind of a girl of fifteen, who was compelled, in spite of herself, to do an unpolite thing. He took my hand, pressed it between his two, and, turning to my mother, exclaimed, 'I ask

your pardon, I have been in the wrong; your daughter has given me a lesson. 'You give Laurette more merit than she really has,' replied my mother. 'She has not given you a lesson, because she does not know wherefore she should do so; but I will do so immediately, if you persist in believing a thing which has no foundation, but might do me irreparable mischief if it were spread abroad.'

"Bonaparte said, with a voice full of emotion, 'Madame Permon, you are an uncommonly generous woman, and that man is a wicked man. You could not have closed your door upon him, and he knew it; and yet you expose yourself and that child for such a man. Formerly I hated him; now I despise him. He has done me a great deal of harm; yes, he has done me a great deal of harm, and you know it. He has had the malice to take advantage of his momentary ascendancy to strive to sink me below the water. He has accused me of crimes; for what crime can be so great as to be a traitor to your country? Salicetti conducted himself in that affair of loans, and my arrest, like a miserable wretch. Junot was going to have killed him, if I had not prevented him. That young man, full of fire and friendship for me, was anxious to have fought him in single combat; he declared that if he would not fight, he would have thrown him over the window. Now he is proscribed; Salicetti, in his turn, can now appreciate the full extent of what it is to have one's destiny shattered, ruined, by an accusation.'

"'Napoleon,' said my mother, stretching out her hand to him, 'Salicetti is not here. I swear he is not. And must I tell you all?' 'Tell it,' said he, with extreme impatience. 'Well, Salicetti was here yesterday at six o'clock, but he went out at half-past eight. I convinced him of the impossibility of his remaining concealed in furnished lodgings. He admitted it, and went away.'

"While my mother spoke, the eyes of Napoleon continued fixed upon her with an eagerness of which it is impossible to convey an idea. Immediately after, he moved aside, and walked rapidly through the chamber. 'I was right, then, after all,' he exclaimed. 'He had then the cowardice to say to a generous woman, Give your life for me. But did he who thus contrived to interest you in his fate, tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Did he wash his hands before he touched yours to implore for mercy?'

"'Napoleon, Napoleon!' exclaimed my mother in Italian, and with great emotion, 'this is too much. Be silent, or I must be gone. If they have murdered this man after he left me, at least it is no fault of mine.' Napoleon at this time was not less moved. He sought about every where like a hound after its prey. He constantly listened to hear him, but could hear nothing. My mother was in despair. Salicetti heard every thing. A single plank separated him from us; and I, in my inexperience, trembled lest he should issue from his retreat and betray us all. At length, after a fruitless search of two hours, he rose and went away. It was full time; my mother was worn out with mortal disquietude. 'A thousand

thanks,' said he as he left the room; 'and above all, Madame Permon, forgive me. But if you had ever been injured as I have been by that man! Adieu!'—I. 147, 148.

A few days after, Madame Permon set out for Gascony, with Salicetti, disguised as a footman, seated behind the carriage. Hardly had they arrived at the first post, when a man arrived on horseback, with a letter for Madame Permon. They were all in despair, conceiving they were discovered, but upon opening it, their apprehensions were dispelled; it was from Bonaparte, who had received certain intelligence from his servant that Salicetti, his mortal enemy, was in the carriage with her, and had been concealed in her house. He had learned it from his servant, who became acquainted with it from Madame Permon's maid, who, though faithful to misfortune, could not conceal the secret from love. It was in the following terms:—

"I never wished to pass for a hypocrite. I would be so, if I did not declare that for more than twenty days I have known for certain that Salicetti was concealed in your house. Recollect my words on the 1st Prairial; I was then almost sure of it, now I know it beyond a doubt. Salicetti, you see, I could repay you the injury you have done me; in doing so, I should only have requited the evil which you did to me, whilst you gratuitously injured one who had never offended you. Which is the nobler part at this moment—yours or mine? I have it in my power to revenge myself, but I will not do it.—Perhaps you will say that your benefactress serves as your shield, and I own that that consideration is powerful. But though you were alone, unarmed, and proscribed, your head would be safe from my hands. Go—seek in peace an asylum where you may become animated with nobler sentiments towards your country. My mouth is closed on your name, and will never open more on that subject. Repent and appreciate my motives. I deserve it, for they are noble and generous.—Madame Permon—My warmest wishes attend you and your daughter. You are two helpless beings, without defence. May Providence and the prayers of a friend be ever with you! Be prudent, and do not stop in the great towns. Adieu! receive my kindest regards.—N. BONAPARTE."—I. 160.

We regard this letter and the previous transaction to which it refers, if it shall be deemed by those intimately acquainted with the parties as perfectly authentic, as by far the most important trait in the character of Napoleon during his early life which has yet appeared. It demonstrates that at that period at least his heart was accessible to generous sentiments, and that he was capable of performing a noble action. Admitting that he was, in a great degree, swayed in this proceeding by his regard for Madame Permon, who appears to have been a woman of great attractions, and for whom, as we shall presently see, he conceived warmer feelings than those of mere friendship, still it is not an ordi-

nary character, and still less not an ordinary Italian character, which from such motives would forego the fiendish luxury of revenge. This trait, therefore, demonstrates that Napoleon's character originally was not destitute of generosity; and the more charitable, and probably the more just, inference is, that the selfishness and egotism by which he was afterwards so strongly characterised, arose from that uninterrupted and extraordinary flow of prosperity which befall him, and which experience every where proves is more fatal to generosity or interest in others than any thing else in the course of man here below.

Of the voyage along the charming banks of the Garonne from Bordeaux to Toulouse, our authoress gives the following just and interesting account:—

"That mind must be really disquieted or in suffering, which does not derive the highest pleasure from the voyage by water from Bordeaux to Toulouse. I have seen since the shores of the Arno, those of the Po, the Tagus, and the Brenta; I have seen the Arno in its thundering cascade, and in its placid waters; all traverse fertile plains, and exhibit ravishing points of view; but none of them recall the magical illusion of the voyage from Bordeaux to Toulouse, Marmande, Agen, Langon, La Reole,—all those towns whose names are associated with our most interesting recollections, are there associated with natural scenery prodigal of beauty, and illuminated by a resplendent sun and a pure atmosphere. I can conceive nothing more beautiful than those enchanted banks from Reole to Agen. Groups of trees, Gothic towers, old castles, venerable steeples, which then, alas! no longer called the Catholics to prayer. Alas! at that time, even the bells were absent,—they no longer called the faithful to the house of God. Every thing was sad and deserted around that antique porch. The grass was growing between the stones of the tombs in the nave; and the shepherd was afar off, preaching the word of God in distant lands, while his flock, deprived of the Bread of Life, beheld their infants springing up around them, without any more religious instruction than the savages of the desert."—I. 166.

The fact here mentioned of the total want of religious instruction in the people of the country in France, is by far the most serious consequence which has followed the tempests of the Revolution. The thread of religious instruction from parent to child, has, for the first time since the introduction of Christianity in the western world, been broken over the whole of France. A whole generation has not only been born, but educated and bred up to manhood, without any other religious impressions than what they received from the traditions of their parents. Lavalette has recorded, that during the campaigns of Napoleon in Italy, the soldiers never once entered a church, and looked upon the ceremonies of the Catholics in the same way as they would have done on the

superstition of Hindostan or Mexico. So utterly ignorant were they of the elements even of religious knowledge, that when they crossed from Egypt into Syria, they knew not that they were near the places celebrated in Holy Writ; they drank without consciousness at the fountains of Moses, wound without emotion round the foot of Mount Sinai, and quartered at Bethlehem, and on Mount Carmel, ignorant alike of the cradle of Christianity, or of the glorious efforts of their ancestors in those scenes to regain possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

What the ultimate consequences of this universal and unparalleled break in religious instruction must be, it is not difficult to foretell. The restoration of the Christian worship by Napoleon, the efforts of the Bourbons during fifteen years to restore its sway, have proved in a great degree nugatory: Christianity, reappearing in the garb of political power, has lost its original and destined hold of the people; it is regarded by all the ardent and impetuous part of the nation, as a mere collection of antiquated prejudices or nursery tales, adopted by government for political purposes, and fitted only to enslave and fetter the human mind. The consequence has been, an universal emancipation of the nation, in towns at least, from the fetters of religion,—a dissolution of manners pervading the middling and lower orders to a degree unparalleled in modern Europe,—and an universal inclination in the higher to adopt selfish maxims in life, and act upon the principles of individual interest and elevation. This is the great feature of modern society in France,—the distinguishing characteristic which is alike deplored by their writers, and observed by the strangers who visit their country. They are fast descending into the selfishness and egotism which, in ancient times, were the invariable forerunners of political decline. This character has become incapable of sustaining genuine freedom; from the fountains of selfishness its noble streams never yet flowed. The tempests of Democracy will for a time agitate France, because the people will long strive to shake off the restraints of government and religion, in order that no fetters may be imposed on their passions; when they have discovered, as they will soon do, that this leads only to universal suffering, they will sink down quietly and for ever under the shadow of Despotism. And this will be the consequence and the punishment of their abandonment of that which constitutes the sole basis of lasting or general freedom—the Christian religion and private virtue.

One of the convulsions attended with the least suffering in the whole course of the Revolution, was the 13th Vendemiare, 1795, when Napoleon, at the head of the troops of the Convention, 5000 strong, defeated 40,000 of the National Guards of Paris, on the very ground at the Tuileries, which was rendered famous, thirty-five years after, by the overthrow of Charles X. and the dynasty of the Bourbons. The follow-

ing description, however, conveys a lively picture of what civil war is, even in its least horrible forms.

"During some hours, we flattered ourselves that matters would be arranged between the National Guards and the Convention; but suddenly at half-past four the cannon began to discharge. Hardly was the first report heard, when the reply began on all sides. The effect was immediate and terrible on my poor father; he uttered a piercing cry, and, calling for succour, was soon seized with a violent delirium. In vain we gave him the soothing draughts which had been prescribed by M. Duchesnois. All the terrific scenes of the Revolution passed before his eyes, and every new discharge which was heard pierced him to the heart. What a day! what a night! Our windows were broken in pieces; towards the evening the section retired, and they fought under our eyes; but when they came to the church of St. Roch, and the theatre of the Republic, it seemed as if the house would fall to pieces.

"My father was in agony; he cried, he wept. Never shall I forget the horrors of that dreadful night. Our terrors rose to the highest pitch, when we heard that barricades were erected in the Rue de la Loi. Every hour of that dreadful night was to me like the hour of the damned, of which Father Bridagne speaks, *Toujours jamais*. I loved my father with the sincerest affection, and I adored my mother. I saw the one dying with the discharges of cannon, which resounded in his ears, while the other, stretched at the foot of that bed of death, seemed ready to follow him. There are some recollections which are eternal; never will the remembrance of that dreadful night, and of those two days, be effaced from my memory; they are engraven on my mind with a burning iron."—I. p. 190.

Salicetti fell ill in their house, from anxiety on account of the fate of Ronce and his accomplices, who were brought to trial for a conspiracy to restore the Reign of Terror. The picture she gives of his state of mind when on the bed of sickness, is finely descriptive of the whirl of agony which infidelity and democracy produce.

"We had soon a new torment to undergo; Salicetti fell ill. Nothing can equal the horrors of his situation; he was in a high fever, and delirious; but what he said, what he saw, exceeds any thing that can be conceived. I have read many romances which portrayed a similar situation. Alas! how their description falls short of the truth! Never have I read any thing which approached it—Salicetti had no religion; that added to the horrors of these dreadful scenes. He did not utter complaints; blasphemies were eternally poured forth. The death of Ronce and his friends produced the most terrible effect on his mind; their tragic fate was incessantly present to his thoughts. One, in particular, seemed never to quit his bedside; he spoke to him, he listened, he answered; the dialogues between them, for he answered for his dead friend, were enough to

turn our brains. Sometimes he fancied himself in a chamber red with blood. But what caused me more terror than all the rest, was the low and modulated tone of his voice during his delirium; it would appear that terror had mastered all his other faculties, even the acutest sufferings. No words can convey an idea of the horror inspired by that pale and extenuated man, uttering, on a bed of death, blasphemies and anathemas in a voice modulated and subdued by terror. I am at a loss to convey the impression of what I felt, for, though so vividly engraven on my memory, I know not how to give it a name."—I. p. 156.

It is well sometimes to follow the irreligious and the Jacobins to their latter end. How desperately do these men of blood then quail under the prospect of the calamities they have inflicted on others; how terribly does the evil they have committed return on their own heads; how infinitely does the scene drawn from the life, exceed all that the imagination of Dante could conceive of the terrible!

It is well known what a dreadful famine prevailed in Paris for some time after the suppression of the revolt of the 13th Vendemiaire. Our authoress supplies us with several anecdotes, highly characteristic of the period, and which place Bonaparte's character in a very favourable light.

"At that period famine prevailed in Paris, with more severity than anywhere else in France; the people were literally suffering under want of bread; the other necessities of life were not less deficient. What an epoch! Great God! the misery was frightful—the depreciation of the assignats went on augmenting with the public suffering—the poor, totally without work, died in their hovels, or issuing forth in desperation, joined the robbers, who infested all the roads in the country.

"Bonaparte was then of great service to us. We had white bread for our own consumption; but our servants had only the black bread of the Sections, which was unwholesome and hardly eatable. Bonaparte sent us every day some rolls of bread, which he came to eat with us with the greatest satisfaction. At that period, I can affirm with confidence, since he associated me in his acts of beneficence, that Napoleon saved the lives of above an hundred families. He made domiciliary distributions of bread and wood, which his situation as military commander enabled him to do. I was entrusted with the distribution of these gifts of wood and bread to ten families, who were dying of famine. The greater part of them lodged in the Rue St. Nicholas, close to our house. That street was inhabited at that time by the poorest class. No one who has not ascended one of its crowded stairs, has an idea of what real misery is.

"One day Bonaparte, coming to dine at my mother's, was stopped in alighting from his carriage by a woman, who bore the dead body of an infant in her arms. It was the youngest of six children. Misery and famine had dried up her milk. Her little child had just died—it was not cold. Seeing every day an officer

with a splendid uniform alight at our house; she came to beg bread from him, 'in order,' as she expressed it, 'that her other infants should not share the fate of the youngest; and if I get nothing, I will take the whole five, and we will throw ourselves together into the river.'

"This was no vain threat on the part of that unhappy woman, for at that period suicides succeeded each other every day. Nothing was talked of but the tragic end of some family. Bonaparte entered the room with the expression of melancholy, which did not leave him during the whole of dinner. He had at the moment given a few assignats to that unhappy woman; but after we rose from table, he begged my mother to make some inquiries concerning her. She did so, and found that her story was all true, and that she was of good character. Napoleon paid her the wages due to her deceased husband by the government, and got for her a small pension. She succeeded in bringing up her children, who ever after retained the most lively sense of gratitude towards 'the General,' as they called their benefactor."—I. 195.

The Duchess gives a striking picture of the difference in the fashions and habits of living which has resulted from the Revolution. Being on a subject where a woman's observations are more likely to be accurate than those of a man, we willingly give a place to her observations.

"Transported from Corsica to Paris at the close of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had imbibed a second nature in the midst of the luxuries and excellencies of that period. We flatter ourselves that we have gained much by our changes in that particular; but we are quite wrong. Forty thousand livres a year fifty-years ago, would have commanded more luxury than two hundred thousand now. The elegancies that at that period surrounded a woman of fashion cannot be numbered; a profusion of luxuries were in common use, of which even the name is now forgotten. The furniture of her sleeping apartment—the bath in daily use—the ample folds of silk and velvet which covered the windows—the perfumes which filled the room—the rich laces and dresses which adorned the wardrobe, were widely different from the ephemeral and insufficient articles by which they have been replaced. My opinion is daily receiving confirmation; for every thing belonging to the last age is daily coming again into fashion, and I hope soon to see totally expelled all those fashions of Greece and Rome, which did admirably well under the climate of Rome or Messina, but are ill adapted for our *vent du бизе* and cloudy atmosphere. A piece of muslin suspended on a gilt rod, is really of no other use but to let a spectator see that he is behind the curtain. It is the same with the imitation tapestry—the walls six inches thick, which neither keep out the heat in summer, nor the cold in winter. All the other parts of modern dress and furniture are comprised in my anathema, and will always continue to be so.

"It is said that every thing is simplified,

and brought down to the reach of the most moderate fortunes. That is true in one sense; that is to say, our confectioner has muslin curtains and gilt rods at his windows, and his wife has a silk cloak as well as ourselves, because it is become so thin that it is indeed accessible to every one, but it keeps no one warm. It is the same with all the other stuffs. We must not deceive ourselves; we have gained nothing by all these changes. Do not say, 'So much the better, this is equality.' By no means; equality is not to be found here, any more than it is in England, or America, or anywhere, since it cannot exist. The consequence of attempting it is, that you will have bad silks, bad satins, bad velvets, and that is all.

"The throne of fashion has encountered during the Revolution another throne, and it has been shattered in consequence. The French people, amidst their dreams of equality, have lost their own hands. The large and soft arm-chairs, the full and ample draperies, the cushions of eider down, all the other delicacies which we alone understood of all the European family, led only to the imprisonment of their possessors; and if you had the misfortune to inhabit a spacious hotel, within a court, to avoid the odious noise and smells of the street you had your throat cut. That mode of treating elegant manners put them out of fashion; they were speedily abandoned, and the barbarity of their successors still so lingers among us, that every day you see put into the lumber room an elegant Grecian chair which has broken your arm, and canopies which smell of the stable, because they are stuffed with hay.

"I scold because I am growing old. If I saw that the world was going the way it should, I would say nothing, and would perhaps adopt the custom of our politicians, which is, to embrace the last revolution with alacrity, whatever it may be. See how comfortable this is, say our young men, who espouse the cause of the last easy chair which their upholsterer has made for them, as of the last of the thirteen or fifteen constitutions which have been manufactured for them during the last forty years. I will follow their example; I will applaud every thing, even the new government of Louis Philippe; though, it must be confessed, that to do so requires a strong disposition to see every thing in the most favourable colours."—I. 197, 198.

The authoress apologizes frequently for these and similar passages, containing details on the manners, habits, and fashions during the period in which she lived; but no excuse is required for their insertion. Details of ball dresses, saloons, operas, and theatres, may appear extremely trifling to those who have only to cross the street to witness them; but they become very different when they are read after the lapse of centuries, and the accession of a totally different set of manners. They are the materials from which alone a graphic and interesting history of the period can be framed. What would we give for details of this sort on the era of Cæsar and Pompey? with what eagerness do we turn to

the faithful pages of Froissart and Monstrellet for similar information concerning the chivalrous ages; and with what delight do we read the glowing pictures in Ivanhoe and the Crusaders, in Quentin Durward and Kenilworth, of the manners, customs, and habits of those periods! To all appearance, the world is changing so rapidly under the pressure of the revolutionary tempest, that, before the lapse of many generations, the habits of our times will be as much the object of research to the antiquary, and of interest to the historian, as those of Richard Cœur de Lion or the Black Prince are to our age.

We have mentioned above, that Napoleon's interest in Madame Permon appeared to have been stronger than that of mere friendship. The following passage contains the account of a declaration and refusal, which never probably before was equalled since the beginning of the world:—

"Napoleon came one day to my mother, a considerable time after the death of my father, and proposed a marriage between his sister Pauline and my brother Permon. 'Permon has some fortune,' said he; 'my sister has nothing; but I am in a situation to do much for my connexions, and I could procure an advantageous place for her husband. That alliance would render me happy. You know how beautiful my sister is: My mother is your friend: Come, say yes, and all will be settled.'

"My mother answered, that her son must answer for himself; and that she would make no attempt to influence his choice.

"Bonaparte admitted that my brother was a young man so remarkable, that, though he was only twenty-five years of age, he had judgment and talents adequate to any situation. What Bonaparte proposed was extremely natural. He contemplated a marriage between a girl of sixteen and a young man of twenty-five, who had L.500 a-year, with a handsome exterior; who drew as well as his master, Vernet; played on the harp much better than his master, Kromphultz; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek, as well as a native, and had such talents as had made his official duties in the army of the south a matter of remark. Such was the person whom Napoleon asked for his sister; a ravishing beauty and good daughter, it is true; but that was all.

"To this proposal Napoleon added another; that of a union between myself and Joseph or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than Laurette,' said my mother, laughing. 'In truth, my dear Napoleon, you have become a high-priest to-day; you must needs marry all the world, even children.' Bonaparte laughed also, but with an embarrassed air. He admitted that that morning, in rising, a gale of marriage had blown over him, 'and to prove it,' said he, taking the hand of my mother, and kissing it, 'I am resolved to commence the union of our families by asking you to marry myself, as soon as the forms of society will permit.'

"My mother has frequently told me that extraordinary scene, which I know as if I had

been present at it. She looked at Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering on stupefaction; then she began to laugh so immoderately that we all heard it, though we were in the next room.

"Napoleon was highly offended at the mode in which a proposal, which appeared to him perfectly natural, was received. My mother, who perceived what he felt, hastened to explain herself, and to show that it was at the thoughts of the ridiculous figure which she herself would make in such an event that she was so much amused. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she, when she had done laughing, 'let us speak seriously. You imagine you know my age, but you really do not: I will not tell you, for I have a slight weakness in that respect: I will only say, I am old enough, not only to be your mother, but the mother of Joseph. Let us put an end to this pleasantry; it grieves me when coming from you.'

"Bonaparte told her that he was quite serious; that the age of his wife was to him a matter of no importance, provided she had not the look, like her, of being above thirty years old; that he had deliberately considered what he had just said; and he added these remarkable words:—'I wish to marry. My friends wish me to marry a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, who is charming and agreeable. My old friends are averse to this connexion, and the one I now propose suits me better in many respects. Reflect.' My mother interrupted the conversation by saying, that her mind was made up as to herself; and that as to her son, she would give him an answer in a day or two. She gave him her hand at parting, and said, smiling, that, though she had not entirely given up the idea of conquests, she could not go just so far as to think of subduing a heart of six-and-twenty; and that she hoped their friendship would not be disturbed by this little incident. 'But at all events,' said Napoleon, 'consider it well.'—Well, I will consider it,' said she, smiling in her sweetest manner, and so they parted.

"After I was married to Junot, and he heard of it, he declared that it appeared less surprising to him than it did to us. Bonaparte, at the epoch of the 13th Vendémiaire, was attached to the war committee: his projects, his plans, all had one object, and that was the East. My mother's name of Connene, with her Grecian descent, had a great interest in his imagination. The name of Calomeros, united with Connene, might have powerfully served his ambition in that quarter. 'The great secret of all these marriages,' said Junot, 'was in that idea.' I believe he was right.—I. pp. 202, 203.

All the proposed marriages came to nothing; the duchess's brother refused Pauline, and she herself Joseph. They little thought, that the one was refusing the throne of Charlemagne, the other that of Charles V., and the third, the most beautiful princess in Europe.

The following picture of three of the most celebrated women in the Revolution one of whom eminently contributed by her influence to the fall of

Robespierre, shews that the fair authoress is not less a master of the subject more peculiarly belonging to her sex.

"Madame D. arrived late in the ball-room. The great saloon was completely filled. Madame D., who was well accustomed to such situations, looked round her to see if she could discover a seat, when her eyes were arrested by the figure of a young and charming person, with a profusion of light tresses, looking around her with her fine blue eyes, with a timid air, and offering the most perfect image of a young sylph. She was in the act of being led to her seat by M. de Trenis, which showed that she was a beautiful dancer; for he honoured no one with his hand, but those who might receive the title of *la belle danseuse*. The young lady, after having bowed blushing to the Vestris of the room, sat down beside a lady who had the appearance of being her elder sister, and whose extremely elegant dress was attracting the attention of all around her. 'Who are these ladies?' said Madame D. to the Count de Haulefert, on whose arm she was leaning. 'Do you not know the Viscountess Beauharnais and her daughter Hortense?'

"My God!" said the Count, 'who is that beautiful woman?' who at that moment entered the room, and towards whom all eyes were immediately turned. That lady was of a stature above the ordinary; but the perfect harmony in her proportions prevented you from perceiving that she was above the ordinary size. It was the Venus of the Capitol, but more beautiful than the work of Phidias. You saw the same perfection in the arms, neck, and feet, and the whole figure animated by an expression of benevolence, which told at once, that all that beauty was but the magic reflection of a mind animated only by the most benevolent and generous feelings. Her dress had no share in contributing to her beauty; for it was a simple robe of Indian muslin arranged in drapery like the antique, and held together on the shoulders by two splendid cameos; a girdle of gold, which encircled her figure, was elegantly clasped in the same way; a large golden bracelet ornamented her arm; her hair, black and luxuriant, was dressed without tresses, *a la Titus*; over her white and beautiful shoulders was thrown a superb shawl of red cachemire, a dress at that period extremely rare, and highly in request. It was thrown round her in the most elegant and picturesque manner, forming thus a picture of the most ravishing beauty. It was Madame Tallien, so well known for her generous efforts at the time of the fall of Robespierre."—I. 222.

This description suggests one observation, which must strike every one who is at all familiar with the numerous female memoirs which have issued from the Parisian press within these few years. This is the extraordinary accuracy with which, at any distance of time, they seem to have the power of recalling, not only the whole particulars of a ball-room or opera, but even the dresses worn by the ladies on these occasions. Thus the ball here described took place in 1797. Yet the Duchess has no sort of difficulty in re-

counting the whole particulars both of the people and dresses in 1830, three-and-thirty years after. We doubt extremely whether any woman in England could give as accurate an account within a month after the event. Nor does there seem to be any ground for the obvious remark that these descriptions are all got up *ex post facto*, without any foundation in real life; for the variety and accuracy with which they are given evidently demonstrates, that however much the colours may have been subsequently added, the outlines of the sketch were taken from nature. As little is there any ground for the suspicion, that the attention of the French women is exclusively occupied with these matters, to the exclusion of more serious considerations; for these pages are full of able and sometimes profound remarks on politics, events, and characters, such as would have done credit to the clearest head in Britain. We can only suppose that the vanity which amidst many excellencies, is the undoubted characteristic both of the men and women in France, is the cause of this extraordinary power in their female writers, and that the same disposition which induces their statesmen and heroes to record daily the victories of their diplomacy and arms, leads their lively and intelligent ladies to commit to paper all that is particularly remarkable in private life.

Some interesting details are preserved, as to the reception of Napoleon in Paris by the Directory after the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor. The following quotations exhibit the talent of the author, both for the lighter and more serious subjects of narrative in the best light:

"Junot entered at first into the famous battalion of volunteers of the *Côté d'or*. After the surrender of Longwy they were moved to Toulon; it was the most terrific period of the Revolution. Junot was then sergeant of grenadiers, an honour which he received from the voluntary election of his comrades on the field of battle. Often, in recounting to me the first years of his adventurous life, he has declared that nothing ever gave him such a delirium of joy, as when his comrades, all, he said, as brave as himself, named him sergeant on the field of battle, and he was elevated on a seat formed of crossed bayonets, still reeking with the blood of their enemies."

It was at that time that, being one day, during the siege of Toulon, at his post at the battery of St Culottes, an officer of artillery, who had recently come from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, asked from the officer who commanded the post for a young non-commissioned officer who had at once intelligence and boldness. The officer immediately called for Junot; the officer surveyed him with that eye which already began to take the measure of human capacity.

"'You will change your dress,' said the commander, 'and you will go there to bear this order.' He showed him with his hand a spot at a distance on the same side. The young sergeant blushed up to the eyes; his eyes

kindled with fire. 'I am not a spy,' said he, 'to execute their orders; seek another to bear them.' 'Do you refuse to obey!' said the superior officer; 'do you know to what punishment you expose yourself in so doing?' 'I am ready to obey,' said Junot, 'but I will go in my uniform, or not at all.' The commander smiled and looked at him attentively. 'But if you do, they will kill you.' 'What does that signify?' said Junot; 'you know me little to imagine I would be pained at such an occurrence, and, as for me, it is all one—come, I go as I am; is it not so?' And he set off singing.

"After he was gone, the superior officer asked, 'What is the name of that young man?' Junot, replied the other. The commanding officer then wrote his name in his pocket-book. 'He will make his way,' he replied. This judgment was already of decisive importance to Junot, for the reader must readily have divined that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

"A few days after, being on his rounds at the same battery, Bonaparte asked for some one who could write well. Junot stepped out of the ranks and presented himself. Bonaparte recognised him as the sergeant who had already fixed his attention. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing him, and desired him to place himself so as to write under his dictation. Hardly was the letter done, when a bomb, projected from the English batteries, fell at the distance of ten yards, and, exploding, covered all present with gravel and dust. 'Well,' said Junot, laughing, 'we shall at least not require sand to dry the ink.'

"Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was calm, and had not even quivered at the explosion. That event decided his fortune. He remained attached to the commander of artillery, and returned no more to his corps. At a subsequent time, when the town surrendered, and Bonaparte was appointed General, Junot asked no other recompense for his brave conduct during the siege, but to be named his first aid-de-camp. He and Muiron were the first who served him in that capacity."—I. 268.

A singular incident, which is stated as having happened to Junot at the battle of Lonato, in Italy, is recorded in the following curious manner:—

"The evening before the battle of Lonato, Junot having been on horseback all the day, and rode above 20 leagues in carrying the orders of the General-in-Chief, lay down, overwhelmed with fatigue, without undressing, and ready to start up at the smallest signal. Hardly was he asleep, when he dreamed he was on a field of battle, surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was a horseman, clad in armour, with whom he was engaged; that cavalier, instead of a lance, was armed with a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, particularly one on the left temple. The combat was long, and at length they seized each other by the middle. In the struggle the vizor, the casque of the horseman, fell off, and Junot perceived that he was fighting with a skeleton; soon the armour fell off, and Death stood before him armed with his scythe. 'I have not been able to take you,' said he, 'but

I will seize one of your best friends.—Beware of me!'

"Junot awoke, bathed with sweat. The morning was beginning to dawn, and he could not sleep from the impression he had received. He felt convinced that one of his brother aid-de-camps, Muiron or Marmont, would be slain in the approaching fight. In effect it was so: Junot received two wounds—one on the left temple, which he bore to his grave, and the other on the breast; but Muiron was shot through the heart."—I. 270.

The two last volumes of this interesting work published a few weeks ago, are hardly equal in point of importance to those which contained the earlier history of Napoleon, but still they abound with interesting and curious details. The following picture of the religion which grew up in France on the ruins of Christianity, is singularly instructive:—

"It is well known, that during the revolutionary troubles of France, not only all the churches were closed, but the Catholic and Protestant worship entirely forbidden; and, after the Constitution of 1795, it was at the hazard of one's life that either the mass was heard, or any religious duty performed. It is evident that Robespierre, who unquestionably had a design which is now generally understood, was desirous, on the day of the fete of the Supreme Being, to bring back public opinion to the worship of the Deity. Eight months before, we had seen the Bishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, appear voluntarily at the bar of the Convention, to abjure the Christian faith and the Catholic religion. But it is not as generally known, that at that period Robespierre was not omnipotent, and could not carry his desires into effect. Numerous factions then disputed with him the supreme authority. It was not till the end of 1793, and the beginning of 1794, that his power was so completely established that he could venture to act up to his intentions.

"Robespierre was then desirous to establish the worship of the Supreme Being, and the belief of the immortality of the soul. He felt that irreligion is the soul of anarchy, and it was not anarchy but despotism which he desired; and yet the very day after that magnificent fete in honour of the Supreme Being, a man of the highest celebrity in science, and as distinguished for virtue and probity as philosophic genius, Lavoisier, was led out to the scaffold. On the day following that, Madame Elizabeth, that Princess whom the executioners could not guillotine, till they had turned aside their eyes from the sight of her angelic visage, stained the same axe with her blood!—And a month after, Robespierre, who wished to restore order for his own purposes—who wished to still the bloody waves which for years had inundated the state, felt that all his efforts would be in vain if the masses who supported his power were not restrained and directed, because without order nothing but ravages and destruction can prevail. To ensure the government of the masses, it was indispensable that morality, religion, and belief should be established—and, to affect the multitude, that religion should be

clothed in external forms. 'My friend,' said Voltaire, to the atheist Damilaville, 'after you have supped on well-dressed partridges, drank your sparkling champagne, and slept on cushions of down in the arms of your mistress, I have no fear of you, though you do not believe in God.—But if you are perishing of hunger, and I meet you in the corner of a wood, I would rather dispense with your company.' But when Robespierre wished to bring back to something like discipline the crew of the vessel which was fast driving on the breakers, he found the thing was not so easy as he imagined. To destroy is easy—to rebuild is the difficulty. He was omnipotent to do evil; but the day that he gave the first sign of a disposition to return to order, the hands which he himself had stained with blood, marked his forehead with the fatal sign of destruction."—VI. 34, 35.

The "omnipotence to do evil, and the impotence to do good," is not confined to the French Revolutionists. It exists equally on this side of the Channel. Powerful to pull down and destroy our institutions, the Reforming Administration are powerless in arresting the work of devastation. The day that they attempt to coerce the passions they have raised; the moment that they pause in the work of demolition, that instant Fate has marked them for her own.

After the fall of Robespierre, a feeble attempt was made, under the Directory, to establish a religious system founded on pure Deism. To the faithful believer in Revelation, it is interesting to trace the rise and fall of the first attempt in the history of the world to establish such a faith as the basis of national religion.

"Under the Directory, that brief and deplorable government, a new sect established itself in France. Its system was rather morality than religion; it affected the utmost tolerance, recognised all religions, and had no other faith than a belief in God. Its votaries were termed the Theophilanthropists. It was during the year 1797 that this sect arose. I was once tempted to go to one of their meetings. Lareveilliere Lepaux, chief grand priest and protector of the sect, was to deliver a discourse. The first thing that struck me in the place of assembly, was a basket filled with the most magnificent flowers of July, which was then the season, and another loaded with the most splendid fruits. Every one knows the grand altar of the church of St. Nicholas in the Fields, with its rich Corinthian freize. I suspect the Theophilanthropists had chosen that church on that account for the theatre of their exploits, in a spirit of religious coquetry. In truth, their basket of flowers produced an admirable effect on that altar of the finest Grecian form, and mingled in perfect harmony with the figures of angels which adorned the walls. The chief pronounced a discourse, in which he spoke so well, that, in truth, if the Gospel had not said the same things infinitely better, some seventeen hundred and ninety-seven years before, it would have been decidedly preferable either to the Paganism of antiquity, or the mythology of Egypt or India.

"Napoleon had the strongest prejudice
Museum.—Vol. XXI.

against that sect. 'They are comedians,' said he; and when some one replied that nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of some of their chiefs, that Lareveilliere Lepaux was one of the most virtuous men in Paris; in fine, that their morality consisted in nothing but virtue, good faith, and charity, he replied—

"To what purpose is all that? Every system of morality is admirable. Apart from certain dogmas, more or less absurd, which were necessary to bring them down to the level of the age in which they were produced, what do you see in the morality of the Widham, the Koran, the Old Testament, or Confucius? Every where a pure system of morality, that is to say, you see protection to the weak, respect to the laws, gratitude to God, recommended and enforced. But the evangelists alone exhibit the union of all the principles of morality, detached from every kind of absurdity. There is something admirable, and not your commonplace sentiments put into bad verse. Do you wish to see what is sublime, you and your friends the Theophilanthropists? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Your zealots,' added he, addressing a young enthusiast in that system, 'are desirous of the palm of martyrdom, but I will not give it them; nothing shall fall on them but strokes of ridicule, and I little know the French, if they do not prove mortal.' In truth, the result proved how well he had appreciated the French character. It perished after an ephemeral existence of five years, and left not a trace behind, but a few verses, preserved as a relic of that mental age of aberration."—VI. 40—43.

This passage is very remarkable. Here we have the greatest intellect of the age, Napoleon himself, recurring to the Gospel, and to the Lord's Prayer, as the only pure system of religion, and the sublimest effort of human composition; and Robespierre endeavouring, in the close of his bloody career, to cement anew the fabric of society, which he had had so large a share in destroying, by a recurrence to religious impressions: So indispensable is devotion to the human heart; so necessary is it to the construction of the first, elements of society, and so well may you distinguish the spirit of anarchy and revolution, by the irreligious tendency which invariably attends it, and prepares the overthrow of every national institution, by sapping the foundation of every private virtue.

The arrest of the British residents over all France, on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, was one of the most cruel and unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's government. The following scene, between Junot and the First Consul on this subject, is singularly characteristic of the impetuous fits of passion to which that great man was subject, and which occasionally betrayed him into actions so unworthy of his general character.

"One morning at five o'clock, when day was just beginning to break, an order arrived from the First Consul to repair instantly to Malmaison. He had been labouring till four in the morning, and had but just fallen asleep.

No. 123.—Z

He set off instantly, and did not return till five in the evening. When he entered he was in great agitation; his meeting with him had been stormy, and the conversation long.

"When Junot arrived at the First Consul's, he found his figure in disorder; his features were contracted; and every thing announced one of those terrible agitations which made every one who approached him tremble.

"Junot," said he to his aid-de-camp, "are you still the friend on whom I can rely? Yes or no. No circumlocution."

"Yes, my general."

"Well then, before an hour is over, you must take measures instantly, so that *all the English*, without one single exception, should be instantly arrested. Room enough for them will be found in the Temple, the Force, the Abbaye, and the other prisons of Paris; it is indispensable that they should *all* be arrested. We must teach their government, that entrenched though they are in their isle, they can be reached by an enemy who is under no obligation to treat their subjects with any delicacy.—The wretches," said he, striking his fist violently on the table, "they refuse Malta, and assign as a reason—Here his anger choked his voice, and he was some time in recovering himself. 'They assign as a reason, that Lucien has influenced, by my desire, the determinations of the Court of Spain, in regard to the reform of the clergy; and they refuse to execute the Treaty of Amiens, on pretence that, since it was signed the situation of the contracting parties had changed.'

"Junot was overwhelmed; but the cause of his consternation was not the rupture with England. It had been foreseen, and known for several days. But in the letters which were now handed to him, he perceived a motive to authorise the terrible measure which Napoleon had commanded. He would willingly have given him his life, but now he was required to do a thing to the last degree repugnant to the liberal principles in which he had been trained.

"The First Consul waited for some time for an answer, but seeing the attitude of Junot, he proceeded, after a pause of some minutes, as if the answer had already been given.

"That measure must be executed at seven o'clock this evening. I am resolved that, this evening, not the most obscure theatre at Paris, not the most miserable restaurateur shall contain an Englishman within its walls."

"My General," replied Junot, who had now recovered his composure, "you know not only my attachment to your person, but my devotion in every thing which regards yourself. Believe me, then, it is nothing but that devotion which makes me hesitate in obeying you, before entreating you to take a few hours to reflect on the measure which you have commanded me to adopt."

"Napoleon contracted his eye-brows.—'Again!' said he. 'What! is the scene of the other day so soon to be renewed? Lannes and you truly give yourselves extraordinary license. Duroc alone, with his tranquil air, does not think himself entitled to preach sermons to me. You shall find, gentlemen, by

God, that I can square my hat as well as any man; Lannes has already experienced it; and I do not think he will enjoy much his eating of oranges at Lisbon. As for you, Junot do not rely too much on my friendship. The day on which I doubt of yours mine is destroyed.'

"My General," replied Junot, profoundly afflicted at being so much misunderstood, 'it is not at the moment that I am giving you the strongest proof of my devotion, that you should thus address me. Ask my blood; ask my life; they belong to you, and shall be freely rendered; but to order me to do a thing which will cover us all with —'

"Go on," he interrupted, 'go on by all means. What will happen me because I retaliate upon a perfidious government the injuries which it has heaped upon me?'

"It does not belong to me," replied Junot, 'to decide upon what line of conduct is suitable to you. Of this, however, I am well assured, that if any thing unworthy of your glory is attempted, it will be from your eyes being fascinated by the men, who only disquiet you by their advice, and incessantly urge you to measures of severity. Believe me, my General, these men do you infinite mischief.'

"Who do you mean?" said Napoleon.

"Junot mentioned the names of several, and stated what he knew of them.

"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me," replied he. 'One of them said the other day, "If the First Consul were to desire me to kill my father, I would kill him.'

"I know not, my General, replied Junot, 'what degree of attachment to you it is, to suppose you capable of giving an order to a son to put to death his own father. But it matters not; when one is so unfortunate as to think in that manner, they seldom make it public.'

"Two years afterwards, the First Consul, who was then Emperor, spoke to me of that scene, after my return from Portugal, and told me that he was on the point of embracing Junot at these words: so much was he struck with these noble expressions addressed to him, his general, his chief, the man on whom alone his destiny depended. 'For in fine,' said the Emperor, smiling, 'I must own I am rather unreasonable when I am angry, and that you know, Madame Junot.'

"As for my husband, the conversation which he had with the First Consul was of the warmest description. He went the length of reminding him, that at the departure of the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, the most solemn assurances had been given him of the safety of all the English at Paris. 'There are,' said he, 'amongst them, women, children, and old men; there are numbers, my General, who night and morning pray to God to prolong your days. They are for the most part persons engaged in trade, for almost all the higher classes of that nation have left Paris. The damage they would sustain from being all imprisoned would be immense. Oh, my General! it is not for you whose noble and generous mind so well comprehends whatever is grand in the creation, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet.'"—VI. 406—410.

With the utmost difficulty, Junot prevailed on

Napoleon to commute the original order, which had been for immediate imprisonment, into one for the confinement of the unfortunate British subjects in particular towns, where it is well known most of them lingered till delivered by the Allies in 1814. But Napoleon never forgave this interference with his wrath; and shortly after, Junot was removed from the government of Paris, and sent into honourable exile to superintend the formation of a corps of grenadiers at Arras.

The great change which has taken place in the national character of France since the Restoration, has been noticed by all writers on the subject. The Duchess of Abrantes' observations on the subject are highly curious.

"Down to the year 1809, the national character had undergone no material alteration. That character overcame all perils, disregarded all dangers, and even laughed at death itself. It was this calm in the victims of the Revolution which gave the executioners their principal advantage. A friend of my acquaintance, who accidentally found himself surrounded by the crowd who were returning from witnessing the execution of Madame Du Barri, heard two of the women in the street speaking to each other on the subject, and one said to the other, 'How that one cried out! If they all cry out in that manner, I will not return again to the executions.' What a volume of reflections arise from these few words spoken, with all the unconcern of those barbarous days!

"The three years of the Revolution following the 1793, taught us to weep, but did not teach us to cease to laugh. They laughed under the axe yet stained with blood;—they laughed as the victim slept at Venice under the burning irons which were to waken his dreams. Alas! how deep must have been the wounds which have changed this lightsome character! For the joyous Frenchman laughs no more! and if he still has some happy days, the sun of gaiety has set for ever. This change has taken place during the 15 years which have followed the Restoration; while the horrors of the wars of religion, the tyrannical reigns of Louis XI. and XIV., and even the bloody days of the Convention, produced no such effect."—V. 142.

Like all the other writers on the modern state of France, of whatever school or party in politics, Madame Junot is horrified with the deterioration of manners, and increased vulgarity, which has arisen from the democratic invasions of later times. Listen to this ardent supporter of the revolutionary order of things, on this subject:

"At that time, (1801,) the habits of good company were not yet extinct in Paris; of the old company of France, and not of what is now termed good company, and which prevailed 30 years ago only among postillions and stable-boys. At that period, men of good birth did not smoke in the apartments of their wives, because they felt it to be a dirty and disgusting practice; they generally washed their hands; when they went out to dine, or to pass the evening in a house of their acquaintance, they bowed

to the lady at its head in entering and retiring, and did not appear so abstracted in their thoughts as to behave as they would have done in an hotel. They were then careful not to turn their back on those with whom they conversed, so as to show only an ear or the point of a nose to those whom they addressed. They spoke of some thing else, besides those eternal politics on which no two can ever agree, and which give occasion only to the interchange of bitter expressions. There has sprung from these endless disputes, disunion in families, the dissolution of the oldest friendships, and the growth of hatred which will continue till the grave. Experience proves that in these contests no one is ever convinced, and that each goes away more than ever persuaded of the truth of his own opinions.

"The customs of the world now give me nothing but pain. From the bosom of the retirement where I have been secluded for these 15 years, I can judge, without prepossession, of the extraordinary revolution in manners which has lately taken place. Old impressions are replaced, it is said, by new ones; that is all. Are, then, the new ones superior? I cannot believe it. Morality itself is rapidly undergoing dissolution—every character is contaminated, and no one knows from whence the poison is inhaled. Young men now lounge away their evenings in the box of a theatre, or the Boulevards, or carry on elegant conversation with a fair seller of gloves and perfumery, make compliments on her lily and vermilion cheeks, and present her with a cheap ring, accompanied with a gross and indelicate compliment. Society is so disunited, that it is daily becoming more vulgar, in the literal sense of the word. Whence any improvement is to arise, God only knows."—V. 156, 157.

We expect, if the present system of democracy continues long in France, to see the vulgarity of American manners introduced into the French capital; to behold gentlemen sitting with their feet upon the backs of chairs in the saloons of the Faubourg St Germain, and each member of the Chamber of Deputies chewing tobacco, with all its hideous accompaniments, under the splendid roof of the Legislative Body. Fortunately, such evils will lead to their ultimate remedy. The dissolution of morals and manners will overthrow the existing institutions of the country; anarchy and licentiousness, with all its debasing accompaniments, will cease; and if liberty perishes with the grossness to which it has given birth, and ages of despotism are endured, the friends of order will at least have the consolation of reflecting, that all this degradation and ruin have been brought about against their most strenuous exertions, by the insane passions of those who invoked its name to cover their own excesses.

While we are concluding these observations another bloody revolt has occurred at Paris; the three glorious days of June have come to crown the work, and develop the consequences of the three glorious days of July. After a desperate struggle, maintained with much greater resolu-

tion and vigour on the part of the insurgents than the insurrection which proved fatal to Charles X.; after Paris having been the theatre, for three days, of bloodshed and devastation; after 75,000 men had been engaged against the Revolutionists; after the thunder of artillery had broken down the Republican barricades, and showers of grape-shot had thinned the ranks of the citizen-soldiers, the military force triumphed, and peace was restored to the trembling city. What has been the consequence? All the forms of law have been suspended; military commissions established; domiciliary visits become universal; several thousand persons thrown into prison; and before this, the *fusillades* of the new heroes of the Barricades have announced to a suffering country that the punishment of their sins has commenced. The liberty of the press is destroyed, the editors delivered over to military commissions, the printing presses of the Opposition journals thrown into the Seine, and all attempts at insurrection, or words tending to excite it, and all offences of the press tending to excite dissatisfaction or revolt, handed over to military commissions, composed exclusively of officers! This is the freedom which the three glorious days have procured for France!

The soldiers were desperately chagrined and mortified at the result of the three days of July; and well they might be so, as all the subsequent sufferings of their country, and the total extinction of their liberties on the last occasion, were owing to their vacillation in the first revolt. They have now fought with the utmost fury against the people, as they did at Lyons, and French blood has amply stained their bayonets; but it has come too late to wash out the stain of their former treason, or revive the liberties which it lost for their country.

Polignac is now completely justified for all but the incapacity of commencing a change of the constitution with 5000 men, four pieces of cannon, and eight rounds of grape-shot to support it. The ordinances of Charles X., now adopted with increased severity by Louis Philippe, were destined to accomplish, *without bloodshed*, that change which the fury of democracy rendered necessary, and without which it has been found the Throne of the Barricades cannot exist. It is evident that the French do not know what freedom is. They had it under the Bourbons, as our people had it under the old constitution; but it would not content them, because it was not liberty, but power, not freedom, but democracy, not exception from tyranny, but the power of tyrannizing over others, that they desired. They gained their point, they accomplished their wishes,—and the consequence has been, two years of suffering, followed by military despotism. We always predicted the three glorious days would lead to this result; but the termination of the drama has come more rapidly than the history of the first Revolution led us to anticipate.

From the Monthly Magazine.

JEREMY BENTHAM,

THAT grey-haired, venerable old man, whom all who beheld him loved to look on, has turned to common earth, changed into unconscious gases and metals, never again to originate thoughts, such as those of which he has left behind him an ample store, and which will yet do their work in the regeneration of the world! This indeed gives a humbling sensation of the pride of man. That which was Bentham, has lost the power of thinking, and all that was human in the most kindly of earthly beings, is now of no more account than the materiel of the commonest reptile, which has passed away its existence, studying how to inflict the greatest portion of evil on its fellow-creatures, for the gratification of selfish passions. Yet it was a glorious thing to look on him while in life, to behold that nobly moulded head, that most benevolent face, in which almost childlike simplicity contended with godlike intellect, and both blended in universal sympathy, while his loose grey hair streamed over his shoulders, and played in the wind, as he pursued his evening walk of meditation, around the still garden wherein the patriot Milton was erst accustomed to contemplate. How has he been libelled amongst the unthinking herd, owing to their narrow comprehension of the word "utility!" Loving all beauty, and as keenly alive to the perception of it as any Greek of the olden time, it has been held that he thought nothing worth pursuing, save the study of the regulation and supply and demand, for the commonest corporeal and mental wants. That he liked poetry, and was fond of botany, is sufficient answer to such a supposition. He wrote on abstruse matters, because he thought the comprehension of such matters essential to human happiness, but he did not, therefore, dislike the lighter sources of innocent pleasure. We shall not soon look upon his like. Even now, his handwriting of a few week's lapse is before us, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, at the age of eighty-five years; and it is with sorrow that we peruse it.

Others have possessed knowledge without its bringing forth the fruit of wisdom. The knowledge of Bentham was combined with wisdom of the most exalted class, and the most self-sacrificing beneficence. His outset in life was an equity barrister, and the little practice which he attained to, was marked as the evidence of a high order of intellect. We know not his history farther back, but it must contain much matter of curious speculation. The most trifling acts and words of such a man are of importance—to know the source from which so noble an intellect was fed—whence the first rills of knowledge sprang. Happy will be the lot of that man to whom it shall be given to unfold the accurate biography of the most powerful advocate of the true interests of suffering humanity, who ever yet drew breath on English soil.

By the death of his father he attained independence, after, it is said, a somewhat penurious life: young, rich, and highly intellectual, and moreover of comely presence, a wide field of ambition opened to him, with the promise of a fruitful harvest in whatever sphere of public life he chose to pursue. But selfishness was abhorrent to him, and he clung only to sympathy. He abandoned the practice of mischievous laws, and retired wholly from public life in the flower of his age, to devote himself in seclusion to the unwearied study of those branches of knowledge which he held it essential to human happiness should be rightly comprehended. Through good report, and through evil report, he steadfastly pursued the object which his reason had analysed, and pronounced desirable. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, either for praise or blame; fear dwelt not in him, and praise could not move him from his purpose; his reflection was that he individually might perish, but that his principles must survive, and though thrillingly alive to the approval of the discriminating amongst his fellow creatures, his integrity could not be stirred from the strict path of duty for the sake of gaining popularity. He gathered a rich harvest of wisdom to distribute in the charity of universal love and benevolence, without one selfish thought, without a prospect of personal gain. He wrought not for a nation, he wrought for the human race; he made them incalculably his debtors, yet, without heeding the amount, without ever advertent to it, he still continued labouring unceasingly for their benefit. The human race he considered as his children, and wayward as they were, he gave up his mind for their maintenance; a treasury not lightly to be exhausted. They are yet young, and they cannot appreciate the wealth he has left them. As they search into it, their surprise will increase. The mere fertility of his writings is in itself extraordinary, and a remarkable instance what one man may accomplish; but when we reflect on the variety and profundity of knowledge they display, that each line, each word is pregnant with thought, the strongest mind feels itself give way to the sensation of wonder.

Wisdom has too long been held to be synonymous with austerity—knowledge with supercilious dignity, at least amongst superficial people. The amiable and blameless life of Bentham has withered up that ancient lie. A child-like simplicity of manner, an engaging affectionate disposition, and an unstudied habitual kindness of friendly intercourse, were his most conspicuous traits.* He was a pure concentration of benevolence, seeking his only reward in the thrilling consciousness that he was doing uni-

versal good. In common intercourse he respected the feelings of the meanest equally with the highest. He never willingly gave pain, nor shrank from the infliction of it, or the suffering it, when he deemed it essential to the service of humanity. Never lived there a human being, in whom wisdom, knowledge, integrity, and perfect love, were all so intimately blended, and so earnestly devoted to the service of a race, who, so far from thanking him for his labours, scarcely knew that he existed; and when they gleaned the knowledge, they in most cases used it for the purpose of vilifying him. So it must ever be till human intellect shall be more widely expanded than is at present the case. The refined and honest man, who shrinks with disgust from pandering passions of the herd, cannot expect to be their idol, even if his nature would permit him to wish it.

While in life, his spirit had ever been devoted to the service of his fellows, and his last act was to devote his material frame to the same purpose, with the object of removing a mischievous prejudice which had been largely productive of evil to his fellows. We were present at the lecture read by his attached friend over his earthly remains, not to a large audience, but to an audience, marked by all the external signs of a developement of intellect, such as is rarely gathered together in one assembly. Whoso looked around upon that audience, must have remarked to his own mind, that the spirit which had animated the clay before him was not all dead. The sympathy was indeed deep. The voice of the lecturer was choked by his emotions.

The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and the heavens wept while the oration was spoken over the mortal remnants of the benefactor of the human race, amidst the silence of his sorrowing friends. The superstition of the ancient days would have believed that his spirit was passing to Heaven on the wings of the storm, and in those days a statue would have been raised to his memory, as to a God. They who knew him in life, know that the influence of his spirit rests around them, and upon them, and that his best sepulchral monument will be the increasing reverence of the human race. The latest joy he experienced in life was in the knowledge that the charter of the freedom of his fellow countrymen was sealed. It would seem as though he had lingered on but to behold the successful achievement of the work to which he had so mainly contributed, ere his spirit left his frame, as though he had apostrophized his country—"Let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" The chords of sympathy have been rudely strained by his loss, though the days he had numbered were many.

* In dining with him if he observed you to favour any especial dish—it was sure to reappear the next time you met him at his table.

From the Athenæum.

SPRING.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

When the wind blows
 In the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows
 On the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows
 All bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not me;
 'Tis not for any one here, I trow:
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below!
 O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep?
 To the bed that's poor.
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure;
 That is a fate that none can cure?
 Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow:
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers,
 For all below!
 O the Spring, &c.

From the Athenæum.

NOTES ON ILLINOIS.*

WILD ANIMALS OF THE ILLINOIS.

The buffalo has entirely left us. Before the country was settled, our immense prairies afforded pasturage to herds of this animal; and the traces of them are still remaining in the "buffalo paths," which are to be seen in several parts of the state. These are well beaten tracks, leading generally from the prairies in the interior of the state, to the margins of the large rivers, showing the course of their migrations as they changed their pastures periodically, from the low marshy alluvion, to the dry upland plains. In the heat of summer they are driven from the latter by prairie flies; in the autumn they would be expelled from the former by the mosquitoes; in the spring the grass of the plains would afford abundant pasturage, while the herds could enjoy the warmth of the sun, and snuff the breeze that sweeps so freely over them; in the winter the rich cane of the river-banks, which is an ever-green, would furnish food, while the low grounds, thickly covered with brush and forest, would afford protection from the bleak winds. Their paths are narrow, and remarkably direct, showing that the animals travelled in single file

through the woods, and pursued the most direct course to their places of destination.

Deer are more abundant than at the first settlement of the country. They increase, to a certain extent, with the population. The reason of this appears to be, that they find protection in the neighbourhood of man, from the beasts of prey that assail them in the wilderness, and from whose attacks their young particularly can with difficulty escape. They suffer most from the wolves, who hunt in packs, like hounds, and who seldom give up the chase until the deer is taken. We have often sat, on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log cabin on one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of a deer, yelling very near in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain, then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a nearer point, and in another direction—now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, and we could almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer, and again it would be borne away, and lost in distance. We have passed nearly whole nights in listening to such sounds, and once we saw a deer dash through the yard, and immediately passed the door at which we sat, followed by his audacious pursuers, who were but a few yards in his rear.

Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for the hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export.

There are several ways of hunting deer, all of which are equally simple. Most generally the hunter proceeds to the woods on horseback, in the daytime, selecting particularly certain hours which are thought to be most favourable. It is said, that during the season when the pastures are green, this animal rises from its lair precisely at the rising of the moon, whether in the day or night; and I suppose the fact to be so, because such is the testimony of experienced hunters. If it be true, it is certainly a curious display of animal instinct. This hour, therefore, is always kept in view by the hunter, as he rides slowly through the forest, with his rifle on his shoulder, while his keen eye penetrates the surrounding shades. On beholding a deer, the hunter slides from his horse, and while the deer is observing the latter, creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of pursuit until he gets near enough to fire. An expert woodsman seldom fails to hit his game.

Another mode is, to watch at night, in the neighbourhood of the salt licks. These are spots where the earth is impregnated with saline particles, or where the salt water oozes through the soil. Deer and other grazing animals frequent such places, and remain for hours licking the earth. The hunter secretes himself here, either in the thick top of a tree, or, most generally, in a screen erected for the purpose, and artfully concealed, like a masked battery, with logs or green

* The following article, which originally appeared in the Illinois Magazine, having been reprinted in the Athenæum, we are enabled to transfer it to our pages, without deviating from the plan of the Museum.—Ed. Mus.

boughs. This practice is pursued only in the summer, or early in the autumn, in cloudless nights, when the moon shines brilliantly, and objects may be readily discovered. At the rising of the moon, or shortly after, the deer, having risen from their beds, approach the lick. Such places are generally bare of timber, but surrounded by it, and as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moonlight, he stops, looks cautiously around, and snuffs the air. Then he advances a few steps, and stops again, smells the ground, or raises his expanded nostrils, as if he "sauffed the approach of danger in every tainted breeze." The hunter sits motionless, and almost breathless, waiting until the animal shall get within rifle-shot, and until its position, in relation to the hunter and the light, shall be favourable, when he fires with an unerring aim. A few deer only can be thus taken in one night, and after a few nights these timorous animals are driven from the haunts which are thus disturbed.

The elk has disappeared. A few have been seen in late years, and some taken; but it is not known that any remain at this time, within the limits of the state.

The bear is seldom seen. This animal inhabits those parts of the country that are thickly wooded, and delights particularly in the cane brakes, where it feeds in the winter on the tender shoots of the young cane. The meat is tender and finely flavoured, and is esteemed a great delicacy.

Wolves are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds—the common, or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of these unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family.

The small ofburning *ussafetida* has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown

into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odour, the wolves, if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labour, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot.

Of the few instances of their attacking human beings, of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to the other. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot tracks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had followed him for a considerable distance: he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, which takes its name from its habit of residing entirely upon the open plains. Even when hunted with dogs, it will make circuit after circuit round the prairie, carefully avoiding the forest, or only dashing into it occasionally when hard pressed, and then returning to the plain. In size and appearance this animal is midway between the wolf and the fox, and in colour it resembles the latter, being of a very light red. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, young pigs, calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between it and the common wolf, and they constantly hunt in packs together. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf in company with several prairie wolves. I am well satisfied that the latter is the jackall of Asia.

We have the fox in some places in great numbers, though, generally speaking, I think the animal is scarce. It will undoubtedly increase with the population.

The panther and wild cat are found in our forests. Our open country is not, however, well suited to their shy habits, and they are less frequently seen than in the neighbouring states.

The beaver and otter were once numerous, but are now seldom seen, except on our frontiers.

The gopher is, as we suppose, a nondescript. The name does not occur in books of natural history, nor do we find any animal of a corresponding description. The only account that we have seen of it is in 'Long's Second Expedition.' In a residence in this state of eleven years, we have never seen one, nor have we ever conversed with a person who had seen one,—we mean, who has seen one near enough to examine it, and be

certain that it was ~~not~~ something else. That such an animal exists is doubtless. But they are very shy, and their numbers small: they burrow in the earth, and are supposed to throw up those hillocks which are seen in such vast abundance over our prairies. This is to some extent a mistake, for we know that many of these little mounds are thrown up by the crawfish and by ants.

The polecat is very destructive to our poultry.

The raccoon and opossum are very numerous, and extremely troublesome to the farmer, as they not only attack his poultry, but plunder his corn fields. They are hunted by boys, and large numbers of them destroyed. The skins of the raccoon pay well for the trouble of taking them, as the fur is in demand. Rabbits are very abundant, and in some places extremely destructive to the young orchards and to garden vegetables.

We have the large grey squirrel and the ground squirrel.

There are no rats, except along the large rivers, where they have landed from the boats.

From the Monthly Review.

THE UNITED STATES.*

Numerous as have been the volumes which, under the various titles of *Histories of America*, *Tours and Sketches of the United States*, *Essays and Letters*, have for many years past courted, and sometimes deservedly obtained, the approbation of the public in this country; yet we may say without exaggeration, that until we fairly mastered the information which Mr. Hinton has collected in his work, and added to it, by way of postscript, Mr. Ouseley's clever and liberal production, we could not possibly have formed an adequate idea of the immense resources, of the growing wealth, the hourly increasing importance of the Federal Republic. Most of the writers who have hitherto taken up that mighty theme have been Englishmen, or other foreigners. Accustomed from their birth and education to a train of ideas produced, and necessarily influenced, by the scholastic, political, and religious institutions under which they lived—institutions fundamentally different from those under which the Americans are brought up—those writers have seldom, indeed never, been able to comprehend the real merits of the subject which they undertook to discuss. It would not be too much to assert, that some of the authors, to whom we particularly

allude, were just as competent, from their previous habits and fixed notions, to treat of the actual condition of the United States and their inhabitants, as a blind man is to treat of colours, a deaf man of sounds, or one that was born dumb of languages. It is a matter of extreme difficulty, if not, indeed, practically impossible, for a European visiting the Transatlantic States, to get rid of his aristocratic prejudices. On the contrary, unless he remain in the country, become a settled resident, and identify himself with its interests, he will find those prejudices, generally speaking, rather confirmed than enfeebled. He sees many things to shock his false notions of personal dignity and pride; he recedes from the outer world for the vindication of his excited anger, or wounded self-love, to the recesses of his own heart, and there he seeks for consolation, which there alone he can find. He becomes irritable and discontented; views every event that passes before him, every object presented to his contemplation, with a jaundiced eye, and returns home a greater royalist in politics, and a more intractable prig in manners than when he went out, sighing for the old regime of the French court, and doubly detesting the very name of a republic.

Now all this kind of feeling is, in the present day, supremely silly. It would have passed off very well some five and twenty years ago, but its day has gone by. Nobody gives credence to the caricatures which the Halls and the Trollopes have thought fit to draw of the American republicans and their institutions, because every body sees that those writers really knew nothing of the people whom they attempted to describe. We have, we believe, uniformly, in the course of our labours, refused to countenance by our support or praise, any publication that had the slightest tendency to underrate the virtues of our American brethren, or to expose their character to contempt. We have done so, because we felt that it was impossible in the nature of things, that they should differ so widely from our own people, from whose loins they have sprung, as some authors would wish us to believe. We have always considered the American constitution as nothing more or less than a vigorous offshoot from our own, happily planted in a congenial soil, and warmed into a noble existence by a fostering climate. Accidental circumstances, we perceived, were mistaken for universal characteristics, and the occasional ruffles that take place upon the surface of the stream of American life, have been swelled into undue importance; while the deep under current flows on undisturbed, unperceived, with irresistible force, spreading around it, wherever it reaches, the blessings of a healthy freedom, of an increasing commerce, and of a manly population that knows how to appreciate and to guard the gifts it enjoys.

While Mr. Hinton's work was in course of publication in numbers, we noticed it in such terms of encouragement as from its early promise we conceived to be its due. We have now the two volumes complete before us, and we may con-

* 1. *The History and Topography of the United States*: edited by John Howard Hinton, A. M., assisted by several Literary Gentlemen in America and England. Illustrated with a Series of Views, drawn on the Spot, and engraved on Steel, expressly for this Work. In two volumes, 4to. London: Jennings & Co. Philadelphia: Wardle, 1833.

2. *Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c.*; to which are added, *Statistical Tables*, &c. By William Gore Ouseley, Esq., attached to his Majesty's legation at Washington. 8vo. pp. 308. London: Rodwell, 1832.

scientifically say, that the promise thus held out and received has been amply realized. He admits it to be far the greater part a compilation; it never affected to be otherwise. Its merit is, that it is written with greater care, with a perfect freedom from national partialities, and that it presents almost every topic connected with the rise, progress, and present state of the Union in a concentrated point of view. We have here its early and recent history; the accounts of its various districts are brought together so as to exhibit the entire aspect of the country, its general state of society, its local and federal political institutions, its trading activity, its commercial resources, physical structure, and natural history. This is the first work in which an object of so much importance, and requiring such varied talents, has been attempted, or at least accomplished. Hitherto we have had partial views of separate states; but in these volumes we behold united in one portrait, the colossal features of the most enlightened and powerful republic, that has ever yet held a place among the great nations of the earth.

The first volume is entirely dedicated to the history of the states from the first discovery of North America to the year 1826. Although the editor is one of those who with Chatham rejoiced that the colonies had resisted, and succeeded in establishing their independence, yet we think that he has steered his way with considerable tact through the many difficulties with which the subject was surrounded. We are among those who consider that the only transactions which an Englishman need be ashamed to remember, in connexion with the separation of the American colonies from his country, are the illegal exactions which our government endeavoured to enforce, and the pertinacity with which it opposed the determination of the colonists to assert their freedom. The military events cast no slur upon this nation, as they were all the inevitable result of warfare remote from the necessary resources. These, however, and other such ticklish points in his history, Mr. Hinton has touched in a manner with which no party can find fault.

His second volume is entirely occupied with what, for want of a comprehensive term, he has called the *Topography of the United States*, giving to the word a wider latitude than in strictness it would be entitled to. Under this general title he embraces the physical geography, or natural features of the territory of the Union, its geology, mineralogy, zoology, and botany. He has also ventured to include under the same general title, details respecting agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, finances and population; to which he has added, observations on the state of society, political institutions and jurisprudence, religion, literature, arts, and manners, and upon the condition of the Indians and Negroes. The whole concludes with the topography, properly so called, containing a brief account of whatever is most prominent in the several divisions of the Union, and in the principal towns and cities which

have risen with such unexampled rapidity in every part of its territory.

In order to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive and important, Mr. Hinton has employed the talents of several gentlemen, both in America and England, whose labours he has reviewed and arranged in harmony with his general design. It is interesting to learn, that in preparing his statistical chapters, he has received every possible assistance from the archives of the American embassy in London; a liberality which deserves to be noted with due praise, as exhibiting so decided a contrast to the narrow-mindedness which pervades most of our own public offices, whenever a literary man applies to them for information.

The history of the United States is in general sufficiently well known; if it be not, the first volume of this work is well calculated to furnish correct knowledge upon a subject with which every educated person ought to be acquainted. The details contained in the second volume, under the general head of Topography, are less familiar to us on this side of the water. The mean length of the United States' territory, from east to west, is 2,500 miles; its mean breadth, from north to south, 830; its line of boundary extends to 9,425 miles, of which 2,525 are sea coast; and its area comprehends 2,257,347 square miles, which is equal to about one-twentieth part of the land of the surface of the earth. This, to begin with, is an extent of territory, such as never before was subjected to one uniform system of political government. Washed by the Atlantic on one side, and by the Pacific on the other, the inroads of those mighty oceans are checked on the east by the Appalachian, and on the west by the Chippewayan mountains, which traverse the whole extent of the country, at a distance from the coast, but in a direction nearly parallel to it. The consequence is, that there is an extended slope of land on either side, from the summits of the mountain to the two coasts, while the space between the two mountain chains is thrown into the form of an immense inland valley. Thus we perceive that the territory is naturally divided into three great sections, the slope from the Atlantic to the Appalachian, the slope from the Pacific to the Chippewayan, and the central valley between those mountains. This, however, is but a general description; there are some exceptions to it, as, for instance, the peninsula of Florida, which is flat, and entirely separate from the mountain chains; and the New England States, in which the mountains directly constitute the coast. But inaccurate, strictly speaking, as the general description above given may be, it is sufficiently sustainable to afford a clear and comprehensive idea of the territorial surface and character of the union. We need not enumerate the lakes and rivers, which naturally afford to a territory so disposed as this, means of inland navigation, such as can be found in no comparative degree in any other quarter of the world; manifestly pointing it out with the voice of prophecy, as the future seat, without a rival, of all the arts and manufactures

which afford occupation to the industry of man, and embellishment to his existence. Wherever nature left the lines of communication incomplete, she has taken care to provide facilities for the accomplishment of that object, of which the ingenuity of man can easily avail itself. And thus either by lakes, by navigable rivers, canals, or rail-roads, the traveller already finds, or in a very few years will find, means of cheap and expeditious transport, not only for himself, but for his wares and merchandises, from the higher lakes of Canada to New York, and from New York, without touching the sea, to New Orleans. The map of inland communication alone in the United States, already bespeaks an empire of inexhaustible resources.

Then with respect to climate, the republic touches on its opposite frontiers the extremes of heat and cold; but although in winter it is colder, and in summer warmer than the climate of England, it may nevertheless be said to be alike removed from the perpetual frosts of the pole, and the wasting heats of the torrid zone. It contains, however, a great variety of temperature, and in this respect the central states are more advantageously situated than the others. All have their drawbacks and their compensations. If one be colder than another, it is at the same time more salubrious. If a third be too warm for some constitutions, it has peculiar productions which form its riches. If a fourth be liable to inundations, those very evils leave their good behind them, in an increased fertility given to the soil. In the very cold regions, the idea is popular, that the clearing and cultivation of the country have contributed to render the winters milder. It would be more correct to say that they have rendered the atmosphere of such districts more salubrious, and have thus enabled the inhabitants to sustain the rigors of the season with less difficulty. The same notion prevails among the old settlers in Canada.

The geological history of the United States is treated, so far as it goes, with great clearness and precision in the work under review. It is however, as yet, necessarily in a very incomplete state. The science is one that particularly depends upon a vast accumulation of facts, and the Americans have not had as yet leisure enough to study the natural formation of their country to any considerable degree. Indeed, the progress that has yet been made upon this subject in America, has tended only to subvert systems already supposed to be established, and to involve the whole science in controversy and confusion. The observation and collection of sound materials is, however, we are glad to hear, going on with great rapidity and diligence. To the effectuation of this useful purpose, two or three periodical works are, we believe, exclusively dedicated. Mr. Hinton mentions one or two striking facts with reference to the geological department of his history, which are worthy of notice.

'We know not where, better than in connexion with these facts, to introduce one still

more remarkable, if not altogether inexplicable. There have been found, it appears, beyond all question, in naked limestone of the elder secondary formation, close on the western margin of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, the prints of human feet. The prints are those of a man standing erect, with his heels drawn in, and his toes turned outward, which is the most natural position. They are not the impressions of feet accustomed to a close shoe, the toes being very much spread, and the foot flattened in the manner that happens to those who have been habituated to go a great length of time without shoes. The prints are strikingly natural, exhibiting every muscular impression, and swell of the heel and toes with great precision and faithfulness to nature. The length of each foot as indicated by the prints, is ten inches and a half, and the width across the spread of the toes four inches, which diminishes to two inches and a half at the swell of the heels, indicating, as it is thought, a stature of the common size. Every appearance seems to warrant the conclusion, that these impressions were made at a time when the rock was soft enough to receive them by pressure, and that the marks of feet are natural and genuine. "Such was the opinion of Governor Cass and myself," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "formed upon the spot, and there is nothing that I have subsequently seen to alter this view; on the contrary there are some corroborating facts calculated to strengthen and confirm it." At Herculeanum, in the same neighbourhood, similar marks have been found, as well as on some of the spurs of the Cumberland mountains, always in similar limestone. In the latter case it is stated, that the impressions are elongated, as of persons slipping in ascending a slimy steep. Opinions are much divided as to the origin and import of these impressions. Should similar observations multiply, important inferences may perhaps be drawn from them; at present it seems impossible to speak respecting them decisively or satisfactorily. They may perhaps be connected with the tracks of animals, which have been noticed in Scotland.

'The following extraordinary facts respecting what may be termed living fossils, appear to be well authenticated:—During the construction of the Erie canal, while the workmen were cutting through a ridge of gravel, they found several hundreds of live molluscous animals. They were chiefly of the *Mya cariosa* and *Mya purpurea*. "I have before me," says Professor Eaton, "several of the shells, from which the workmen took the animals, fried, and ate them. I have received satisfactory assurances that the animals were taken alive from the depth of forty-two feet." In addition to this discovery in diluvial deposits, mention is made of a similar one in a much older formation. In laying the foundation of a house at Whitesborough, the workmen had occasion to split a large stone from the millstone girt. "It was perfectly close-grained and compact. On opening it, they discovered a black, or dark brown spherical mass, about three inches in diameter, in a cavity which it filled. On examining it particularly, they found it to be a toad, much larger than the

common species, and of a darker colour. It was perfectly torpid. It was laid upon a stone, and soon began to give signs of life. In a few hours it would hop moderately on being disturbed. They saw it in the yard moving about slowly for several days, but it was not watched by them any longer, and no one observed its farther movements. They laid one half of the stone in the wall, so that the cavity may still be seen, "The millstone girt," says Professor Eaton, who gives this account, "in which this toad was found, is the oldest of the secondary rocks. It must have been formed many centuries before the deluge. Was this toad more than 4000 years old? or was it from an egg introduced through a minute and undiscovered cleavage into this cavity or geode, made precisely to fit the size and form of a toad? I was particular in my inquiry, and learned that the whole stone was perfectly compact, without any open cleavage which would admit an egg. Besides, it is well known that the millstone girt is neither porous nor geodiferous. If this rock stratum was deposited upon the toad, it must have been in aqueous not in igneous solution, and the toad must have been full grown at the time. Toads are often found in compact hard gravelly diluvial deposits, in situations which demonstrate that they must have lived from the time of the deluge. I think I am warranted in saying this without citing authorities, as it is a common occurrence. Then why may they not have lived a few centuries longer, if we admit them a life of at least 3000 years?"—vol. ii. pp. 87—89.

Proceeding to its mineralogy, we find that gold has been found in considerable quantities in North and South Carolina, on the eastern side of the Appalachian mountains. Silver and its ores are not of frequent or extensive occurrence. Mercury has been found native in Kentucky, and plentifully as a sulphuret in Ohio and the Michigan territory. Copper has been discovered in various forms, and the iron ores are particularly abundant, as are also ores of lead. Tin has not yet been discovered in the United States. Coal is known to exist in them in great quantity, though from the yet unexhausted supply of wood, it has not been actively sought after. Salt is also abundant, and mineral waters of various properties are of frequent occurrence. In the state of New York a nitrogen gas is found issuing from the earth. "The gas appears to issue from every part of a low hill, comprising four or five acres of ground; for wherever there is water, it becomes manifest by bubbling through it. It issues abundantly through three springs, from the clean gravelly bottom of each; but it does not combine with the water in either of them. The gas probably accompanies the water from a considerable depth, since the water of the springs is not increased by the greatest spring and full freshets. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas escapes in large quantity from varieties of argillite and graywacke, containing soft and fine-grained iron pyrites, by the decomposition of which it is produced. It burns along the surface of the water, from which it issues with a

bright red flame by daylight. The most interesting water of this kind is Lake Sodom, in a place nicknamed Satan's Kingdom. The bottom is grass-green feariferous slate; the sides are white shell marl, and the brim is black vegetable mould. The water is perfectly transparent; the whole appears to the eye like a rich porcelain bowl filled with limpid nectar. Crystals of great beauty and even magnificence have been found in the United States. The dimensions of some of these are said to be extraordinary, thus corresponding with the gigantic scale upon which nature has formed almost all her works in those regions.

The botanical productions of the republic are upon a similar scale of grandeur and variety. Her forest trees are larger, taller, and more useful for timber generally than those of Europe. There are, according to Michaux, only thirty-seven species of trees in France, which attain to the height of thirty feet, whereas in America there are as many as one hundred and thirty which exceed that elevation. Fruit trees are numerous and productive; among them are the cane and the vine, though the latter has not been attended to as yet, with a sufficient degree of care to correct its wildness. In creeping plants and grasses, in rushes, wild rice, and various other kinds of vegetation, the republic is pre-eminent.

With respect to zoology, Wilson and Audubon have shown the richness and splendour of its ornithological department. The number of living species of quadrupeds known to exist in the States is one hundred and seven. It is worth remarking, that among these is not to be found the lion, the tiger, the hyena, or the leopard. One of the most curious of the American quadrupeds is the Marmot of which we find the following lively account.

"The marmot is a common animal in all the temperature of the country, and is the cause of great injury, especially to the farmers engaged in the cultivation of clover, as their numbers become very considerable, and the quantity of herbage they consume is very large. They are the more capable of doing mischief from their extreme vigilance and their acute sense of hearing, as well as from the security afforded them by their extensive subterranean dwellings. One species of this animal, under the name of the prairie marmot, or prairie dog, abounds near the Chippewayan mountains. A traveller passing from the Mississippi towards the mountains, after traversing a vast expanse enlivened by numerous herds of browsing animals, which here find a luxurious subsistence, and arriving at the higher and more barren parts of the tract, is startled by a sudden shrill whistle, which he may apprehend to be the signal of some lurking savage; but on advancing into a clearer space, the innocent cause of alarm is found to be a little quadruped, whose dwelling is indicated by a small mound of earth, near which the animal sits erect in an attitude of profound attention. Similar mounds are now seen to be scattered at intervals over

many acres of ground, and the whole forms one village or community, containing thousands of inhabitants, whose various actions and gambols awaken pleasing emotions. In some instances these villages are very limited, or at most occupy but a few acres, but nearer to the rocky parts, where they are entirely undisturbed, they are found to extend even for miles. We may form some idea of the number of these animals, when we learn that each burrow contains several occupants, and that frequently as many as seven or eight are seen reposing upon one mound; there, in pleasant weather, they delight to sport and enjoy the warmth of the sun. On the approach of danger, while it is yet too distant to be feared, they bark defiance, and flourish their little tails with great intrepidity; but as soon as it appears to be drawing nigh, the whole troop precipitately retire into their cells, where they securely remain until the peril be past; one by one they then peep forth, and vigilantly scrutinize every sound and object before they renew their wonted actions. While thus near to their retreats, they almost uniformly escape the hunter; and if killed they mostly fall into their burrows, which are too deep to allow their bodies to be obtained. The villages found nearest the mountains have an appearance of greater antiquity than those observed elsewhere; some of the mounds in such situations are several yards in diameter, though of slight elevation, and except about the entrance are overgrown by a scanty herbage, which is characteristic of the vicinity of these villages. This active and industrious community of quadrupeds, like every other society, is infested by various depredators, who subsist by plunder, or are too ignorant or too indolent to labour for themselves; and hence a strange association is frequently observed in their villages for burrowing; owls, rattle-snakes, lizards, and tortoises are seen to take refuge in these habitations. The young of the marmot probably become the prey of the owl; the rattle-snakes also exact their tribute with great certainty, and without exciting alarm, as they can penetrate the inmost recesses of the burrow, and a slight wound inflicted by their fangs is followed by the immediate extinction of life.—vol. ii. pp. 142, 143.

No living animal of the entire order of the elephant is known to exist on the American continent; but fossil traces have been discovered of an animal much allied to it, to which the name of mastodon has been given—an immense creature, of whose size and mighty limbs it is difficult to form an idea. According to the account here given of it, and judging from the remains that have been discovered, among which the tusks are described as seven feet seven inches long, and three feet two inches and a half in diameter at the base, we should suppose that when living it must have stood as high as a moderate sized house! "The emotion," says Goodman, in his natural history, "experienced when, for the first time, we behold the giant relics of this great animal, are those of unmingled awe. We cannot avoid reflecting on the

time when this huge frame was clothed with its peculiar integuments, and moved by appropriate muscles; when the mighty heart dashed forth its torrents of blood through vessels of enormous calibre, and the mastodon strode along in supreme dominion over every other tenant of the wilderness. However we examine what is left us, we cannot help feeling that this animal must have been endowed with a strength exceeding that of other quadrupeds, as much as it exceeded them in size; and looking at its ponderous jaws, armed with teeth peculiarly formed for the most effectual crushing of the firmest substances, we are assured that its life could only be supported by the destruction of vast quantities of food. Enormous as were these creatures during life, and endowed with faculties proportioned to the bulk of their frames, the whole race has been extinct for ages. No tradition, no human record of their existence has been saved; and but for accidental preservation of a comparatively few bones, we should never have dreamed that a creature of such vast size and strength once existed—nor could we have believed that such a race had been extinguished for ever."

Ruminant animal abound in the United States. Among these are deer in great numbers. The antelope is found upon the Chippewyan mountains. Between those mountains and the Mississippi the buffalo and the bison are frequently met with. The latter is particularly valuable to the Indians; they feed upon its flesh, cover their persons and their tents with its hide, and in many parts of their hunting territory, no materials for fire are to be found except the dried dung of this animal.

Under the head of Statistics, there is an excellent chapter on the merits and defects of American agriculture; among its numerous branches, we perceive that of the cultivation of the mulberry tree, for the purpose of raising silk-worms—a pursuit that already engages a good deal of attention in the United States, and promises in time to become of great national importance. We are not surprised to hear that horticulture has as yet been but very partially thought of in any of the states. Like literature, gardens are the result of ease and refinement.

The chapter on manufactures is one of great interest, not only to Americans, but to Englishmen. While the States were yet colonies, they were effectually discouraged from manufacturing for themselves the most trifling article. The manufacture of several articles, amongst which were hats, was absolutely prohibited. The present manufactures of America date their origin from the war of independence. The colonies having been then left to themselves for a supply of whatever they wanted, formed several establishments, which were so much injured by foreign importations after the peace, that their proprietors solicited and succeeded in obtaining the enactment of a code of protection, by all the artificial machinery of bounties, imposts, and prohibitions. Having once committed themselves

in this policy, which, though partially advantageous to individuals, was generally detrimental to the nation, the manufacturers have ever since contrived to keep up, or rather to increase the advantages which they individually—and they alone—derived from the system. The subject can, however, be thoroughly understood only by reference to the work before us, in which the reader will find a great mass of carefully digested information relative to the commerce and navigation of the republic.

The chapter upon finance, showing the revenue, expenditure, and debt of the United States, exhibits a picture of which they may be justly proud. The revenue is derived chiefly from the duties levied on the importation of foreign commodities, or the sale of public lands. The general direct taxes amount to so little, that even when added to the local taxes of each state, they do not amount annually to one shilling and sixpence per individual! Undoubtedly the persons who ultimately consume the articles imported from abroad, indirectly pay a higher impost, for the foreign merchant takes care that the amount of the customs' duty shall be added to his profit price. But this is a kind of tax which falls only upon those who are willing and able to bear it. Two other sources of revenue in the United States, are the sale of land, and the dividends on sales of bank stock. A few of Mr. Hinton's general observations on the principal items of the annual expenditure of the republic, will be sufficient to show the enviable economy with which the machinery of its government is put in motion.

The whole amount of the civil list for the year 1829, including miscellaneous and foreign intercourse, was 3,101,514 dollars; of this sum 1,327,065 only belong properly to this civil list, the remainder belonging to the miscellaneous (1,566,679) and to the diplomatic departments (207,769,) and even then the civil list is charged with disbursements which are not connected with it in other countries, the legislature receiving 467,447, the judiciary 239,447, and the governments of the territories 55,172 dollars, or little more than 100,000 sterling. The first item in the disbursement is the salary of the president, \$25,000, about 50000 sterling. The vice-president has only one fifth of that sum; the secretaries of state, of the treasury, of war, of the navy, and the post-master general, receive 6,000 dollars annually; the attorney general 3,500; the chief clerks and to each of the secretaries 2,000. In the treasury departments the comptroller receives 3,500, and a second comptroller 3,000; five auditors, the treasurer and register, 3000 each; the solicitor to the treasury 3,500, and the commissioners of the land office 3,000. In the judiciary, the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States receives 5000 annually; and six associate justices 4,500. In the foreign intercourse nearly half the amount of the disbursement is for expenses of treaties and other contingencies. The plenipotentiaries at foreign courts receive only 9,000 dollars per annum, besides 9,000 for an outfit; a

charge d'affaires receives a salary of 4,500, and a secretary of legation 2,000. There are employed six plenipotentiaries, with a secretary of legation attached to them, and ten charge d'affaires.—vol. ii. pp. 285, 286.

The public debt of the United States will probably be altogether extinguished in the March of next year, and within no remote period after that time, the Congress will be called upon to decide a question altogether unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of legislation. We have already stated that their revenue is principally derived from the duties on foreign imposts. As the population increases those duties will become more productive, while the expenditure of the general government will probably remain the same as it is now. Thus a revenue will soon be enjoyed by the republic twice, or perhaps threefold, greater than its expenditure. The duties on foreign imports must therefore be reduced to a level with the expenditure, or a large surplus of revenue will annually arise, which will remain to be disposed of. It is not likely, however, that the duties will be diminished; they have been imposed for the avowed purpose of protecting the home manufactures from the rivalry of foreign skill and capital, and any reduction in their amount would be ruinous to numerous establishments in the northern, western, and central states of the union, which have been created from time to time upon the faith of American laws. The question will then be, what is to be done with the surplus revenue?

In an empire like ours, or like France, or Russia, such a question, if it arose, might be very easily set at rest. But not so in America, where the general government has to respect the individual rights of a great number of states, several of which would have separate, nay even opposed interests, in the appropriation of such a surplus. The subject has even already given rise to much party spirit, which will considerably increase the perplexities attending its adjustment. There are those who apprehend that the question will eventually lead to a dissolution of the union between the agricultural and manufacturing states, as the former will hardly be content to pay high duties on foreign goods, merely for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of the home manufacturers. We have no faith in the predictions, which have now become common-place, with reference to the durability of the Federal union; but we have certainly some apprehensions of the kind here intimated, though we are not without a hope, that the sound thinking minds at the head of public affairs in America, may devise a safe and practical solution of the novel and extraordinary difficulty that awaits them.

Of the rapid increase going on annually in the population of the United States, we have an abundant proof in the fact, that in 1830 the total number reached to nearly thirteen millions, whereas it did not exceed four millions in the year 1790. It is well ascertained that the United States double their population every thirty years.

The chapter upon the political institutions and jurisprudence of the Union, is fraught with interest, and extremely well written. We have seldom seen the character of the former so accurately, and at the same time so comprehensively described, as it is in the following view of its general principles.

"The government of the United States is either that which is formed from the whole people, or those which are formed from the people of particular states. The general government, and those of the particular states, possess distinct constitutions, and each state, of course, possesses a constitution distinct from the others. No subject, perhaps, is more generally misunderstood, even in well-educated European society, than the nature of the general and state governments of the United States, and their relation to each other: the fact cannot be stated too strongly, that the general government is answerable for the exercise of those powers which have been delegated to it by the people of the respective states, and that only to the extent and within the limits prescribed by the terms of the compact. The most correct view of the constitution of the United States appears to us to be, that of a confederation of independent republics, who have thought proper, in addition to the usual character of confederations, to establish a general government, and to delegate to it such powers as render the several states, in their external policy, one nation; while in their internal economy the general government has only certain prescribed and limited powers, the delegation of which was not deemed necessary for the good of every state. It is, therefore, for instance, as unjust to reproach the northern and western states, which repudiate the system of slavery, with being accessory to its existence in the southern states, as it would be to impute the superstitions of Spain to the influence of England; the power to abolish slavery being one, the delegation of which from the separate states to the general government it has not been possible to procure, either at the formation of the original confederation, at the adoption of the present constitution, or any subsequent period. The old colonies, indeed, were integral parts of one nation, composing the British empire, but that connexion being lost in 1776, a new and far less absolute union arose, from the influence of those common interests and ancient feelings which survived the separation of the States from Great Britain.

"The three great principles which now characterize the constitution of the general government, are:—first, 'the people of the United States'—being independent, and equal sources of all its powers;—secondly, the people at large, or the separate states retaining all the powers which they have not conferred on the general government;—thirdly, the special powers thus conferred being set forth in instruments and articles, submitted to state conventions, before being ordained and sanctioned by the direct consent of the people. The constitutions of the separate states are derived even more directly from the people, as the declared source of all authority, limited powers only

being intrusted either to the general or to the state governments. Whilst also the vast majority of men at the age of twenty-one are consulted, in order to settle the limits of these powers, such as are not intrusted to the general or to the state governments, remain unimpaired for individual and popular enjoyment.

"Independently of these deep and firm foundations of the North American commonwealth, it possesses guarantees of happiness and stability not easy to be enumerated, some of them are new, others are common to the Americans, with many of their neighbours in both hemispheres; but the greater part are only the development of rights and powers well understood in England, and the more worthy of our careful examination and entire respect, as being the rights for which British patriots have long zealously contended. What, however, Englishmen claim often by obscure inferences and antiquarian research, has been in America cleared of all doubt, and set forth in express declarations. But the vigour and healthy character of the branch are unquestionable proofs of the intrinsic virtue of the parent stem, which, in reverence to our forefathers, and in justice to our children, we are bound to train up to its true destination.

"The old guarantees are, amongst others, the general supremacy of law over all discretion;—the right to personal liberty;—freedom of speech, and the kindred right of free printing;—the right of calling for special amendments of the law when defective, and of seeking general amendments in the forms of the constitution when not adapted to their end—the public good;—the right to know the details of whatever concerns the people, and of assembling together to discuss these details;—the power of resisting and correcting evil rulers, by indictment, by impeachment, and otherwise; the right of having arms;—of sending representatives to consent to taxes and laws when needed;—and the direct responsibility of every man for his own acts, with the impossibility of a superior's instructions being admitted in bar of that responsibility. Such are the main objects common to both the English and the United States' constitutions, however differently guarded in each.

"The new guarantees of the public welfare peculiar to the United States are more complete than in England: such as a separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial authorities; the degree of control possessed by the people, by frequent elections, either directly or indirectly, over all those authorities and public functionaries; rotation in office; the prohibition of orders of nobility; the substitution of a temporary president with narrow powers, for an hereditary king with limited authority; the abolition of the right of primogeniture; the absence generally of exclusive privileges; the absence of a national church and tithes; the establishment of the equality of all denominations of Christians; the admission of its being a public duty to educate the whole community; and the frequent reference of great affairs to the people in conversation."—vol. ii. pp. 310—313.

The subject of religion—one that must always

be of great interest to every well regulated mind—is treated in the work before us with great perspicuity and impartiality. We next come to the state of literature in the union; the chapter devoted to this topic teems with remarkable facts. We learn from it that there are nearly one thousand different newspapers printed in the republic; a considerable number of these are issued daily, some every second day, and others weekly. The majority are entirely political, and the total number published annually, Mr. Hinton estimates at fifty millions! Several of these journals are peculiarly commercial, and filled entirely with advertisements; others are literary, and a few are exclusively scientific, and we are surprised to hear that many which are wholly religious have a large circulation. There are also some newspapers which combine with politics, registers of facts connected with trade, commerce, internal improvements, and mechanical inventions. The Americans have also, as is well known, several quarterly and monthly reviews and magazines, almanacs, annual registers, and pictorial annuals, upon the plan of those which have latterly abounded in England. In the art of engraving, however, they have still much progress to make. In painting they may boast of several artists who have justly earned a distinguished reputation. In the drama they have not yet done any thing worth mentioning; they have a pretty numerous catalogue of poets but little poetry.

The chapter upon Indians and Negroes, and those which directly treat of the topography of the United States, furnish a variety of details, with which it becomes every man to make himself thoroughly acquainted, who desires to obtain accurate knowledge concerning the United States. The two volumes are illustrated by several maps, and upwards of fifty plates, beautifully engraved, exhibiting views of public buildings and picturesque scenery, which add greatly to the interest and value of the work. The maps are, without exception, the best we have yet seen of the different states which compose the union. Although we might have contented ourselves with the first notice which we gave of Mr. Hinton's labours while they were in progress, yet when we found them completed, we thought that it was a debt of common justice due to their magnitude and their sterling value, to give this more extensive account of them to the public of this country. We can only add, that we look upon the two volumes as a standard work of reference, and worth all the productions put together that have yet been printed on the subject of the American republic. In taking leave of it, we cordially subscribe to the justness of the general observations which the editor has made upon the peculiarly fortunate destiny of the country, which has so long occupied his attention. 'We cannot,' he says, 'close this volume without averring, that our researches have led us to the conviction, that the United States have reached a measure of prosperity, both individual and national, never before witnessed on so extensive a scale. It can-

not be denied that there exist in them a real and substantial equality of civil and political rights:—a general diffusion, not only of the necessities, but of the comforts of life;—a high degree of mental activity animating the mass of society;—not only the facility of acquiring, but the actual attainment, of practical knowledge—and enterprises of internal improvement, which surpass, in extent and importance, those of the richest nations on the globe;—thirteen millions of inhabitants governed, or rather governing themselves, and preserving a state of order and subordination to legal authority, almost without military aid, and, what will surprise some still more, almost without taxes! while empires ruled on despotic principles, whose peculiar boast is the adaptation of their system to promote internal peace and tranquility, are as much exposed to domestic convulsions as they are to foreign war; and finally, a rapidity in the advance of population, and of improvement in all the arts of life and society, alike unprecedented in the past, and baffling all conjecture for the future.'

Mr. Ouseley's work is written in a liberal and honest spirit of friendship towards the great country, with which it is at once our duty and our interest to stand upon the best footing. His object is to correct the many mis-statements which have been made by Captain Hall, the Quarterly Reviewers, and other writers, with reference to the working of the republican constitution. His opening remarks are sensible and judicious.

'The traveller who on first arriving in any foreign country, should unreservedly commit to paper his impressions and opinions of its usages or political institutions, and endeavour to explain and account for its peculiar customs from his own observations and knowledge, and then lay aside his notes during a year's residence in the same place, would probably be surprised on a re-perusal of them, at the mistaken views that he had in many instances taken; at least I have found it so. And if this be true of European countries, having generally many features of resemblance, it is particularly so in the judgments passed by Europeans on the United States. I am speaking now more especially of the political institutions of America, but the same remarks are even more strikingly applicable to the social system of that country. It should be recollected, that many provisions of the constitution of the United States, which to an Englishman appear at first sight fraught with danger, will perhaps on a nearer examination be found well adapted to the *American Union*; for we are prone unconsciously to apply the arguments that would be good in England to a country extremely dissimilar, and thus contemplating with views and ideas united to a very different state of things, particular measures or modes of government, it is not surprising that our judgments and predictions of their consequences should be erroneous. Americans say that we look at their republican institutions through our "monarchical spectacles," and that it requires some apprenticeship to so

different a state of things to see them in their true light.

'Let us look at the converse of this proposition. When an American arrives in England for the first time, he is apt to jump at conclusions, equally unfounded, respecting our country. I know what were the impressions of some individuals from the United States, and men of sagacity and experience, on first witnessing the practical workings of our constitutional monarchy, and the results of our social system; and if most Americans were honestly to confess their real opinions (formed after only a short residence in England) at any period during the last thirty years, I am convinced that there are few who would not avow a conviction of their astonishment at the possibility of our government having continued to work with any success for five years together; but after a residence of greater duration, they perceive the existence of counteracting causes preventing many of the bad effects which they anticipated, and even begin to think that the transition to the form of government like their own would neither be so easy nor so advantageous as they previously believed. Americans are eminently practical men; all their understandings, and generally all their measures, whether of governments or individuals, in that country, are stamped with utility as their object, and dictated by sound practical good sense and prudence. They consequently quickly detect the wildness and absurdity of many of the republican theories of those Europeans, who would seek to adopt forms of government totally unfitted for the circumstances of their country; and soon adapt their views to the peculiarities of the political atmosphere in which they find themselves.

'Englishmen do not, I think, so readily divest themselves of their preconceived ideas, when reflecting on the situation of America, and are apt to continue bigoted in their own hypothesis, notwithstanding the frequent contradictions from facts and practical results, to which they are continually subjected. It would be difficult otherwise to account for the erroneous views that are so often taken of the American republic; and for the condemnation of a system pursued with such remarkable success in one country, because it is not adapted to the circumstances of another.

'As all human institutions carry with them from the first moment of their origin, the seeds of their own decay or dissolution, it would be folly to expect that the American institutions should not share in the general imperfection of our nature. But so far from considering the political system of the United States as peculiarly fraught with danger to its own existence and built upon imprudently slight foundations, I conceive it to be better adapted for the security, good government, and welfare of the American people, than any which could perhaps under their peculiar circumstances have been conceived; indeed, this opinion is supported by the authority of writers by no means friendly to popular governments. The constitution of America was the work of the combined talent and experience of men of sagacity and information, well acquainted with the wants and habits of their own country, and

not ill versed in the theories or practices of others; and they constructed their institutions upon a foundation of experience and practical ability, to suit the peculiar circumstances of their countrymen. Hitherto their system has worked wonderfully for the prosperity of the United States, and it is not one of its least advantages that any necessary change or amelioration is foreseen and provided for, with such careful precautions and restrictions as prospectively secure a remedy for the future wants or changes of circumstance. It appears, I think, likely to last, and adapt itself to the mutations brought on by the lapse of years, with at least as fair a prospect of success as the nature of most human institutions can promise.'—pp. 4—8.

The author then goes on to show, that the real nature of the American republic has hitherto been very little understood at this side of the Atlantic; he describes its leading characteristics, among which he dwells with particular pleasure on the mildness of its penal code, which, in other words, is a system of punishment framed as all such systems should be, not in a spirit of revenge, but with a view to prevent crime, and to reclaim rather than to destroy the criminal. And what is the result of this mildness? Is it an increase of crime? quite the contrary. 'Instead of spoliation or pillage,' says Mr. Ouseley, 'we see no country in which the possession and disposal of property is better protected, or its acquisition by judicious industry better assured.' He vindicates the people of America from the misrepresentations which Mrs. Trollope has given of their domestic manners: he shews in the most convincing manner, that their general prosperity is clearly to be attributed to the free and protecting government which they enjoy, and completely answers the objections which Captain Hall and others have made to the republican system. Those writers, among other points, have endeavoured to demonstrate to their readers, that it was a popular error to suppose the government of America to be much cheaper upon the whole, in proportion to the population, than our own; and in order to accomplish this purpose, they produced a long catalogue of local expenses which are borne separately by the states, and which the writers in question supposed not to have been generally understood in this country, as forming a portion of the charges to which tax and rate-payers in America are liable. The fact, however, turns out to be, that but a very small part of the local expenditure falls upon individuals, as it happens that 'in almost every state a considerable share of that expenditure is covered by the interest of different funds; in many, a large portion of the state budget is appropriated to internal improvements, which become in their turn sources of public revenue.' Mr. Ouseley then adds, that from the best information which he could obtain of the sums paid throughout the union, to the support of the local state expenses, he concluded that the charge per individual would be about one shilling sterling per annum. Of the erroneous notions

which prevail upon this subject in Europe, some idea may be formed from this simple fact, that the *Revue Britannique*, reckoning the state expenditure of New York alone at 10,179,498 francs, assumes the whole of this sum to be a charge upon the inhabitants, whereas they pay not quite two million of francs in the shape of direct contribution. 'The remainder is supplied,' says Mr. Ouseley, 'by the interests of the funds belonging to the state, and by the receipts of the Erie and Champlain canals, which latter alone amount to near five millions of francs.' It is not at all improbable, that in the course of ten years several of the states will derive from their canals and other public works a revenue greatly exceeding their expenditure.

We trust that whenever this happens to be the case, a liberal proportion will be voted by each of the opulent states towards the formation of a fund, to be augmented also by grants out of the general surplus revenue, for the purpose of purchasing the freedom of the slaves in those states in which slavery still unhappily exists; and of removing them to the free colony which has already been established upon the coast of Africa by the American Colonization Society. This would be a truly noble use of their superabundant riches, and at the same time a worthy tribute of gratitude from a free nation to that *GREAT BEING*, who has showered down upon it so many signal favours.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

"Ardent, enthusiastic, gentle, wild,
Too soon a man, and yet too late a child;
Beloved by some, misunderstood by more,
And rich in talents, though in fortune poor."

This pretty quatrain, which so sweetly trips O,
Was sung by Bob Montgomery *de seipso*—

In plain prose, it was written under an engraving of his own countenance, contained in the album of a young lady who requested him to favour her with some verses. The poet complied, and the above couple of distichs were the production of his modest Muse.

The picture on which he wrote this pleasant commentary was, we suppose, that which figures in front of one of his diabolical poems. We here supply him with another: he is fixed in amorous gaze on a representation of his lovely countenance, in which he is depicted as wooing, with upturned eyes and uplifted pen, in quest of the inspiration of the Muse. Over the picture, however, hovers a lubber fiend—Clarkson, perhaps—the face is, we understand, a likeness of that great critic—who tips his pen with the peculiar poetry which is

"Beloved by some, misunderstood by more,
And rich in rubbish, though in talent poor"—
even the poetry of Satan.

There is much in the *mise* of Montgomery that

announces the poet. He swings on a chair in the see-saw fashion of his verse, and his throat is uncavated in the anti-neckcloth fashion of Lord Byron. As he is a religious bard, his hands are clasped in adoration of the picture he is worshipping, or, as in that picture itself, directed to his ear, in order to point out to notice that he has one, which the readers of his verse would be inclined to doubt. Hair and whiskers are as tried as becomes so oily a poetaster; and the whom figure speaks the favourite both of Phœbus and himself.

In one of his poems he described Watts (whose Christian name he maintains is Alexander) as a most snivelling wretch; and Watts, as a set-off, informs us that our poet is son of Gomery, the clown of Bath. It is not in our power to decide the controversy between these illustrious writers, as to the propriety of their appellations or the minute passages of their earlier history. The literary career of Satan Montgomery—Robert the Devil, as Tom Hood calls him—is easily told: he wrote Puffblasts and other satires of much pungency, though now unheard of, in which Jerdan and various critics of less renown were most scurvily treated. Poets and booksellers were scourged with most elastic finger, and the whole world of type was thrown into consternation. Proud of his success, he went forward in his task. From printers to devils it is but a step; and he libelled Satan himself in a poem now gone to the potestate after whom it was named. Rising, like his hero, from the asphaltic pool, he next attacked Heaven's towers, and fell in the attempt, like Daniel O'Rourke among the geese. He then adventured a middle flight, and sang of Oxford and all its "grands"—vying in verse with the prose of the divine Dillon, chaplain to Lord Venables. He had entered himself in Rhedycina, properly choosing Lincoln as his college, of which he may rival its glorious bell—the mighty Tom—in the volume, sonorousness, and emptiness of its windy music.

Well! after all, he is young yet; and if he minds his books, he may see that what he has hitherto written is sad stuff, and try on a better tack. His principal poems, marked by every possible blemish of bad taste, were yet intended to convey ideas of virtue and religion; and let that cover a multitude of sins. If he ever does better, nobody will be happier to trumpet forth his praises than ourselves. But as he has now got into a place where he can read something worth reading, he may find out, in a recondite work that

"——— *Mediocribus esse poetis
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ.*"

Which may be thus paraphrased:—

Gods, men, and columns [*magazine columns*],
wreak a vengeance summary
On middling verse, like that of Bob Montgomery!

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF GOETHE.

Goethe had not the slightest presentiment of his death. On the fifteenth he chatted for some time with the Grand Duchess, who regularly came to pay him a visit. After this conversation, which probably fatigued his chest, he drove out, and unfortunately caught cold. Symptoms of catarrh manifested themselves; but still his powerful constitution it was thought would enable him to shake off the disease. The physician was full of hope, and in fact who would not have been deceived by that powerful intellect, that serenity with which he spoke upon all things, and particularly upon his theory of colours, which so powerfully occupied his mind, to the last moment of his existence. On the evening of the twenty-first he explained to his daughter the conditions of the peace of Basle; desired that the children should be taken to the theatre; said that he found himself much better, and that the medicines had taken effect, as he already breathed more easily; he requested Salvandy's *Sixteen Months* to be brought him, although his physician had forbidden all laborious occupation; but the doctor having gone out for a few moments, he ordered lights to be brought, and attempted to read. Not being able to do so, he held the book for some moments before him, and then said,—"Well, let us do at least as the Mandarins!"—he fell asleep, and his slumbers appeared light and refreshing. On the twenty-second he conversed gaily with his daughter, his grandchildren, and some friends. At seven o'clock he desired his daughter to bring him a port-folio, in order to observe upon some drawings, some phenomena of colouring, and he began with his right hand to trace some characters in the air. Towards ten o'clock he ceased almost entirely to speak, held firmly between his own, the hand of his daughter who was by his side, and turned his eyes, already half-closed, towards her with an expression of tenderness: with her other hand she supported his pillowed head until he breathed his last. An aspiration stronger than usual was the only struggle which his powerful nature had to undergo, his dissolution was thus without suffering, his head and his hands remained in the same situation, without the slightest convulsion. His daughter closed the fine eyes of the poet, and summoning her children to behold their great father for the last time, she rushed from the apartment of death, and gave vent to her grief.

The remains of the poet, attended by all that was noble and respectable, were carried to their last abode with the ceremonial used at the funerals of the princes of the reigning family of Weimar, after being exposed for five hours in the hall of the dead house. Before his burial the crowd silently directed their steps thither, to impress upon their memories by one last look the features of that physiognomy so calm and impressive even in the embrace of death.

The preceding grand Duke had erected in the

new cemetery, which is situated in the middle of the city, a chapel, the vaults of which were destined for the remains of the reigning family. The Duke himself and his Duchess Louisa, repose there—there also rest the remains of Schiller,—and within its silent precincts has lately Goethe been united to his friends.

Doctor Rehr, the court preacher, pronounced the funeral oration. The theatre at Weimar remained closed for four days. On the 27th of March they represented one of his pieces, well fitted to recall the time when the Court of Weimar resembled in so many respects that of Ferrara. Two stanzas of the epilogue, composed for the occasion, by Chancellor Muller, the intimate friend of Goethe, recalled in the most touching manner his friendship with Schiller; and how, after his premature death, Goethe abandoned poetry to give himself up to science. This last stanza produced upon the audience a profound impression.

"The spot where great men have exercised their genius remains for ever sacred. The waves of time silently efface the hours of life; but not the great works which they have seen produced. What the power of genius has created, is purified like the air of the Heavens—its apparition is fugitive—its works are eternal."

From the Quarterly Review.

STAGES OF THE REVOLUTION.*

If it were possible for us to indulge any personal feelings in the calamitous situation of the country, it might be some consolation to reflect how wonderfully the events of the last two months have corroborated our reasonings and accomplished our predictions. The march of events has been in the exact line that we traced, though its rapidity towards the revolutionary goal has been rather greater than we had anticipated. *Three weeks* have done what, we thought, might have required *three months*, and which others hoped it might take *three years* to accomplish. The fictitious popularity of the King has vanished; he has been menaced, insulted, assaulted—all respect for monarchical government is gone—the independence of the House of Lords has been annihilated, and that power which calls itself *the People*,—but which is really the combination of illegal clubs and a licentious press—has arrogated and exercises, uncontrolled, all the real authority of the state. There is not one man in the country of any party, or shade of party, (save only the narrow circle of their im-

* 1. A Letter to a Noble Lord who voted for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, on the Amendments which it may be expedient to make in the Committee. London. 1832.

2. Prospects of England. June, 1832. 8vo.

3. Addresses to all classes and conditions of Englishmen. By the Duke of Newcastle. London. 1832.

mediate dependents,) with whom the king's Ministers are not objects of detestation or contempt, or both. And if we are not greatly misinformed, they are themselves 'perplexed in the extreme,'—terrified at what they see,—appalled at what they foresee,—devoured by remorse for what they have done,—and distracted by the most painful doubts as to what they ought to do. They are in the state of the wretched man, of whose misfortune the newspapers have lately been full, who having incautiously or criminally lighted a fire in the lower parts of his house, saw it spread among the combustible materials with such sudden and ungodly fury, that his first impulse was to make his own personal escape, leaving his family, his lodgers, and his neighbours in perdition, in protracted agony and successive torments, the victims of his rashness or his guilt!

In our number for July, 1831, we endeavoured to "show his Majesty how different was that semblance of popularity with which the radical enemies of the crown mocked the Patron of the Reform Bill, from that sober, but steady, that moderated because rational, affection and reverence with which the people of England regard the Sovereign Guardian of their Constitution in church and state." We took the liberty of expressing our more than suspicions of the sincerity or the permanence of that *new-born* loyalty and affection towards his Majesty which had so suddenly seized all those who had been, during their whole lives, the enemies and the libellers of royalty in every shape and under every name; and we intimated, that popularity of that nature was an object unworthy the solicitude of the first magistrate of the state, because, in general, it was to be purchased only by an abandonment of his duties, and to be maintained only by compliances, to which no man of feeling or of sense could long submit his judgment or his conscience. "When"—we took the liberty of saying—"when the orator of old found himself applauded by the giddy multitude, he exclaimed, 'What folly have I said?'" When a king finds himself extravagantly popular, he may well inquire whether he has not committed some folly; and if he finds that the popularity is like all new-born zeal, most violent amongst those who had hitherto been the bitterest opponents and revilers of every thing royal, he may not unwisely suspect that he has unintentionally done something derogatory or injurious to the royal authority."—(*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlv. p. 515.)

Of the truth of these observations we have had recent and lamentable experience. The fatal elections of May, 1831, were perpetrated, as we then showed, under an abuse of the King's name, and is now supposed, a misrepresentation of his personal sentiments. The royal standard was displayed by the same hands which had shortly before carried the tri-coloured flag—*brick-bat and bludgeon* protectors of the freedom of election mobbed it to the tune of *God save the King*; and there was not one context in the whole country in which Ministers did not ostentatiously produce

the King as the auxiliary of the most violent of the democratic candidates.

By such arts those elections were carried in favour of the Reformers,—by such arts a flame was excited which survived the elections,—and which on the first attempt of the King to express his own real opinion,—on his first pause in his downward course of compliance—suddenly, as if by a change of the wind, turned all its violence against both the office and the person of the sovereign, and bids fair to consume every symbol and vestige of the British monarchy.

It is now stated, by those who are supposed to have access to the King, that all this was an abuse of his name, and a misrepresentation of his sentiments, to which His Majesty was—not only no party, but—ignorant of the extent to which they were carried, and far from friendly to the purposes for which they were employed. It was always presumed by those who considered the nature and duties of the kingly office, that in his heart the King must have been, from the first, a *very moderate Reformer*; and we ourselves endeavoured to show that it was contrary to the essence of the monarchical institution itself, that the highest constituted authority should take the lead in the race of innovation. From the nature of individual man, and from the principles of social order, it seemed a moral impossibility that a king could be a Radical Reformer; but against all such reasonings, the Ministers of His Majesty alleged the *fact*!—and, as the King,—carrying to its extreme the constitutional doctrine of hearing only by the ear of his Ministers, and speaking only with their voice,—had no means of controverting their assertion,—it passed with the judicious as a mysterious and inexplicable anomaly, and, with the public at large, as a certain though extraordinary truth. The *fact*, however, is now confidently denied; and the day will perhaps come, when the ministers must answer at the bar of the public for the statements which they have made, and for the measures which those statements enabled them to carry. That time is not yet arrived,—and certainly *this* is not the place,—nor is it our province to enter into so momentous an inquiry. Thus much only will we venture to say, that when the ministers persuaded or deluded the King into a consent to their proceedings, they were, in our opinion, guilty of giving to His Majesty the most unconstitutional and fatal advice that ever was suggested to a sovereign, except, perhaps, that advice by which Charles I. was induced to send Lord Strafford to the block, or that which prevailed on Louis XVI. to double the number of the representatives of the *Tiers Etat*;^{*} but if it shall appear, that—having failed

* Our readers will recollect that the effect of this double vote of the *Tiers Etat* was instanced by Mr. Croker, in his reply to Mr. Macauley, as the first point of the parallel of the French Revolution to ours,—as the *French Reform Bill*. (*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlvii. p. 263.) This resemblance has been since expanded and

so to persuade the conscience or delude the judgment of the monarch,—they *falsely* attributed to him sentiments that he did not entertain, and instituted, in his name, proceedings which he did not approve, the guilt would assume a still deeper colour, and its authors would be deservedly liable to the most extreme responsibility with which an indignant sovereign and people can visit their prevaricating servants.

But we leave this part of the subject, which, although of the first interest and importance, is, with our present means of information, only a matter of conjecture and argument, to proceed to notice the disastrous facts on which their is neither doubt nor dispute, and to lay before our readers a continuation of the history of the events, which, like the successive and increasing billows of a storm, have swelled around the vessel of the state, till the boldest heart and the most experienced hands have abandoned the unhappy ship to a destruction which seems inevitable.

In our last number we endeavoured to show the fatal impolicy of the House of Lords concurring in the principles of the Reform Bill by allowing it to be read a second time. We chiefly addressed ourselves to that class of the Peers, (now commonly called the *Waverers*;) who, after having been among the most violent as well as able of the opponents of the former bill, were induced, by motives which we never could clearly understand, to advocate a different course as to the present measure. They professed, indeed, a hope, that by reading the bill a second time they might obtain such an accession of public opinion in their favour, as would enable them to extract in the Committee the more deadly venom of the bill,—to correct its most outrageous injustices, and to remove or mitigate its most fatal violences; and they alleged that certain communications, which, during the recess, they had had with Lord Grey, authorized them to expect his concurrence in some of the most important of these amendments. We endeavoured to persuade them that they were wholly mistaken—that the bill, and every part of it, would receive such additional sanction, and be endowed with such uncontrollable strength, by the adoption of its principle, that, not only would they fail to make any substantial amendment, but that the ministry would not dare to concede one jot, and that the attempt to alter would be attended with fully as much difficulty and danger, as they could anticipate from the more manly, more straightforward, and

more consistent course of rejecting it on the second reading.

We asked,

What hope can any rational man entertain that the ministry, if they accomplish the second reading, will admit any modification of the bill? *Could they if they would?* For instance we believe the *Waverers* are most anxious to save the country from Metropolitan boroughs, but can they expect that the ministers will abandon that clause?—that clause is, with a vast body of the supporters of the bill, the keystone of the whole structure—remove it, and a fiercer outcry will follow, than the most violent predict, or the most timid fear, from the refusal of the second reading.—*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlvii. p. 298.

And again,

Is there more of dissatisfaction to be apprehended from the rejection of the bill, than from any important alterations in its most objectionable details?—*Ibid.* p. 300.

These, and many other similar considerations, were urged upon those noble Lords—but in vain. The Reform Bill was read a second time by a majority of 184 to 175—and by that vote the fate of the constitution was sealed!

We should, we think, be pardoned, if we were unable to abstain from some reproaches against the inconsistency and folly of those who brought about so fatal an event; but in truth, we have towards them no feeling but of sorrow for our common misfortune, not unmixed with pity for what they must individually suffer, at finding themselves the dupes of the ministers, and the unintentional instruments of their deplorable success. The *Waverers* meant well, though they judged ill; and in this crisis, it would little become us to aggravate, by contentious observations, the mischief of their error. But there are other considerations, also, which tend to mitigate our resentment and even our grief, and as these considerations may probably, when fairly stated, have a similar effect on the country at large, we shall proceed to develop them with uncompromising sincerity.

It is, in our opinion, but justice to the *Waverers* to confess, that their conduct deprived us only of the *chance* of salvation—we believe, that, at worst, they have only to reproach themselves with having accelerated and made certain, that which those who had most closely observed the whole course of the affair, considered as eventually hardly to be avoided. From the day in which Lord John Russell, as the official organ of the King and the Government, propounded a measure of Reform so reckless of all private, personal, and corporate rights—so insulting to every existing institution and authority—so subversive of all the bases, moral and political, on which our constitution was founded—and so utterly destructive of the great principles of prescription by which alone human society is held together; from THAT HOUR we anticipated, as nearly inevitable, the consummation at which we are now about to arrive.

elucidated in a very able pamphlet, from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Escott, called "The Second Reading of the Reform Bill," in which the analogy of the conduct of M. Necker and Lord Grey is forcibly exhibited, and the English minister is eloquently and justly threatened with the same retribution of misery and remorse that punished, in the evening of his life, and in an *unhonoured* retirement, the less culpable errors of the vain and shallow Swiss.

Up to that day, the wildest reformers had only proposed partial alterations—mere repairs, as they called them—of the ancient edifice, some more and others less extensive, but none avowedly destructive of the main body of the temple, and all professing a religious respect for its sacred foundations. Moreover, even those who had hitherto proposed the most extensive changes were in no condition to excite any grave alarm; they were mere *individuals*, more or less respectable, but still only individuals and obviously actuated by party or personal motives, or indulging in theoretical fancies:—few of them had any wish, and none of them had any power, to make serious alterations in our system, or to establish such broad and general principals of innovation, as should survive the particular object which they respectively proposed. And these reformers, personally so little formidable, were still less so when opposed, as they constantly and firmly were, by all the constituted authorities of the empire, and by the pride, the respect, and reverence with which (whatever might be felt as to minute flaws and local imperfections) the great body of mankind, at home and abroad, in early and in recent times, acknowledged and admired the practical excellence of the British constitution. But the case was frightfully altered when it was no longer some factious demagogue—some political partizan—some flighty vision-monger, who proposed, for the gratification of his own vanity or the advancement of his party, some modicum of Reform; but when THE KING'S MINISTERS,—by their stations the official conservators of the existing system, and by their rank, property, and opinion, supposed to be indissolubly attached to the institutions from which they were enjoying such eminent advantages—when THESE, we say, the head and the hands of the existing system, proclaimed the whole to be 'a scandalous and intolerable abuse'—'a flagitious usurpation'—'the cause of all the private misery of millions and all the public calamities of ages,' it was evident to our minds that a wound,—a poisoned wound was inflicted on the Constitution, from which it was hardly possible it should recover.

Thus honestly premising how very hopeless we considered ultimate success to have been from the very outset of the contest, we shall now glance rapidly over the successive periods in which there was, in our humble judgement, a *chance* of salvation. The first was on that very first night! If, on the instant when the announcement was made, the House of Commons had indignantly, and by a large majority, rejected it—which Lord Althorp has since confessed must have been the result of a division—the extravagant violence, partiality, and absurdity of the plan would, for a season perhaps, have covered the Reform Bill and its projectors with ridicule; but, even in that case, we should probably have had but a *respite*—a plan which appealed, as this did, to the passions and the prejudices of the populace, and which had for its basis the seductive

principle of taking from the rich to give to the poor, and of increasing in an enormous degree the power of the democracy, would soon have revived, and, having been *once* sanctioned by royal authority and ministerial recommendation, it would probably have been reproduced, 'like a giant refreshed,' with ultimately as much power as it has now, by a shorter cut, obtained. That popular seed sown by a royal hand could never have been eradicated—it was a solemn promulgation of principles, which mankind would have believed that nothing but the overwhelming force of truth could ever have extorted from a king and a government;—and to that solemn pledge future kings and future governments would have been held by the same violence and with more reason than have now forced the completion of the plan upon the reluctant monarch, and the repentant ministry who so heedlessly proposed it.

But although this be our deliberate opinion, we cannot but wish that the expectation of the ministers (as avowed by Lord Althorp) had been fulfilled, and the Bill rejected on the first reading. Even if nothing but delay had been gained, delay in all such cases is the best corrective of violence and injustice. Delay might have operated beneficially on all parties;—there was, as yet, more of wonder than of approbation in the public mind,—more of a vague desire that *something* might be done than of enthusiasm for any extensive change. The Boroughs, denounced by the ministerial project, would probably, in their choice of representatives, have associated to their cause additional respectability and talents; and, aware of their danger, would have endeavoured to correct any local abuse, and to have given fuller efficiency to what is substantially advantageous in the system. There would have been no longer, in any quarter, a disinclination to transfer the franchise of delinquent boroughs to populous places: and the examples of shameful bribery which had just occurred at Evesham, Dublin, and Liverpool, would have taught populous places that *they* also stood much in need of Reform; and the indignation against 'close corporations' and 'burgage tenures' would have been exceedingly mitigated by a contrast of their comparative purity with the infamous corruption of so many places in which the constituency was as popular as any reformer could desire. All these, and innumerable other considerations for which a seasonable delay would have afforded the opportunity, might have retarded the rapidity, and have steadied the course, if they did not altogether suspend the march, of Reform.

Why Lord John Russell's proposition was not so met has been long the subject of wonder and inquiry, but has not, that we are aware, been yet satisfactorily explained. In justice to the great Tory party, we are anxious to state what we understand to have been the cause of this, as it appears to us, unfortunate error of judgment. The Tory party, though so generally calumniated as

enemies to any and every degree of Reform, were so far from being universally adverse to *all reform*, that many leading persons thought that there were some improvements which might be safely and beneficially *made*, and some others which it might be expedient to *try*. We happen to know, for instance, a curious fact, that, some years ago, two or three of the gentlemen who have been particularly distinguished in their opposition to the Bill, were more favourable to a moderate reform—enfranchisement of the large towns, for example—than the leaders of that party absurdly called the Liberals, whose revengeful and unconscious junction with the Whigs has belied the whole course of their public lives, and abjured every principle and predilection, whether political or private, which they had ever felt or pretended to feel. When, to such a predisposition in the minds of the leading Tories to correct certain points in the general system, there came to be added the weight of the *Royal authority*, which, in the speech from the throne, and in the exercise of its constitutional prerogative, recommended the consideration of the subject,—it is not surprising that the Tory party—ignorant indeed of the extent to which the ministers might go, but dreading nothing like an entire subversion of the constitution—resolved, in deference at once to the opinions of many of their own members, and to that of the Sovereign, not to oppose the introduction of a bill so recommended, and for so plausible a purpose.

So far they were right; but when a proposition was opened of such unexpected extent and such incredible insanity, it seems to us that the previous resolution of the Tories should have gone for nothing; it had been formed in a complete misconception of the nature of the proposition, and should have fallen to the ground with the hypothesis on which it was built. This we know was felt by many at the moment; but, on the other hand, we must, in fairness, consider the danger of changing one's opinion in the face of the enemy, and at the very moment of attack—the impossibility of consulting the various persons who had concurred in the original resolution—the uncertainty as to how far individuals might sanction by their votes such a change of tactics; and, above all, the belief that a plan, which was received with astonishment, not to say dismay, by the supporters of ministers, and with shouts of laughter by their opponents, would be the more completely extinguished by further exposure and a more critical discussion. All these reasons (and perhaps others, with which we are not acquainted) appear to have influenced the leaders of the Tories on that night to abide by their first resolution; and afford, we confess, if not an entire justification, at least a very rational and sufficient apology.

But neither the ministers nor their opponents could have foreseen the effect which, by a strange combination of accidental circumstances, was produced on the minds of the people. It is the nature of man to be excited and delighted by

a surprise; the point of an epigram, the catastrophe of a play, the issue of a secret expedition, operate on the feelings and imaginations of men in proportion as they are unexpected; and the suddenness and surprise with which the prospect of this *Niagara* of Reform burst upon us, had at least as much share in the effect produced as the intrinsic character of the proposition itself. And the wonder and consequent excitement were, above all, increased by the influence of the King's name, and the unprecedented and astonishing sight of the king's Ministers placing themselves at the head of the old and inveterate enemies of all royal authority, and promulgating principles which had hitherto been heard only from democrats and demagogues.

"Yet still the phrenzy did not reach its height at once; and another occasion soon occurred, in which the plague might perhaps have been stayed. We mean just before the dissolution. That was the most fatal step of the whole proceeding, and that upon which it is the least possible for the Ministers to allege any thing like an excuse for their conduct, which, besides its general folly and wickedness, had here the special addition of fraud and falsehood. The then existing House of Commons was the same which had brought them into power,—that House had read their bill, with all its monstrous and flagrant offences and defects, a *second time*, and thus sanctioned the principle. The crime of that House of Commons, in the eyes of the ministry, was only the passing a resolution—which the ministers themselves subsequently adopted!—of not diminishing the numbers of the House. It is now known, as was always suspected, that the King could not have been prevailed upon to dissolve his House of Commons for such a cause as this; but a pretext was easily found or made. His Majesty was deluded by a statement, that the House of Commons had '*stopped the supplies*,' and must therefore be dissolved! How the King was persuaded, in so high a matter, to give credit to such an assertion we cannot guess—suffice it to repeat, that the statement was *false*—utterly, undeniably, nay, we may now add, ludicrously false. The only pretext for it was that some delay took place one evening in voting the Ordinance Estimates—which delay was so little like *stopping the supplies*, that the ministers themselves dissolved the parliament without voting them; and the speech from the throne, which dissolved the parliament, 'thanked the faithful Commons for the liberality and readiness with which the *supplies had been granted*.' And we have further to observe, that these blunderers, as if to put on more lasting record the falsehood of their pretext, have, in this very year, so postponed these identical Ordinance Estimates, that they are not yet (30th June) passed; and the delay of one day, which in 1831 was represented as a *stoppage of the supplies*, has been, in 1832, *spontaneously* protracted by the ministers *three months* beyond the date of the dissolution.

Infamous as such a misrepresentation was,

and fatal as its immediate effects have been, it may have another, more distant, less obvious, but hardly less fatal, operation:—the '*stopping the supplies*,' which fraud and rashness had thus first suggested to the public mind, as an expedient of control over the crown, became a familiar idea. '*Stopping the supplies*,' which had never been dreamt of since the revolution of 1688, was now, by the highest authority promulgated, not merely as a theoretical possibility, but as an actual occurrence; and men, who had never before heard that combination of words, or who had never affixed any practical meaning to the expression if they had ever heard it, were surprised and delighted to be thus invested with a new and most formidable instrument of popular power: and accordingly, when in April, 1832, the monarch showed some intention of having an opinion of his own, the fraudulent device of the year before was brought into actual operation, and '*stop the supplies*' was the watchword by which the revolutionary party endeavoured to collect and consolidate their opposition to the King and the Peerage. From this was deduced a corollary, also recommended by lordly authority, that not only ought parliament to *stop the supplies*, but that individuals were justified in refusing to pay the taxes imposed by law. These monstrous propositions, have had no immediate effect, but we are much mistaken if they will not hereafter rank amongst the foremost mischiefs created by these madmen. The idea has, by being familiarised to the public mind, lost much of the alarm and terror which it ought to create; and the idea of stopping the supplies, first broached by the Lord High Chancellor, and the individual right of refusing to pay taxes, asserted first by the brother and mere creature of the Lord High Chancellor, and then by a more important person, the noble colleague and nearest friend of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will, instead of being the *ultima ratio populi*, become the ordinary and common mode of expressing public dissent from the policy of the king and the government! We need not waste words in proving that such principles can lead to nothing but anarchy; not merely to the overthrow of the existing constitution and the monarchy—that we believe the Reform Bill has done—but to absolute and uncontrollable anarchy.

But however this may be, we return to the fact—the King was thus deluded into the dissolution of his parliament, under circumstances which personally committed the sovereign, and shut him out from all power of pause, deliberation, or modification, while they excited the people to a degree of frenzy and of folly, of which there is no example in our history. The dissolution of a House of Commons favourable to the principle of Reform, because it claimed a right to judge of the extent to which reform should go and of the mode in which it should be effected, was, of course, the signal for the election of a House which should not dare to claim any such right of judging, and which was to pass, without

inquiry, hesitation, or restriction, any thing and every thing which the desperate faction which *rough-rides* the ministry should be pleased, in the insulence of its ignorance and temerity, to propose. It has always appeared to us, that if at this crisis His Majesty could have been informed of the real state of the case, and had refused, on the fraudulent suggestions of his ministers, to dissolve a parliament, whose worst fault was their having created those ministers, there was still perhaps a chance for the salvation of the constitution. For if, after such a refusal, the ministers had stayed in, they would probably have been forced to a more moderate measure of reform, or if they chose to retire, successors would, no doubt, have been found, who, with the favour of the king, the approbation of the Lords, and the support of the House of Commons, and of the real people, might have proposed some plan which would have satisfied the wishes of the public, without endangering the existence of all our institutions. Truth, however, had not yet reached the royal ear, and that chance was also lost!

The next stage, which afforded any thing like a resting-place, was the rejection of the second bill by the House of Lords, in October, 1831, and, although the chances of escape were now awfully diminished, yet still some persons believe, that, even then, *all* was not utterly lost. If His Majesty had, even thus late, been enabled to follow what is now supposed to have been his real sentiments;—if, when his first minister had pronounced against the bishops the anathema of the prophet against him who was doomed to immediate death;—if, when another minister—contemptible in every other respect, but of importance, as having led the Reform Bill in the House of Commons—was rash enough, in a letter of thanks to a radical mob, to call the majority of the House of Lords 'a faction,' and weak enough to deny in his place in parliament, that he had meant what he said;—if, when Nottingham Castle was burned, and Colwich Hall plundered;—if, when Bristol was for two days a prey to a reforming mob, and was saved from utter destruction, not by the energy of government, but by the lassitude and ebriety of the populace;—if, when all these things occurred, His Majesty had publicly avowed his disapprobation of the inflammatory language of his ministers, and his royal indignation at the scenes by which that language had been followed—the country would, we are convinced, have rallied round the King. We now know that His Majesty was alive to the imminent peril in which property and liberty were placed by these excesses, and that he insisted that his Ministers should take immediate and effective measures to repress them and their causes—the Political Unions. The country owes to the King its warmest gratitude for his gracious intentions at that crisis, but the Ministers, who should have executed those intentions, defeated them. The King's wisdom and firmness insisted that a

proclamation should be issued against these disturbers of the public peace. The Ministers durst not absolutely disobey their royal master, but having another and a less indulgent master, of whose displeasure they were still more afraid, they so contrived their proclamation as to render it of no effect whatever, unless indeed to lull the apprehensions of the Sovereign and to preserve his confidence by the semblance of obeying his commands. They gave a deprecatory notice of it to those against whom it was directed; and further to conciliate them and to purchase a shadow of submission, it was accompanied by a counter proclamation, dictated by the Unions, for the immediate meeting of parliament. Like the 'juggling fiends' in *Macbeth*,

'They paltered with him in a double sense,
They kept the word of promise to the ear
And broke it to the hope'—

and thus was lost—and again by deception and fraud—another chance of arresting the revolution.

A new bill was now introduced, after a pro rogation which was—in obedience to the mob, and in opposition to the avowed and decided wishes of the ministers themselves—the *shortest ever known*. We will not repeat all the circumstances of insult to the King and even to the ministers—to common decency and to common sense—with which the populace and its Press drove on the reproduction and rapid progress of this third bill. We have already observed upon them—we will only say, that the mask was now dropped by all the parties in the political masquerade—every moderating influence in the king—every option in his ministers, every control over the mobs, was avowedly abandoned. The House of Commons—though the eyes of *individuals* were opened, and though their sentiments were essentially altered—the House of Commons still bore the same general aspect, and—although a noble contest, which, if reason and eloquence could have decided the question, must have been victorious, was maintained—it was obvious that there was no ultimate hope for the salvation of the country, but in the wisdom and firmness of the House of Lords.

This brings us to the second reading of the third bill, in April 1832. The readers of our last Number, and, indeed, every reading man in the country, is aware of the state of affairs at that crisis. The House of Lords was in the same opinion as to the danger and iniquity of the bill, (how could it be otherwise?) that it had been in the preceding October, but a small yet influential body of peers, who had in October been most zealous, we had almost said rash, in their opposition, were now resolved to vote for the second reading of the bill, in the hope of being able, by so great a sacrifice, to acquire such influence in the public mind as would enable them to amend the bill in what they thought its most objectionable points. We denounced that expectation as a miserable delusion, and that course as a most

fatal surrender of the whole question. How lamentably has our prediction been verified! We, and we believe every unprejudiced mind in the country, saw that if by the second reading in the House of Peers the principle of the bill should be invested with the sanction, even though only nominal, of King, Lords, and Commons, all further resistance must be not only unavailing, but in the last degree perilous to the aristocracy and the monarchy. Had we then had as much reason as we now have to suspect that the ministers had abused the royal confidence, misrepresented the royal opinion, and overborne the royal conscience, we might have stated our reasoning still higher; but the facts known to all mankind were sufficiently strong (without lifting the curtain of the royal closet) to have satisfied reasonable men that the King *could* not have been, as he was represented, a zealot for revolution, and that even if he had been so over-persuaded by evil counsellors, it was the duty, the peculiar duty of the hereditary advisers of the crown to interpose once more the salutary delay which the constitution had (and especially for such an occasion) vested in their hands. If they had done so,—if that party which turned the scale had not been led away by the silliest will-o'-the-wisp that ever entangled wanderers or waverers,—the king might have been emancipated, and the constitution have been, for a season preserved. 'The ministers would have resigned'—we doubt it; but they would have been turned out, and an administration might have been formed under the auspices of the moderating influence of the sovereign, which might have found some means of conciliating the reforming spirit of the Commons with the reluctance of the House of Lords to lend itself to unlimited innovation. Of the three Estates of the Legislature, one only would, in that case, have been committed to the bill, and of that one it is well known that a considerable and the most respectable portion would not have been averse to a conciliatory medium. Another of the three Estates had pronounced with equal force against the principle of the bill, but a considerable and respectable portion of it, also were willing to adopt a conciliatory medium: while the third and highest, partaking of both opinions, anxious to do something, but adverse to conceding every thing, would have been in his true character of a sovereign mediator and would also have gladly concurred in a conciliatory medium. But that opportunity was again lost!—and by the strange delusion and fatal miscalculation on the part of the Waverers, which we have already alluded to, the principle of the bill received, by its second reading in the upper house, the irrevocable and irresistible sanction of the King, Lords, and Commons.

The drama was closed, and the curtain might perhaps as well have dropped—but the brave, and wise, and honest men, who had opposed every step of this revolution, did not conceive themselves to be at liberty to abdicate their duty, and to abandon their country. They still felt that they

were bound, however hopelessly, to maintain the contest to the last, and to fight in the committee (as had been so nobly, and, in argument, so victoriously done in the Commons) all the absurd and iniquitous provisions of the Bill.

And now the Waverers came prominently upon the scene, and assuming the second reading to have decided on the principle of the bill, were anxious,—we believe, honestly and sincerely anxious,—to make the best of a bad bargain, and to render the bill less immediately destructive by some amendments in its details.

It appears from a highly curious pamphlet, whose title stands at the head of this article, that one of these noble persons applied to a friend,* who was supposed to have bestowed much study on the details of the Bill, for his opinion as to the mode in which the future conduct of the Lords as to the bill ought to be directed, and by what amendments, taking matters as they then stood, it could be rendered less dangerous; the answer to that question was given in a letter, which has since been printed and published, and is thus before us. 'The writer foresaw how little was to be done, but was induced not to refuse his advice, by reasons which he states in the opening of his letter, and to the force of which we believe most readers will assent.

'You ask me to put myself in the position of a moderate Reformer who has voted for the second reading of the Reform Bill, and to consider by what amendments we may have the best chance of mitigating its injustice to individuals and communities, and of diminishing its danger to the constitution and the monarchy. This is to me a hard and a hopeless task; for I do not see a prospect—nay, not a possibility, of arriving at any safe, satisfactory, or final adjustment of the innumerable difficulties with which this fatal measure has encompassed us. Yet I shall endeavour to obey your commands frank and sincerely, and I will add zealously; for although I could never have brought myself to vote for any stage of the bill, I think the concurrence of the House of Lords in the principle of *some* reform, by giving this bill a second reading, has materially altered the case; and when I see the ship sinking, I shall not, because I originally advised the steering another course, refuse to help to construct a *raft* on which the crew may take the chances of a prolonged existence.'—p. 1.

He then proceeds to say—

'I believe that those who opposed the bill altogether, and those who wish for very important alterations, are, *if they unite*, masters of its fate; but you tell me that you will not be induced by that consideration to propose any thing essentially destructive of the bill, nor to which the ministers, as men of honour, would be bound to offer uncompromising resistance. Though I cannot enter into these feelings, I will defer to them; but, of course, I

cannot know what the Ministers may or may not consider themselves at liberty to concede. We must, therefore, begin by seeking some guide on that point; and the only one I can find is, their own bill,—their first bill,—*THE BILL* on which they appealed to the country. The provisions of that bill—monstrous as they at first appeared, and as, to me, they still appear—are, in my opinion, considerably less dangerous, as to immediate effect, than that accumulated mass of partiality, injustice, inconsistency, ignorance, and temerity, which is now before your Lordships. Compared with this, the first bill loses some of its terror, and still more of its absurdity. I shall, therefore, take that first bill as the basis of the propositions which I shall submit to you, and shall assume that any thing which that bill contained might, with perfect consistency on the part of ministers, be adopted in the present: in those instances in which we may think it *indispensable* to depart from the provisions of the first bill, we shall be able, I think, to show, that we ask no dereliction of a principle, but only the modification of a detail.—pp. 2, 3.

The author, in pursuance of this just and, we must be allowed to say, candid, if not over-candid, view of the task imposed upon him, proceeds to suggest what he thinks the best arrangement of the details;—of which the most important is, that whereas the first bill unnecessarily and wantonly reduced the number of members by about sixty, while it totally disfranchised sixty boroughs, those sixty members should be restored, *one* to each of the sixty boroughs; so that, in fact, there would have been no Schedule A at all, but that Schedule B would have contained eighty-five names, eighty-five members being all that were required for *enfranchisement*, which might thus have been 'operated without the entire extinction of *any one* existing right.'

'This seems to me,' says the letter-writer, 'so happy a coincidence, that I own it affords me some hope that the House of Lords may see in it a mode the most simple and convenient, as well as the least unjust and violent, of arranging the difficult and complex question now before them; and I humbly, but *most earnestly*, press this most important consideration on the attention of yourself and your friends. It would at once go far to assuage all personal feelings, to conciliate all corporate interest, and to satisfy all public hopes, wishes, and expectations,—except, indeed, of that party who look to *reform* only as a step to *revolution*.

'But it may be said, would you have no disfranchisement at all—not even of "Gatton, Old Sarum, or Midhurst," originally denounced by Lord John Russell, as examples of "intolerable and scandalous abuse?" I reply, first, that the subtraction of one member each from eighty-five boroughs is of itself an enormous disfranchisement. Mr. Pitt, in his early plan, and Lord John Russell himself, in 1832, proposed only the partial disfranchisement of 100. Nor would I (under present circumstances and in your position) object even to 100, if that number were required for any rational scheme of *enfranchisement*. But surely there can be

* The Earl of Haddinton, we are informed, and Mr. Croker.

no solid reason for going beyond that necessity!

He goes on to show that

'There was not, as might, perhaps, at first sight appear, any thing inconsistent with the principle of the bill in thus partially preserving the boroughs in schedule A.—The ministers, themselves, have, as I stated in the outset, abandoned all reference to the *present state* of the several places, and have, by extensive additions, preserved (as we shall see presently) some of the *closest* and most inconsiderable boroughs in England—nay, even, 'intolerable and scandalous' MIDHURST and OLD SARUM themselves!

'Of 141 old boroughs preserved by the present bill, 112 are, by the Boundary Bill, enlarged (generally very considerably), and only 29 remain unchanged. For our *present view* it is enough—but very important—to remark that this great number of enlarged boroughs, and the vast increase which some of them receive (one is increased *tenfold*, and above thirty appear to be *doubled*), afford abundant examples and precedents for enlarging to an adequate size any boroughs which you may be able to rescue from schedule A.

'I am very far from approving this general dislocation, and am rather inclined to join in the scriptural combination against him "who removes his neighbour's land-mark;" still more do I object to the irregular and, I fear, partial mode in which these additions have been made. But *whatever* principle may be applied to the 112 preserved but altered boroughs, may surely be as well applied to schedule A.'—pp. 45, 46, 47.

This proposition is illustrated by the examples of *Midhurst, Wilton, Old Sarum, Wareham, Westbury, &c.* each of which he shows to have had neither more nor less claim to be preserved than all the other boroughs in schedule A. We shall extract, as an instance,—not the grossest but the shortest—the case of Westbury:—Westbury was supposed to be a tory borough—one at least of its members was a staunch anti-reformer—and Westbury was in schedule A of the first bill. On the dissolution of parliament this anti-reform member was replaced by a zealous reformer, and Westbury in the second bill, escaped from both schedules and preserved its entire franchise, although the old borough, upon which all the calculations professed to be founded, turned out, on the local examination of the commissioner, 'to contain

Population.	Houses.	10l. Houses.	Assessed Taxes.
800	183	91	90l.

and is therefore, in all respects, inferior to a majority of the boroughs still included in schedule A; and yet it is preserved from total disfranchisement, and, by the additions made to it by the boundary bill, it is to consist of

Population.	Houses.	10l. Houses.	Assessed Taxes.
7324	1552	318	995l.

that is, to be increased *tenfold*! From this example, it is evident that it is not the *present state* of the existing borough which guides the

ministers; and that every borough in schedule A should, in common fairness, have the same advantage that Westbury has had, of being judged by its future capabilities.

We have neither room nor leisure to follow the writer through these acute and able disquisitions; they are now we fear useless except as history; but to those who may feel an interest in tracing the infamous means by which an infamous end was accomplished, we earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of those details—which are given by this pamphlet in a more convenient and intelligible form (by the assistance of maps and plans) than we have elsewhere seen. We were particularly struck by the masterly development of the series of tricks by which MIDHURST, 'the intolerable and scandalous,' has been preserved, and of the series of frauds and falsehoods by which APPELEY, the shire town and only borough of Westmoreland, has been disfranchised. These cases are now only matter of fruitless indignation; but there is another subject—the Metropolitan boroughs—which is of such vital importance, and is handled with so much force, novelty, and truth, that although the passage is too long to be extracted here, we earnestly entreat our readers to procure the pamphlet and weigh those observations; which, so far from being out of date, are, by the passing of the Bill, become of most urgent practical interest.

After a long train of facts and reasonings, through which it is now unnecessary to follow him, the letter-writer thus sums up his advice:—

'I have now, my dear Lord, obeyed,—to the best of my judgment, but with great haste, and, I fear, consequent imperfection,—your commands. Without changing, or seeing the slightest reason to change, the opinions which I have, all along, held on this subject, and being more and more alarmed at the result to which the *principles*, now let loose, must ultimately carry us, I yet have framed my observations, on the supposition,—which you and others seem to entertain,—that the bill can be so essentially improved as to ensure comparative safety,—or, at least, a pause,—a check in the giddy whirl of revolution.

'Would to God that those who have formed that comfortable opinion should be right! Would to God that your LORDSHIPS, who have it in your power to make such improvements, may be FIRM and UNANIMOUS in your resolution to carry them. You must not moot small points, nor differ on curious trifles, nor make nice distinctions:—the strength of this giant does not lie in his hair—waste not your time in clipping it. You will, we trust, be ALL disposed to unite on the five following cardinal propositions, on which it will be my humble advice that your whole proceedings should hinge:—

'I.—Begin with *enfranchisement*, and enfranchise no more than the first Bill did—*nor less*!—except in those special cases, like the Metropolitan, in which the public safety is concerned—or those others, like the Durham and Staffordshire boroughs, which bear the ap-

pearance of being, if not private, at least local jobs.

II.—Carry *disfranchisement* no further than is required for enfranchisement; and in disfranchising disturb as little as possible existing rights; if you want *forty* Members, rather take one each from *forty* boroughs, than wholly annihilate *twenty*.

III.—Adhere to the *first bill* in rejecting the third member for the seven middle-sized counties; this is not only right on *its own account*, but it prevents the disfranchisement of seven boroughs.

IV.—As to the 10*l.* franchise, adopt the provisions of the second bill (clause 21), which was the Ministers' own deliberate and well-*advised arrangement and proposition*;—providing, however, that the *assessment or rate*, (which-ever may be adopted,) shall act as a *registration*.

V.—Enact that all persons shall vote for representatives in that place where the property, in right of which they vote, is situated.

If you can carry these *five points*, all of which (except the second) have been, in *principle*, adopted in the *FIRST or SECOND BILLS*, and which, therefore, ministers cannot say are in *principle incompatible* with their original project of reform.—If, I say, you will,—for if you will, you can,—accomplish these five objects, you will have, in my humble judgment, the satisfaction of having done the best that, in this—the agony of our constitution—can be done to save it from immediate destruction, and to afford it a chance of ultimate recovery.

This seems to us to have been, under the circumstances, sound and judicious advice. Indeed it appears to have chalked out the *only* course which, at this period of the affair, could have reconciled the personal pledges of the monarch with the recent decision of the Upper House, and with the conditions under which the majority of the Lords had consented to the second reading. It contained enough of what is called Reform to have satisfied any man who was not in his heart bent on Revolution, and it preserved more of the ancient system than any anti-reformer could, at that period, hope by any other measure to obtain,—it saved the honour of the ministers by adopting a large portion of their first bill—and it conciliated the acquiescence of their opponents by preserving a considerable portion of the existing system, and by removing some of the most striking anomalies and injustice of the proposed one. It afforded, in short, a *mezotermine*,—a rational and honourable medium, in which all men who, as we have just said, wished for a Reform short of Revolution, or who saw Revolution in the ministerial Reform, might have concurred, and by their concurrence, and the weight of such a combined power of opinion might have, to use the writer's own expression, produced 'at least a pause,—a check in the giddy whirl of revolution!'

That, indeed, such a scheme could have been ultimately successful, the writer himself, we see, more than doubts. He seems to think, and we think with him, that the great accession of power to the democratical branch (already proved by the

passing events to be too strong for the other two estates) must *eventually*, and at no distant period, have worked out the *whole* of Lord John Russell's original proposition, and *much more*. But still this plan, if it had been adopted, would have afforded some chance of arresting the Revolution.

We now proceed with an historical statement of the events which rendered unavailing this and every other plan for the diminution of our danger.

The first step in the Committee of the Lords was a proposition of Lord Lyndhurst's to *postpone* disfranchisement or enfranchisement; which was carried against the ministers by the union of the Weavers and Conservatives—151 to 116. As proxies do not vote in committees, this majority of 35 was more than equivalent to the majority of 41 on the second reading last year, and proved that there was no essential change of sentiment in the House. On this event Lord Grey and Lord Brougham waited on his Majesty, and proposed a large creation of peers, or offered, as an alternative, their resignation. The precise nature of their communication with the King we cannot pretend to know. It is, however, stated on good authority that the ministers insisted on an *indefinite* power of creation to any extent which might be necessary to pass the measure; and—on being pressed as to what number they contemplated as likely to be required—modestly mentioned about *sixty or seventy!!!* Such an overwhelming invasion of the House of Lords his Majesty, of course, could not sanction, though we have heard that—with that excess of a feeling in itself amiable to which throughout this whole matter he had often submitted his own better opinions—he was prepared to have made a considerable concession even on this point. Be that as it may, the ministers resigned. This was a step at once artful and audacious, and placed, as we shall soon see, the King and the country at their mercy; for the second reading having been passed and the principle thus irrevocably established, they calculated that no administration could be formed which, on the one hand, could resist the principle so solemnly sanctioned by King, Lords, and Commons, or which, on the other, would consent to complete the perilous task which they left in so forward a state—in any case they saw that the position to which they had reduced the King, and to which the *Waverers* had reduced the *question*, rendered the triumphant passing of the bill, in all its essential points, inevitable, and they were not at all sorry to have the chance of sharing, with any man or men, the deep responsibility with which even they began to feel their own quasi-consciences oppressed.

There could be no *honest* motive for their resignation. The House of Lords, and particularly the *Waverers*, had been induced to support the second reading by Lord Grey's public pledges 'that the committee should be at liberty to discuss the bill freely; and although he was not

prepared to say that he would concur in any amendments, yet it would be his duty to bow to the decision of the House in any thing which was not destructive of the great objects of the bill.' Now, though we readily admit that Lord Lyndhurst's amendment was not a mere matter of form, it was certainly no matter of principle, as has been proved by the result, for it was carried, and yet the bill suffered no mutilation; and therefore Lord Grey, in refusing in the very outset—on the threshold as it were—to the House of Lords the power of making any amendment, did most undoubtedly retract the pledge by which their Lordships had been entrapped into the second reading.

'But,' says Lord Grey, 'I saw in that majority the power of beating me on the principle, and I therefore was bound in honour to resign.' But we beg leave to ask him why he did not feel the same obligation to resign the year before, when he was really beaten on the principle—and with what face he could make such a statement when the principle had been triumphantly carried, and mainly the speeches and votes of some of those who now, *trusting in his solemn assurances, both public and private*, had imagined that they were at liberty to deal with the details? We ask him, as a man of honour, whether he did not, in his private communications with the Waverers, admit of much more important changes than this? whether he believes he could have carried the second reading if, instead of professing a hypocritical deference to the future judgment of the committee, he had told their lordships, that, if he was outnumbered on any detail, he should consider that as a defeat on the principle, and throw up the administration at the exact moment when it would be impossible to form another? We have readily admitted that Lord Lyndhurst's motion was not a mere matter of Form; but what principle did it involve? None at all!—What detail even did it vary? Only this, that whereas the ministerial bill had partially, and, if not corruptly, at least arbitrarily, inflicted disfranchisement and conferred enfranchisement, Lord Lyndhurst proposed, that before the positive number and actual names of the boroughs condemned or created were voted, their lordships should consider how many deserved to be so condemned, and how many were entitled to be so created. No very unreasonable request under any circumstances, but certainly a most natural one in this case, when the ministers themselves had altered, in the course of their bills, the number of disfranchised boroughs from 107 to 86, and of enfranchised boroughs from 32 to 43, and had so changed and shifted the names of the places, that above sixty alterations had occurred, backwards and forwards, in the disfranchising schedules, and *seventeen* in the enfranchising schedules—and this, too, so recently, that alterations, both in disfranchisement and enfranchisement had been made after the Bill had passed through the three months' committee of the House of Commons, and the very day before it was sent up to their Lordships.

But there was a circumstance which, however we may on other grounds lament it, took from Lord Grey even the shadow of an excuse for the course which he adopted. Immediately after the division in the Lords, Lord Ellenborough, who (though inclined to moderate Reform) had distinguished himself in his very able opposition to the Bill, seeing that Lord Grey was anxious to consider the division as decisive of the fate of the Bill, was induced, partly with a view of preventing such a misrepresentation, but chiefly, as we believe, at the earnest entreaty of Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, and the other Waverers, to state to their lordships that it was not the intention of the victorious party to effect any alteration in the principle of the Bill—nay, that they were prepared to adopt schedule A, and thus go the whole proposed length of total disfranchisement. This statement, which filled the Tories throughout the kingdom with surprise, and defeated by anticipation all chance of forming a conservative government, took away from Lord Grey even the slightest pretence for saying that the principle of his Bill, or even the great and leading detail of disfranchisement, had been impugned: but candour is not the fit weapon for dealing with such men. Lord Grey no sooner foresaw, from the avowal which Lord Ellenborough had been authorized to make, the impossibility of forming a conservative government, than he resolved to resign, convinced that he could do so not only with safety but with profit. To be sure it would require some effrontery to say, after such a declaration, that the disfranchisement clauses were in danger—but no matter; he took just as much of Lord Ellenborough's statement as suited his purpose; and when he had assured himself of the almost insuperable difficulties in forming a new administration, which this adoption of the principle of disfranchisement would create, he boldly declared that the principle of disfranchisement was *rejected*; and he dutifully desired his Majesty to look out for a successor just when he had satisfied himself that no successor could be found.

We believe that if all the intrigues that are so vulgarly attributed to kings and courts were to be brought to open day, nothing more tortuous, more false in pretence, or more meanly calculated for personal advantage, can be produced. If the Bubb Dodgings of Lord Grey's cabinet (and there are one or two of them, *the wit excepted*) keep diaries, how the publication will disgust our posterity! and 'all for quarter days' will be discovered to be the motto of the Whigs of 1832, as it was of the Whigs of 1742 and 1782; and indeed of every period in our history, at which the Whigs have had the opportunity of displaying their plain dealing and disinterestedness.

A great difference of opinion has, we understand, prevailed as to the policy of Lord Ellenborough's compliance on that night with the wishes of the Waverers, in prematurely, as it seems, declaring what the intentions of the majority in the Upper House were. If the parties had been playing, as in old times, a political game

of chess, in which the sole object was to win the game by putting the king in check-mate; Lord Ellenborough's tactics might be censured; but on a question so entirely transcending the ordinary interest of party, in which it might have been truly said, *toto certatur de corpore regni*, in which the conservative party professed and believed that the honour of the King and the existence of the *monarchy* were at stake, all paltry arts and personal considerations would have been at once unworthy any honest man, and worthless for any honest object. We lament (nobody more) the influence which the Waverers had over the better judgment of an influential portion of the Conservatives in effecting this kind of compromise; but when the resolution had been taken, it was manly, and honest, and becoming those who wished to *contrast* themselves with Lord Grey and his colleagues, to speak frankly, and to act with an open and straight forward sincerity. If Lord Ellenborough had not avowed the intention of his party, Lord Grey would not, we believe, have resigned; he would, probably, have taken some other turn, and made some other, we know not what, shift; but the result would probably have been the same, and no possible turn, and no practical shift, could have been more disgraceful to his own character and that of his admiration, than the one which he—

‘With that low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise’—

was induced to adopt.

We therefore are not disposed to complain, under the difficulties of the case, either of the adoption by Lord Ellenborough and his friends of a considerable Reform, nor of his avowal of it—the influence of the Waverers we suppose necessitated both—but we must doubt the policy of going to *so great length* as he announced. The king had been so circumvented and deluded, that his approbation and pledge to an *extensive Reform* had been obtained; and it must therefore be admitted that there was no chance of relieving the royal honour and conscience from the thralldom in which they were held, but by some endeavour to reconcile his Majesty's promises, and the decision of the House of Lords on the second reading, with the views of that party, which however averse to Reform generally, were anxious to save as much as was possible out of the fire, and to mitigate the evil as far as mitigation could now be hoped for. The second reading of the Bill had, as the writer of the ‘Letter to a Noble Lord’ admits, essentially altered the case; and although we, like him, never could have expected a satisfactory issue from our difficulties after the proceedings had reached the stage in which the Lords' Committee had found them, yet we should be far from blaming those, who, taking things as they were, endeavoured to make a capitulation with a victorious enemy in the hope of saving the whole army and the country which it protected, from immediate destruction. We should have

acquiesced—reluctantly indeed, but as the less dangerous alternative—in the plan suggested in the ‘Letter to the Noble Lord,’ or any thing like it; but we never could have concurred in the whole of Lord Ellenborough's proposition—we never could have consented to adopt the whole principle of *utter disfranchisement*, because we think that when *that* was conceded there was, in truth, little left worth fighting for, and when that mass of iniquity, *schedule A*, was adopted, all the rest must have as inevitably followed as night succeeds day. The sequel of the transaction will illustrate our meaning and establish our argument.

The ministers resigned, and the king was left alone and unadvised, to deal with questions more vital and perplexing than any monarch since the last revolution had had, with all the assistance of ministers and statesmen, to manage. We emphatically say, ‘the King was left alone,’ in spite of the sneer of Lord Grey at the use of that expression by the Duke of Wellington, because no king had ever before been so artfully and effectually isolated by his ministers from all influence but their own, and so completely entangled and restricted as to his future course. His Majesty's personal position was indeed most difficult and painful; he had been led by rash, if not deceitful guides into what they told him was a practicable ford; and, when, on approaching the centre of the stream he found himself unable to stem the torrent, his guides suddenly abandoned him, and left him to make his way backward or forward as he best might. We have heard, that when his Majesty, on taking leave of his Whig servants, consulted two or three of those whom he thought the most moderate and candid as to the first step which, when thus abandoned, it would be proper for him personally to take, they doggedly refused him all advice or sympathy. Thus unexpectedly and cruelly *left alone*, his Majesty's conduct was strictly constitutional and eminently prudent. The chancellors of England are the legal acknowledged keepers, as it is phrased, of his Majesty's conscience—that is, his first constitutional advisers, in cases of constitutional difficulty. His actual chancellor, who had been one of the foremost to lead him into the embarrassment, had been one of the first to disclaim all further responsibility, and to throw up the seals. What then could his Majesty do? He naturally thought of the only other person who had ever filled the office of his chancellor, and to him—recommended by that circumstance, as well as by his now filling a judicial office, which removed him in a certain degree from the personal interests of party—he had recourse. He sent for Lord Lyndhurst—not to form a government, but—to advise with him, as a privy counsellor lately highest in his service, what course should, in such an unparalleled emergency, be taken. As far as the public can know, his lordship's proceedings were every way worthy of the confidence reposed in him. In such an extremity he did not abandon his duty, forfeit his oaths, or forget his sovereign's former gracious favour. Seeking nothing for himself,

and repudiating all personal interest while he was ready to undertake all personal responsibility, he gave his Majesty the only advice which we think a man of honour and common sense could have given—namely, that his Majesty should have recourse to the advice of some of those political characters whose station in parliament and the country afforded the best hope of their being able to serve the king. To this was limited, as it appears, the interference of Lord Lyndhurst: by his advice his Majesty sent for the Duke of Wellington—and strangely perverted must be that mind which does not think it natural and wise that the king should have sought the advice of that great man whose services to the throne, the state, and the country, had been more various and eminent than those of any individual recorded in our history. His Majesty might have been naturally expected to have sent *at once* for his Grace; but we think it was a proof of personal delicacy and constitutional discretion in the King, to consult in the first place with a person in the position of Lord Lyndhurst.

It appears from the parliamentary explanations, that the conduct of the King and of the Duke, in this trying conjuncture, was worthy of their stations and character.

The King felt that his assent to an *extensive Reform*—no matter by what delusion or misrepresentation it had been obtained—was given, and from that sacred engagement his royal dignity and his personal honour would not allow him to depart.

The duke appears to have met his Majesty's declaration with equal frankness:—to a Reform, of the nature to which his Majesty appeared to be pledged, he had, and continued to have, the most conscientious objections; but the state of affairs no longer left it as a question, whether Reform was in itself desirable;—the question was, whether, by the immediate and evident degradation and annihilation of the House of Peers, Reform was at one leap to become Revolution, or whether by preserving the independence of the peerage, Reform, dangerous as it was, might be kept within some bounds, and the forms, at least, of the Constitution maintained inviolate for better times.

The second reading of the bill had left his Grace no prospect of being able to oppose it altogether; an immense majority of the Commons—a majority of the Lords—had decided on some Reform, and the only question then existing was between—on the one hand conceding some Reform, and maintaining the, at least apparent independence of the Crown and the Lords, and—on the other, the passing the whole measure, with the additional misfortune of *openly* degrading the Crown and *summarily* annihilating the House of Lords. His Grace decided, and we own we think justly, and, at least, considering his own personal sacrifice, generously, that the former was the lesser of the alternative evils, and he accepted—not *any office*—but the mission of endeavouring to assist his Majesty in the formation of an administration to be composed of such men as could with

honour enter into his Majesty's views of an *extensive Reform*, and thus avert any violation of the independence of the second branch of the legislature. Some such men were to be found, who though adverse to the insane and subversive project of the late ministry, had always professed themselves favourable to a moderate reform; but the question had struck too deep in the hearts of the country, and had been too long in discussion, to have left many gentlemen in that intermediate position which alone could have suited his Majesty's purpose; Lord Ellenborough's declaration had announced the terms on which the new measures must be taken, and to those terms the most active and efficient of the Conservatives could not in honour or in conscience subscribe. A conversation which incidentally occurred in the House of Commons proved that even those who *could* have accepted office were reluctant to do so, and that there was a pretty general concurrence of opinion, that if *the bill must pass*, it was better that it should be carried by those who were originally responsible for it; and after some deliberation and inquiry the Duke of Wellington found himself obliged to acquiesce in the declaration that there did not appear to exist in the country a number of statesmen unfettered by pledges and opinions sufficient to enable the king to form a government on the principles which his Majesty had laid down as the basis of his own conduct. There then remained no alternative—the old ministry must be recalled, and the Reform Bill with all its iniquities must be passed; but from one degradation the king and the lords might be saved: though the bill must be passed, there was still an expedient by which it might be passed without affording the returning ministers an excuse for the immediate destruction of the House of Lords by the creation of sixty or a hundred peers; namely, by the *secession* of the great body of conservative Lords from debates in which their presence could no longer do any good, and would be only a pretext for perpetrating an irremediable mischief. This secession took place, and has been persevered in, not only on all Reform questions, but on any other topic. There have been fictitious debates, and sham divisions, but it is notorious that the majority of the peers are adverse to the ministry, and permit them to enjoy the shadow of authority in that House only, lest any check, however trivial and unimportant, might be seized upon as an excuse for that creation of peers which the ministerial adherents in the Lower House are pressing for as their *promised reward*. We have not time to examine, at present, whether the course thus adopted by the House of Lords be the most dignified or the most prudent. We incline to think it the most prudent, and the least dignified; but we must postpone that consideration, and return to the circumstances more immediately connected with the recall of the Whigs.

The hopes of the country—of all those who from station, intelligence, and property, have been hitherto considered the true organs of public opinion,—had been raised so high by the announcement of the king's real sentiments, and the

dismissal (as it was called) of the revolutionary ministers, that great and natural disappointment followed the failure of his Majesty's attempt to form a new administration; and the feelings of men, under so entire a prostration of such exalted hopes, were painfully though diversely excited.—The general opinion at first was, that on the principle of *choosing the less of the two evils*, the former opponents of Reform ought to have consented to carry into effect his Majesty's pledges, and by submitting to be the instruments of an extensive Reform, to have postponed at least the wild and interminable project of Lord Grey.—Persons who took this view argued, as was quite true, that the country was equally wearied with, and alarmed at the ministerial plan—that, for the sake of getting rid of the *firebrand administration*, it would have zealously supported the King and a Cabinet which should propose any less destructive measure; they thought that when a pause had been thus effected, the natural good sense of the people at large would have resumed its influence, and that Reform might have been stopped at the limits assigned by the king, and the Revolution possibly indefinitely postponed.

There is much force in these arguments; but to have given this scheme full and fair operation, the business should have been placed in the hands of those who could, with the least inconsistency or sacrifice of opinion, have conducted it. It would have been idle to think of inviting Sir Robert Peel or Mr Croker, Mr Goulburn or Sir Charles Wetherell, to the confirmation of Schedule A. Lord Harrowby should have been placed at the head of the new ministry. We are aware that his Lordship's health and domestic habits would have disinclined him from undertaking the task, but as the difficulty was chiefly of his own making, he would have been bound, as a man of honour to have met it, in defiance of all personal considerations.

We are not aware whether any overture was made to Lord Harrowby; it was so natural to have looked to him and those who acted with him, to disentangle what they had complicated, that we can hardly suppose that they were not applied to; and yet, on the other hand, we cannot guess on what honourable excuse they could, if applied to, have resisted the appeal. In an administration formed of men, who, like them, were at once attached to the ancient constitution, yet willing to admit extensive alteration, was the last hope of saving the country. With them might have combined the moderate reformers from every side of both houses, and of every shade of opinion. Supported and assisted by the Conservatives under the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, they would have had better majorities than a government of Tories could, even in the opinion of the most sanguine, have expected. Such a project seemed to us, from the outset of the negotiation, to have been the only one which offered any possibility of success; but we must add, that even if it had succeeded, we do not see what advantage, except delay, it would have afforded; because the points which the Waverers considered as so im-

portant were, in fact, mere details, which even if carried, would have left the *principle* of the Bill in full and irresistible force. Nay, more—we are not sure that the country has not a better chance of a temporary respite or repose by the entire and unimpaired success of the whole ministerial project, than if any of the various plans of amendment had been substituted. The present bill is the un mutilated idol of the Reformers—they cannot, with any decency, quarrel with it for a season or two; but if it had been altered by either Tories or Waverers, all its intrinsic absurdities and mischiefs would have been charged upon the amendments, and we should have had forced upon us, within three months, a re-amended bill, more, if possible, subversive and revolutionary than the original proposition.

On reviewing, then, the course of this struggle, we console ourselves with thinking, that, however the conduct of the conservative party may be criticised on individual points, and as to particular occasions, the ultimate issue of the contest must have been nearly the same. To a revolution, the dissolution of April, 1831, irrevocably doomed us. It might, by a bolder opposition, have been, perhaps, delayed; but, on the other hand, it might also, by a rash step or a false move, have been *accelerated*; and, on the whole (with the single exception of the *extent* to which Lord Ellenborough was induced by the Waverers to carry his concessions,) we do not know that there is any part of the battle, since the first reading of the first bill, which, if it were to be fought over again, we should much care to see differently managed.

And now, what is to be the result of all? We must answer—as we did in the very outset—Revolution! And we have made great progress towards that goal even since the bill has been passed;—the quieting medicine, the anodyne potion, has been mixed and swallowed, but the disease is so much more urgent than ever, that even the quacks themselves, who compounded it, begin to think that they have by mistake poisoned their patient. How has the celebrated promise of the King's speech on the 21st June, 1831, been fulfilled? Where is now *'the security for the prerogatives of the Crown, and the authority of both houses of Parliament?'* Gone—vanished—and the words remain on the journals, a solemn mockery—a sarcastic antithesis—which belie themselves and deride the unhappy dupes whom they have deceived, insulted, and undone. We spare ourselves and our readers the pain of recapitulating all the atrocious insults offered, not merely to the royal authority, but to the very persons of their Majesties. We say nothing of the attempts to incite a cowardly mob to inflict the fate of *De Witte* upon the glory of England, the saviour of Europe. We will not dwell on the bewildered incapacity of the ministry, nor taunt them with the *failure* of their proclamations against the Unions, or the *success* of their denunciations against order and property—their strength to do mischief and their impotence to do any thing else; the fatal cata-

logue of their follies and faults is, we fear, in complete; the awful account is still current, and we, as yet, see only the first items of the series of misfortune and crime with which they are chargeable. We know not whether the day of retribution will come, but the day of reckoning assuredly will, and a repentant people, looking back with horror and remorse at the maniacal follies and atrocities which they may have committed, will, like the Santon in the story, curse the tempter who administered the intoxicating draught which produced at once their frenzy and their crimes.

And yet—is there no hope? Far be it from us to venture to say so:—hope from mere human efforts we have little, but we cannot believe that Providence, to whom we owe so long a series of happiness and glory, can have doomed this great country to entire and irretrievable desolation. We are disposed, even now—like the Duke of Newcastle, whose touching ‘Address to all classes and conditions of Englishmen’ lies before us, and with the sad but not despairing author of ‘Prospects of England’—to cling still to the hope of better things. That we have merited a severe chastisement, no one, who has observed our moral and religious condition, with Christian eyes, can doubt; and though the extent to which that just chastisement may be carried be inscrutable to human eyes, we cannot but feel so much confidence in the mercy of the great Disposer of events, as to believe that redemption is yet possible if it be sought with that spirit of contrition and humiliation towards heaven, and that moral firmness and Christian courage towards men, which the instincts of religion and nature alike suggest as the last refuge and best auxiliaries, ‘in all our troubles and adversities, whenever they oppress us.’ In the midst of our deep apprehensions, we hail some auspicious appearances. We would fain persuade ourselves, that we see ‘some spots of azure in the cloud sky.’ The King is undecieved—the House of Lords has been saved from utter contamination and degradation—those classes of society, on whose good sense all society must be founded, seem to be resuming their authority over public opinion—the demagogues are not quite satisfied with their prospects, and begin to suspect that fraud and frenzy will be found, in the long run, no match for common honesty and common sense. France, so long our salutary lesson, and so lately our delusive guide, is resuming her *monitory* aspect; and the *despotic* revolution of June, 1832, has already weakened the dangerous precedent of the *democratic* revolution of July, 1830. The sceptre of the citizen king is become the sword of an autocrat. By employing more than ten times the force which defended the legitimate throne, and by a slaughter twice greater than that of the *Three Great Days*, Louis Philippe still painfully and perilously balances himself on the tight rope, from which Charles X., with less nerve and more humanity, was willing to fall. The license of the press, which the legitimate

monarch endeavoured to restrain by *ordonances*, the republican king has silenced by cannon and scaffolds. Paris—the glorious example of revolutionary moderation and good order—is in a *state of siege*: the prisons are fuller from one day of *liberty*, than they had been for fifteen years of what was called *oppression*: and the tribunals—the legal guardians of persons and property—vanished, at the *word of command* from Marshal Soult, before the liberal and constitutional authority of *courts martial*!* The example of *July* had but too much effect upon us—let us hope that the lesson of *June* may not be thrown away.

Desperate as our condition may seem, there are these and many other consolatory considerations; and it is the duty of every honest man—of all who have hearts to feel, heads to understand, and hands to execute the duties of brave and high-minded Britons—to do all that may belong to each man in his individual station to endeavour to arrest the progress of the enemy, and by courage and, if necessary, self-devotion, to retrieve the day, or at least to secure such a position as may enable them to resume the contest with better hope to-morrow. The Romans after a great calamity did not waste their energies in complaints nor bury them in gloomy torpor; and they surrounded with public honours the man who, whatever were his errors, had the redeeming quality of not despairing, even in the last emergency, of the fortunes of his country. That heroic spirit saved the state in many emergencies, which a faint-hearted people would have considered as desperate. Rome recovered herself after Italy had been overrun by Hannibal—after the Gothic invaders had profaned the cerule chairs of her Senate and burned the Capitol—after plebeian seditions and even a servile war had devastated all but the undying courage of patriot hope. Our posterity will honour those brave and illustrious men who have hitherto so nobly fought an unequal battle; but it will still more, and more deservedly, honour the bolder and still more illustrious men, who, after our Constitution has passed through the Caudine forks of the Reform Bill, shall be still found not to have despaired of the salvation of England.

Let us recollect, as an incentive to hope, though it has been disregarded as a lesson of prudence, that we have *once before* had a revolution—a reformed parliament, a suppression of close boroughs—a subjugation of the House of Lords—and a substitution of cheap republican forms for the costly trappings of the monarchy. We have had all that; and we shall have it again; and again,

* We learn, as this sheet is passing through the press, that the Tribunals have obtained an advantage over Marshal Soult, and that his *paper siege* (imitated from Bonaparte’s *paper blockades*) is raised: but this does not alter our view; it is but a complication of the difficulties of the Citizen King, and the prelude to a fresh struggle..

we trust, with the same result. Those theories of government, which captivate and delude for the moment, cannot stand the test of time. They neither possess the reverence which antiquity gives, nor gratify the hope which their novelty inspired: all parties—the adherents of the aspirants of the new—are equally dissatisfied: turbulence, tumults, anarchies ensue: and all mankind, even those who were foremost in the first commotions, are, by and by, glad to revert, for the security of persons and stability of property, to the sober experience of better days. The Regicide Reform of 1649 ended in a royal triumph, and Charles II. rode, crowned with the garlands of popular joys, over the very spot on which had stood, ten years before, his father's scaffold. As certainly, we, or our children, see the revolution of 1832, with all its consequences, however fatal or extensive they may be, terminate its execrated career in another more joyful and triumphant *Restoration*. Let us watch then with courageous hope and pious confidence for that day; and let us husband our strength and nourish our spirit, to enable us to take advantage of such means as Heaven may employ to bring about, in due season, that happy consummation!

From Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious and No le Characters.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BIOGRAPHY, like painting, derives a main interest from the contrast of strong lights and shadows. The glowing serenity of Italian skies, and the constant verdure of our own plains, delight us in nature, but on the canvass we look for tempestuous clouds, and rocky precipices, to break the uniformity of milder beauties; and, however necessary it may be that the judgment should be assured of the truth of representation, yet, at all events, the fancy must be gratified. So it is with the reality and the picture of human life. The virtues which adorned the living man are faint ornaments on his posthumous story, without the usual opposition of instances of infirmity and extravagance. Whether it be an envy of perfection, a hasty prejudice which may have induced us to suppose that it cannot exist in the human character, or a just experience of its extreme rarity, that renders the portrait displeasing, unnatural, or at best, insipid; or whether, under the influence of the secret principle of selfishness, virtue in losing its power of conferring benefits, may not seem to have lost most of its beauty, are questions not to be solved; the fact, however, is incontrovertible.

Under the pressure of these reflections, and of others nearly as discouraging, I sit down to write some account of the life of Sir Philip Sidney, whose character displays almost unvaried excellence; whose splendour of talents, and purity of mind, were, if possible, exceeded by the simpli-

city and the kindness of his heart; whose short, but matchless, career was closed by a death in which the highest military glory was even more than rivalled, not by those degrees of consolation usually derived from religion and patience, but by the piety of a saint, and the constancy of a stoic: a life too which has so frequently been the theme of the biographer; of which all public facts are probably already recorded, and on which all terms of panegyric seem to have been exhausted.

Sir Philip Sidney was born on the twenty-ninth of November, 1554. His family was of high antiquity, Sir William Sidney, his lineal ancestor, a native of Anjou, having accompanied Henry the Second from thence, and afterwards waited on that Prince as one of his chamberlains. From this courtly origin the Sidneys retired suddenly into privacy, and settled themselves in Surrey and Sussex, where they remained for nearly four hundred years in the character of country gentlemen, till Nicholas Sidney, who was twelfth in descent from Sir William, married Anne, daughter of Sir William Brandon, and aunt and co-heir to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, a match which gave him a sort of family connection to Henry the Eighth, and probably drew him to the court. William, his only son, became successively an esquire of the body, a chamberlain, steward, and gentleman of the privy chamber, to that Prince, whom he afterwards repeatedly served with distinguished credit, both in his fleets and armies, and from whom he received the honour of knighthood. To this Sir William, who is thus especially spoken of, because he may be esteemed the principal founder of the subsequent splendour of his family, Henry granted, in 1547, several manors and lands which had lately fallen to the crown by the attainder of Sir Ralph Vane, particularly the honour and park of Penshurst, in Kent. He too left an only son, Sir Henry Sidney, the dear friend of King Edward the Sixth, who died in his arms, one of Elizabeth's well chosen knights of the garter, the celebrated governor of Ireland, and President of Wales; a wise statesman, a true patriot, and a most honourable and beneficent gentleman. Of his three sons, by Mary, eldest daughter of the great and miserable John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the first was our Sir Philip Sidney.

With such zeal has every scattered fragment relative to this admirable person been preserved, that the circumstances of his very infancy would form a collection more extensive than the whole history of many a long and eminent life. "Of his youth," says Sir Fulke Greville, one of his school-fellows, and his first biographer, "I will report no other than this; that though I lived with him, and knew him from a child yet I never knew him other than a man; with such a steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years; his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught."

* Now advertised for republication by E. Littell, Philad.

In order that he might be near his family, which resided at Ludlow Castle during Sir Henry's presidency of Wales, he was placed at a school in the town of Shrewsbury, and seems to have been at no other; yet we find him, at the age of twelve years, writing to his father not only in Latin, but in French, and doubtless with correctness at least, since no censure is uttered on his epistles by his father, from whom we have the fact. It is communicated in a letter to him from Sir Henry, so excellent in every point of consideration, and more particularly as it should seem to have been the very mould in which the son's future character was cast, that I cannot help regretting that its great length, not to mention that it has lately been published by Dr. Zouch, should render it unfit to form a part of the present sketch.

He was removed to Christchurch in the University of Oxford, in 1569, and placed under the care of Dr. Thomas Thornton, (who became through his means a Canon of that house), assisted by Robert Dorsett, afterwards Dean of Chester. Dr. Thornton was the gratuitous preceptor of Camden, and introduced him to Sidney, who became afterwards one of his most earnest patrons; and that faithful historian, who so well and so early knew him, has told us that "he was born into the world to show unto his age a sample of ancient virtues." Sidney studied also for some time at Cambridge, and there confirmed that fast friendship with Greville which had commenced at their school, and which the latter, with a warmth which the lapse of more than forty surviving years had not impaired, so emphatically commemorates on his own tomb, in the collegiate church of Warwick, by this inscription—"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

He concluded his academical studies at seventeen years of age, and on the twenty-sixth of May, 1572, departed for France with Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and admiral, then appointed by Elizabeth her ambassador extraordinary. His uncle Leicester, who probably cared little for talents in which cunning had no place, gave him on that occasion a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, then resident minister at Paris, in which he says "he is young and rawe, and no doubt shall find those countries, and the demeanours of the people somewhat strange to him, in which respect your good advice and counsell shall greatly behove him," &c. He was received with great distinction. Charles the Ninth appointed him a gentleman of his bedchamber, and he became familiarly known to Henry, King of Navarre, and is said to have been highly esteemed by that great and amiable Prince. Charles's favour to him, it is true, had been considered but as a feature of the plan of that evil hour to lull the protestants into a false security during the preparations for the diabolical massacre of St. Bartholomew, which burst forth on the twenty-second of August, within a fortnight after he had been admitted into his office. Sidney, on that

dreadful occasion, sheltered himself in the house of Walsingham, and quitted Paris as soon as the storm had subsided.

After a circuitous journey through Lorraine, by Strasburgh, and Heidelberg, he rested for a time at Frankfort, where he became acquainted with the celebrated Hubert Languet, then resident minister there for the Elector of Saxony; a man who to the profoundest erudition joined the most intimate knowledge of the history, the laws, the political systems, and the manners of modern Europe; and whose eminent qualifications received their last polish from an upright heart, and a benign temper. At an age when men usually retire to the society of the friends of their youth, and the flatterers of their opinions, this sage selected the youthful Sidney, not only as his pupil, but as the companion of his leisure, and the depository of his confidence. "That day on which I first beheld him with my eyes," says Languet, "shone propitious to me." They passed together most part of the three years which Sidney devoted to his travels, and, when absent from each other, corresponded incessantly by letters. Languet's epistles have been more than once published, and amply prove the truth of these remarks; nor are Sidney's testimonials of gratitude and affection to him unrecorded.

Having halted long at Vienna, he travelled through Hungary, and passed into Italy, where he resided chiefly at Venice and Padua, and, without visiting Rome, which, it is said, no doubt truly, that he afterwards much regretted, he returned to England about May, 1575, and immediately after, then little more than twenty-one years of age, was appointed ambassador to the emperor Rodolph. The professed object of the mission was mere condolence on the death of that Prince's father; but Sidney had secret instructions to negotiate a union of the protestant states against the Pope and Philip of Spain; and the subsequent success of the measure has been ascribed to his arguments and address. While transacting these affairs he became acquainted with William the first Prince of Orange, and with Don John of Austria; and these heroes, perhaps in every other instance uniformly opposed to each other, united, not only in their tribute of applause, but in an actual friendship with him. William, in particular, held a constant correspondence with him on the public affairs of Europe, and designated him as "one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of state of that day in Europe."

Sidney returned from his embassy in 1577, and passed the eight succeeding years undistinguished by any public appointment. His spirit was too high for the court, and his integrity too stubborn for the cabinet. Elizabeth, who always expected implicit submission, could not long have endured such a servant; yet he occasionally advised her with the utmost freedom, and she received his counsel with gentleness. Of this we have a remarkable instance in his letter to her, written at great length, in 1579, against the proposed match with the Duke of Alençon, after of

Anjou, which may be found in the Cabala, and in Collins's Sidney papers, and which Hume has pronounced to be written "with an unusual elegance of expression, as well as force of reasoning." Sir Fulke Greville calls him "an exact image of quiet and action, happily united in him, and seldom well divided in others;" activity, however, was the ruling feature in the mechanism of his nature, while the keenest sensibility reigned in his heart. Perhaps, too, if we may venture to suppose that Sidney had a fault, those mixed dispositions produced in him their usual effect, an impatience and petulance of temper, which the general grandeur of his mind was calculated rather to aggravate than to soften. Hence, in this his time of leisure, he fell into some excesses, which in an ordinary person, so much is human judgment swayed by the character of its subject, might perhaps rather have challenged credit than censure. Such were his quarrels with the Earls of Ormond and Oxford, the one too worthy, the other too contemptible, to be the object of such a man's resentment. Ormond had been suspected by Sidney of having endeavoured to prejudice the Queen against his father, and had therefore been purposely affronted by him; but the Earl nobly said (as appears by a letter in Collins's papers to Sir Henry Sidney), that he would accept no quarrel from a gentleman who was bound by nature to defend his father's cause, and who was otherwise furnished with so many virtues as he knew Mr. Philip to be. We are not told, however, that Sidney was satisfied. Oxford was a brute and a madman; insulted him at a tennis-court, without a cause, and with the utmost vulgarity of manners and language: yet, so angry was Sidney, that the privy council, finding their endeavours to prevent a duel would be ineffectual, were obliged to solicit Elizabeth to interpose her authority. Her argument on this occasion, for with him she condescended to argue, is too curious to be omitted. "She laid before him," says Sir Fulke Greville, "the difference in degree between earls and gentlemen; the respect inferiors owed to their superiors; and the necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, as degrees descending between the people's licentiousness and the annointed sovereignty of crowns; and how the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasant to insult upon both." Sidney combatted this royal reasoning with freedom and firmness, but submitted. He retired, however, for many months, much disgusted, into the country; and, in that season of quiet, thus forced upon him, is supposed to have composed his *Arcadia*. These things happened in 1580; but the strongest and most blameable instance of his intemperance is to be found in a letter from him, of the 31st of May, 1578, to Mr. Edward Molineux, a gentleman of ancient family, and secretary to his father, whom he had hastily, and it seems unjustly, suspected of a breach of confidence. Let it speak for itself, and, saving us the pain of remarking further on it, allow us to take leave of sole imperfection of Sidney's character.

"MR. MOLINEUX,

"Few wordes are beste. My lettres to my father have come to the eyes of some; neither can I condemne any but you for it. If it so, yow have plaide the very knave with me, and so I will make yow know, if I have good proofe of it: but that for so muche as is past; for that which is to come, I assure yow before God, that if ever I knowe you do so muche as reede any lettre I wryte to my father, without his commandement, or my consente, I will thruste my dagger into yow; and truste to it, for I speake it in earnest. In the meane time farewell. By me, PHILIPPE SIDNEY."

About this time he represented the county of Kent in Parliament, where he frequently was actively engaged in the public business. He sat in 1581 on a most select committee for the devising new laws against the Pope, and his adherents. In the same year the proposals for the French marriage were earnestly renewed; the Duke of Anjou visited Elizabeth; and, after three months ineffectual suit, was, through her wisdom or folly, finally, but pompously dismissed. Sidney was appointed one of the splendid train which attended him to Antwerp, and we find him soon after his return, soliciting for employment. "The Queen," says he, in a letter to Lord Burghley, of the twenty-seventh of January, 1582, "at my L. of Warwick's request, hath bene moved to join me in this office of ordinance; and, as I learn, her Majestie yields gracious heering unto it. My suit is your L. will favour and furdre it, which I truly affirme unto your L. I much more desyre for the being busied in a thing of some serviceable eyperience than for any other comoditie, which is but small, that can arise from it." His request was unsuccessful, and it was perhaps owing to this disappointment that he devoted the whole of the next year to literary leisure, one result of which is said to have been his "Defence of Poesy." In 1583 he married Frances, the only surviving daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, by whom two years afterwards, he had an only child, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland; and on the thirteenth of January in that year was knighted at Windsor, as a qualification for his serving as proxy for John, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, at an installation of the order of the Garter.

It is strange that almost immediately after his disinterested marriage to a young woman of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, he should have laid a plan to accompany Drake, in his second voyage, all the great objects of which it was agreed should be committed to his management. The whole had been devised and matured with the utmost secrecy, and it should seem that he was actually on board when a peremptory mandate arrived from the Queen to stay him. A speculation, the extravagance of which was perhaps equal to its honour, awaited his return. He was invited to enrol himself among the candidates for the crown of Poland, vacant in 1585 by the death of Stephen Bathori, and this historical fact affords a stronger general proof of the fame of his

transcendent character than all the united testimonies even of his contemporaries. That a young man, sprung from a family not yet ennobled; unemployed, save in a solitary embassy, by his own sovereign; passing perhaps the most part of his time in literary seclusion; should have been solicited even to be certainly unsuccessful in so glorious a race, would be utterly incredible, were it not absolutely proved. Here Elizabeth's prohibition again interfered: "She refused," says Naunton, "to further his advancement, not only out of emulation, but out of fear to lose the jewel of her times." She became, however, now convinced that this mighty spirit must have a larger scope for action. Sidney was sworn of the Privy Council, and, on the seventh of November in the same year appointed governor of Flushing, one of the most important of the towns then pledged to Elizabeth for the payment and support of her auxiliary troops, and General of the Horse, under his uncle Leicester, who was Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in the Low Countries. On the eighteenth of that month he arrived at Flushing, and, as it were by an act of mere volition, instantly assumed, together with his command, all the qualifications which it required. His original letters, preserved in our great national repository, abundantly prove that he was the ablest general in the field, and the wisest military counsellor in that service: of his bravery it is unnecessary to speak. I insert one of them addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham, and hitherto unpublished; not with the particular view of making that proof, but to give perhaps the strongest possible instance of the wonderful variety, as well as of the power of his rich mind: to exhibit the same Sidney whose pen had so lately been dedicated to the soft and sweet relaxation of poesy and pastoral romance, now writing from his tent, amid the din of war, with the stern simplicity, and short-breathed impatience, of an old soldier. The letter, indeed, is in many other respects of singular curiosity. The view which it imperfectly gives us of his earnest zeal for the Protestant cause, of Elizabeth's feelings towards him, and of the wretched provision made at home for the campaign, are all highly interesting.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

"I receive dyvers letters from you, full of the discomfort which I see, and am sorry to see, y^e yow daily meet with at home; and I think, such is y^e goodwill it pleaseth you to bear me, y^e my part of y^e trouble is something y^e troubles yow; but I beseech yow let it not. I had before cast my count of danger, want, and disgrace; and, before God, Sir, it is trew in my hart, the love of y^e caws doth so far over balance them all, y^e, with God's grace, thei shall never make me weery of my resolution. If her Ma^y wear the fountain, I wold fear, considering what I daily fynd, y^e we shold wax dry; but she is but a means whom God useth, and I know not whether I am deceived, but I am faithfully persuaded, y^e if she shold wthdraw herself, other springes wold ryse to help this action: for methinkes I see y^e great work in-

deed in hand against the abusers of the world, wherein it is no greater fault to have confidence in man's power, then it is too hastily to despair of God's work. I think a wyse and constant man ought never to greeve wyle he doth plaie, as a man may sai, his own part truly, though others be out; but if himself leav his hold becaws other marriners will be ydle, he will hardly forgive himself his own fault. For me, I can not promis of my own cource, no, not of the . . . becaws I know there is a eyer power y^e must uphold me, or else I shall fall; but certainly I trust I shall not by other men's wantes be drawne from myself; therefore, good Sir, to whome for my particular I am more bownd then to all men besydes, be not troubled with my troubles, for I have seen the worst, in my judgement, beforehand, and wors then y^e can not bee."

"If the Queene pai not her souldiours she must loos her garrisons; ther is no dout thereof; but no man living shall be hable to sai the fault is in me. What releefe I can do them I will. I will spare no danger, if occasion serves. I am sure no creature shall be hable to lay injustice to my charge; and, for furdre doutes, truly I stand not upon them. I have written by Adams to the council plainli, and thereof lett them determin. It hath been a costly beginning unto me this war, by reason I had nothing proportioned unto it; my servantes unexperienced, and myself every way unfurnished; but hereafter, if the war continew, I shall pas much better thorow with it. For Bergen up Zome, I delighted in it, I confess, becaws it was neer the enemy; but especially, having a very fair hows in it, and an excellent air, I destenied it for my wyfe; but, fynding how yow deal there, and y^e ill paiment in my absence then might bring forth som mischeef, and considering how apt the Queen is to interpret every thing to my disadvantage, I have resigned it to my Lord Willowghby, my very frend, and indeed a vaillant and frank gentleman, and fit for y^e place; therefore I pray yow know that so much of my regality is fain."

"I understand I am called very ambitious and proud at home, but certainly if thei know my hart thei wold not altogether so judg me. I wrote to yow a letter by Will, my Lord of Lester's jesting plaier, enclosed in a letter to my wyfe, and I never had answer thereof. It contained something to my Lord of Lester, and council y^e som wai might be taken to stai my lady there. I since, dyvers tymes have writt to know whether you had received them, but yow never answered me y^e point. I since find y^e the knave deliver'd the letters to my Lady of Lester, but whether she sent them yow or no I know not, but earnestly desyre to do, becaws I dout there is more interpreted thereof. Mr. Erington is with me at Flushing, and therefore I think myself at the more rest, having a man of his reputation; but I assure yow, Sir, in good earnest, I fynd Burlas another manner of man than he is taken for, or I expected. I would to God, Burne had obtained his suit. He is earnest, but somewhat discomposed with consideration of his estate. Turner is good for nothing, and worst for y^e sownd of y^e hackbutes. We shall have a sore warr upon us this sommer, wherein if appointment had

been kept, and these disgraces forborn, which have greatly weakened us, we had been victorious. I can say no more at this time, but pray for you long and happy life. At Utrecht, this 24th of March, 1586.

Your humble son,

PH. SIDNEY.

"I know not what to say to my wyve's coming till you resolve better; for if you run a strange course, I may take such a one as will not be fit for any of the feminine gender. I pray you make much of Nichol. Gery. I have been very much deceived for armours for horamen; if you could speedily spare me any out of your armory, I will send them you back as soon as my own be finished. There was never so good a father find a more troublesome son. Send Sir William Pelham, good Sir, and let him have Clerke's place, for we need no clerks; and it is most necessary to have such a one in the council."

On the fifth of May, following the date of this letter, he lost his father, and on the ninth of August, his mother. Providence thus mercifully spared them the dreadful trial which was fast approaching. Sir Philip, having highly distinguished himself in many actions of various fortune, commanding on the twenty-fourth of September a detachment of the army, met accidentally a convoy of the enemy, on its way to Zutphen, a strong town of Guelderland, which they were then besieging. He attacked it with a very inferior force, and an engagement of uncommon fury ensued, in which having had one horse shot under him, and being remounted, he received a musket shot a little above the left knee, which shattered the bone, and passed upwards towards the body. As they were bearing him from the field of battle toward the camp, (for the anecdote, though already so often told, cannot be too often repeated), he became faint and thirsty from excess of bleeding, and asked for water, which he was about to drink, when observing the eye of a dying soldier fixed on the glass, he resigned it to him, saying "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." He was carried to Arnheim, and variously tortured by a multitude of surgeons and physicians for three weeks. Amputation, or the extraction of the ball, would have saved his inestimable life, but they were unwilling to practice the one, and knew not how to perform the other. In the short intervals which he spared during his confinement from severe exercises of piety he wrote verses on his wound, and made his will at uncommon length, and with the most scrupulous attention. Of that instrument, which is inserted, with some mistakes, in Collins's Sidney Papers, Sir Fulke Greville most justly says, "This will of his, will ever remain for a witness to the world that those sweet and large, even dying affections in him, could no more be contracted with the narrowness of pain, grief, or sickness, than any sparkle of our immortality can be privately buried in the shadow of death." It is dated the last day of September, 1586, and on the seventeenth of October he added a codicil, with many

tokens of regard to intimate friends. A small but interesting fact disclosed by that codicil, has hitherto escaped the notice of his biographers. It ends with these words; "I give to my good friends, Sir George Digby, and Sir Henry Goodier, each a ring of . . . His dictation was interrupted by death.

Thus ended a life, doubtless of great designs, but of few incidents. The jealousy and timidity of Elizabeth denied to Sir Philip Sidney any share in her state confidence; excluded him from a cabinet which he would have enlightened by his counsels, and purified by the example of his honour and integrity; and devoted him to an honourable banishment, and a premature death. Such a man should have had such a master as Henry the Fourth of France, and a concord of all that was wise, and virtuous, and amiable, might have gone far towards gaining the empire of Europe, by winning the hearts of its people. But he was consigned to almost private life, and a strict observer of his mind and heart would have been his best biographer. Most of the inestimable story which such a one might have preserved for our delight and our instruction is lost for ever. Sir Fulke Greville, who however, entirely loved him, wanted the talent, or the feeling, or both, which might have excited and enabled him to record innumerable effusions of goodness, and wisdom, and genius, imbibed by himself, even at the fountain head; but his book, which has been the chief ground work for subsequent writers, contains little but meagre facts, and vapid eulogium. Those who would study them with precision the detail of Sidney's character must seek it in his writings, and I regret that the proposed limits of the present publication are too confined to allow of disquisition to that effect. I shall conclude, however, by enumerating them, adding a very few remarks.

We do not find that any of his works were published while he lived. The *Arcadia*, which has been translated into most of the living tongues, and so frequently reprinted, first appeared in 1591; as did "Astrophel and Stella," a long series of Sonnets and Songs, intended, it is said, to express his passion for the fair Lady Rich. "The Defence of Poesy," a critical rhapsody, full of classical intelligence, and acute observation, was first printed in 1595; these only of his works were published singly. Other of his Sonnets, a poem called "A Remedy for Love," and "The Lady of May," a masque, have been subjoined to different editions of the *Arcadia*. In the volume published in 1600, and now lately reprinted, with the title of "England's Helicon, or a Collection of Songs," are many from his pen. His answer to that furious volume of vengeance against his uncle, well known by the title of "Leicester's Commonwealth," remained in manuscript so late as 1746, when Collins inserted it in his fine publication of the Sidney Papers. There are a few other pieces, both in verse and prose, which, having been perhaps falsely ascribed to him, I forbear to mention.

Notwithstanding all that we have heard of Sir Philip Sidney's early fondness for literature, I am inclined to think that, had he been placed in his proper sphere, we might never have known him as an author. The character of his talents, the form of his education, the habits of his early society, and his own earnest inclination, combined to qualify him for a statesman of the first order. Disappointed in his favourite views, his activity probably sought relief in literary exercise, and hence we find more of the mind than of the heart, more judgment than fancy, in the productions of his pen. He fled to the muse, perhaps, rather for refuge than enjoyment, and courted her more in the spirit of a friend than of a lover; but the warmth of the attachment was sufficient to produce a flame which was always bright and pure, and which, if it did not dazzle, at least never failed to enlighten. His works in general may be characterized as the choicest fruits of universal study, and unbounded recollection, selected by a mind which while it possessed equal measures of the most powerful vigour, and the most refined delicacy, was ruled by the highest sentiments of religious, moral, and social duty. He was deficient in originality, but the splendour of his virtues and of his talents awed criticism to silence, or charmed it into unqualified approbation; till a writer, confessedly at the head of his own most agreeable class, stood boldly forward, not to start that objection, but to deny nearly all which the united suffrages of Europe had for two centuries implicitly agreed to grant. Lord Orford, in his sketch of the life of Sir Fulke Greville, calls Sir Philip Sidney "an astonishing object of temporary admiration;" discovers his *Arcadia* to be "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance;" and insults the sublimity of his exit by ascribing it to "the rashness of a volunteer." But the noble writer delighted in biographical paradoxes, and perhaps in controverting received opinions, and high authorities. It was natural enough for the champion of Richard the Third to turn his weapons against Sir Philip Sidney, as well as to endeavour to pull down the character of Lord Falkland, from the height on which it had been placed by the glowing pen of the immortal Clarendon. But a truce with such specks of criticism. Let them who are able and willing to judge for themselves, turn to the Defence of Poesy for the prodigious extent and variety of Sidney's studies, and for his judicious application of the results of them; let them contemplate, even in the very first pages of the *Arcadia*, the readiness and playfulness of his wit, and in the whole innumerable scattered proofs of his speculative and practical wisdom; let them compare his style, both in verse and prose, with those of contemporary authors; and they will turn, with a sentiment almost amounting to anger, from a solitary judgment founded in caprice, and uttered at least with indiscrimination.

However imprudent it may be to place in the same view with my own observations a passage so finely conceived, and so exquisitely expressed,

I cannot conclude without citing, in justification of some of the opinions which I have presumed here to give, the words of an admirable living critic. "Sidney," says he, in comparing his poetical talents with those of Lord Buckhurst, "displays more of the artifices, and less of the inspiration of Poetry. His command of language, and the variety of his ideas are conspicuous. His mind exhibits an astonishing fund of acquired wealth; but images themselves never seem to overcome him with all the power of actual presence. The ingenuity of his faculties supplies him with a lively substitute; but it is not vivid, like the reality."

From the Westminster Review.

PROSPECTS OF REFORM.*

ONE of the touchstones of a good commander, is always to move forward after a success. A driveller dawdles, and does not know what to do next; and so the precious time passes, and the enemy has time to set himself upon his legs again. In fact, beat any set of men, and give them three weeks without following up, and they will be as ready to try to beat you again as ever they were. It is in the nature of human affairs, that in all cases of recent contest, each party must either go forward or backward; a state of rest may be arrived at by slow degrees, but it is not a thing to be had by wishing for, nor by any man's running his head under the bed-clothes and fancying it peace.

The English people and the honest part of the aristocracy, have just beaten the dishonest part of the latter à *plate couture*; which means that the opponent has been fairly forced out of the field. It is true that it has been done without fighting; but then there were none to fight withal. It would have been useless to recall this fact, if the bad portion of the aristocracy and their organs had not been the first to talk of military array; but as it is, it is one of the data for estimating their position. Men who would have fought and could not,—who were restrained from shedding blood by no motive of humanity or love of country, but who, on the contrary, chuckle over the idea of settling the manufacturing towns 'in blood,'—such men, if properly looked to, are not dangerous after a great defeat such as they

* *The Extraordinary Black Book; an Exposition of Abuses in Church and State, Courts of Law, Representation, Municipal and Corporate bodies; with a View of the House of Commons, past, present, and to come. A new Edition, greatly enlarged, and corrected to the present time. By the Original Editor. London. Effingham Wilson. 1832. 8vo. pp. 663.*

2. *The Rights of Nations: A Treatise on Representative Government, Despotism and Reform. By the Author of 'The R. former's Catechism' and 'The People's Charter.'—London: J. Crooks. 1832. 12mo. pp. 454.*

3. *Parliamentary Candidate's proposed Declaration of Principles; or, a test proposed for Parliamentary Candidates.—London. Published at the Office of the Westminster Review, 5, Wellington street, Strand; and sold by the Agents of the Westminster Review in all Parts of the Kingdom. 1831. pp. 18.*

have just met with. Only they must not be played the fool with; and decent care must be taken, being down, to keep them down. They must not be invited to resurrection by simplicity; no man scotches a viper and then says, 'Go your way, till I meet you another time.' The object is to act wisely and resolutely now.

The first element for settling the people's position and their duty, is to see clearly by whom the contest has been won. It has been won by the combination of two great classes,—the representatives of the aristocracy that made the Revolution of 1688 and their retainers,—and the masses of intelligent individuals in the working and middle ranks, that have grown up since the intermission of war in 1815. There is no need to distinguish them by symbols *x* and *y*, though it could be done almost as briefly; for titles, like comparisons, are sometimes odious. There was a good deal of distrust on both sides, before these two classes could be made to draw together; but at last, draw they did, in spite of all the efforts of open and hidden enemies, and the result has been to demonstrate, that as long as they *will* draw together, the field is before them. They have no enemy so long as they can combine; though armed men would rise out of the ground to demolish both, the moment any symptom was given of separation. It is the common question, of whether parties having great interests in union, can make such small sacrifices as shall continue their co-operation; or whether they will lose the ninety per cent. by quarrelling and separating for the ten. The family receipt on these occasions is, that a good deal must be given up on both sides; and what is sense for a family, is sense for a parish or a nation.

The first inference therefore upon view is, that the two parties,—the honest aristocracy and the intelligent people,—must hold together at all hazards. And the next is, that to accomplish this, they must each yield something to the other, and rather be inclined to strain compliments upon each other, than to be picked and precise as to what shall be mutually demanded. The aristocratic side have had a cheap bargain, in being carried on the shoulders of the people to an elevation that gives them the prospect of such real greatness, fame, and useful power, as have never been surpassed in the world's history. They would not be ungrateful, they would be fools and incapables too low to be accountable for their actions, if they were to think of quarrelling with the steed that carries them. And the people, on the other hand, have done through the junction of the aristocracy, what they would not have done without; and *will* do, through the continuance of the alliance, what they could not do, or at all events could not do so easily and so well. The union is a good union, if the parties can only be made to hold one another in the mutual respect that shall continue it. The point to be settled therefore is, what each ought to give up to the other. And here the people have already agreed to give up,—not only all questions of

major changes in the form of government, though many of them had imbibed from history and experience strong leanings in that direction,—but also any attempt to carry further the alterations in the subordinate forms and channels of legislation, except so far as the necessity shall be evinced by future experience. There is no disguise or concealment, of what it is the people have fixed their minds upon. They have set their hearts upon being as well governed as their cousins in the United States;—and they mean to have it. They have no notion why New York should be governed well, and Old York ill; and they have agreed to try whether the present change will produce the effect desired, and if not, they will try another. This is their bargain; and what they have bargained, they will stand to. But then this is of itself an enormous *quid*, and implies a *pro quo* of proportionate dimensions. The fear is not that the upright aristocracy should give too much, but that after exerting all their talents they should give too little. They stand in the situation of officers, who by the firmness and vigour of the array of common men behind them, have just been carried to the pinnacle of present success against a stubborn enemy, who is known to be rallying again behind the next ridge, to try his fortune in at all events cutting off as much as possible of the fruits of victory. In such circumstances, if any man were to ask what would be, not the wisest, but the maddest thing such officers could do,—if he were to be curious in ascertaining what imaginable proceeding would lead most directly to the conclusion that it had pleased God to visit them with a privation of the degree of reason which makes men competent to the actions of common life,—it would be if it should from any source be suggested to their minds, to hint about disbanding the array that had led to victory. If any body chooses to suppose such a case,—which is perhaps hardly civil,—the rest would clearly be, that the opauettes who conducted themselves, would be invited to go over to the enemy's side to prevent confusion, and somebody else would quietly step forward and take their places. There would be a general cry through the ranks, that we had not come here for the pleasure of marching up a given hill, or looking down upon a range of country from a given point, but of attaining certain public objects, and till these were practically and substantially secured, the man was a traitor who should so much as whisper to pile arms. There are degrees of folly no man thinks of; and this is one of them. But if by some gambol of imagination the case is supposed to occur, the answer that would fly from rank to rank would necessarily be, 'Neither for you nor any man!' We stand here in the plenitude of conscious and experimented strength; we should be sorry to suppose that either A or B should think of making themselves our enemies, but if A and B are given over to an insane mind, A and B must only try.'

At the same time it is evident, that no set of

men want to stand in heavy marching order for ever, and that they will be as willing as any body else to turn into quiet quarters, the moment the people on the staff will bring things into a reasonable state for doing so. What, then, is that reasonable state?

The first essential towards it, is manifestly that our aristocracy or men of epaulettes shall have removed from us all those marks and badges of servitude, the imposition of which *they themselves protested against when they were a minority*. This is a criterion which any body must be a barefaced rogue and deceiver to object to. The various chains and gags and collars, inflicted since 1791 in the shape of restrictions or impediments on the press, on the right of popular meeting and communication on political subjects, the Six Acts, and the Foreign Enlistment Act, must come down and be trampled under foot before any man with the spirit of a leader or the honesty of a private sentinel, can counsel or hear of any counsel of abating the least of the array that has won the victory. We have won it by means of the array; and we are not so simple as to be told, that because we have won it, the reasonable inference is that we should submit ourselves tied and bound to the enemy. If they love us, they will not dream of asking us any such thing; for if they did, they know the answer. We all of us are well aware, that the frame and constitution, the mechanism and carefully contrived organization of our government is, that substantial and officacious portions of it shall be born and bred, and christened and married and buried, under the full influence and operation of every thing which an ingenious theorist could point out as hostile to the interests of us the people, and that these constitute the antagonist powers, by the action of which the vessel of the public happiness is to be kept with the keel downwards and the masts uppermost. We know that it is ruled and regulated,—not as any temporary phenomenon, but as what is to be systematically repeated and renewed from generation to generation,—that one virtually if not ostensibly operative portion of the government, is to be an offset from a foreign power;—that the absolute powers of the Continent are always to have a representative and a vote, and all the final results of government in England are to be dashed and tempered by the introduction of this element;—and we know that this is as it ought to be, and in fact an invention *per se divina* for our happiness and well-being. But then we know too, that we are the other antagonist power, and that what we have, like the Yorkshireman in the farce, we mean to keep;—that those who wish to take any thing from us, or hinder us from recovering our own by a very brief and blunt application of what we have got ready,—are welcome to try, but had better think twice if they feel any interest in not being our enemies. There is a regiment on the other side of the steam-bridge, that manoeuvres 'uncommon' comfortably, and never a commission by purchase or by fathership among them; and if it was

forced upon us, if there was absolutely no escape, the only refuge would be to try something of the same kind here. But the great object of the guides and counsellors of the masses at the present moment, is to prevent and keep down the necessity for any such result. They have been sadly baffled and counteracted by the conduct of those who might have been supposed to have had an interest in concert; and they never had an idea, till they beheld it, of the quantity of downright sheer republicanism which existed in this country, in a state for being disengaged by such impolicy as has been displayed. If they had had the honour of being consulted, the last thing they would have asked the Lords to do, would have been to make such a rampant display of ill-will, followed by such exhibition of inability to resist. In short, they would have begged the Lords, to let themselves down gently; and this merely because their actual conduct produced an excitation on the popular side, which it was not easy to direct into conformity with the purpose in hand. But this was not the fault of the people or their leaders; on the contrary, it was a difficulty thrown in the way by their opponents. The people, however, still adhere to their desire to preserve the old formula of King, Lords, and Commons. The two first have made but a poor show on the present occasion; but the people mean to prop them up. And thence comes the *how*? And this, too, is one of the things the people intend to see settled, before they abate one jot of the active exertions which have placed them in the situation of men able to take care both of themselves and other persons.

The people, therefore, do not intend to abate a tittle of their present attitude, till they see the form of government by King, Lords, and Commons, put out of danger;—and most especially out of the greatest danger of all, that of being brought into continual collision with the safety and interests of the community. And the way to do this, is neither doubtful nor obscure;—*Clear the way for the present leaders to go on*. If any body should come forward and say, 'Good people, you have just had a great victory; whereupon our desire and request is, that you will let your leaders be taken from your head, and the commanders of the enemy be settled in their places'—if any body should be gross and foolish enough to say this, it is plain, that unless it had pleased heaven in the interval to visit the people with mental alienation, it would be equivalent to crying 'To your tents, O Israel,' and to forcing the people to take all the measures *now*, the initiation and demonstration of which were so effectual *before*. It would in fact be asking them to allow their throats to be cut to-day, by the men they hindered from doing it yesterday. Any attempt of this nature would be an act of open hostility; the consequences of which will be visible enough when they come. But it is not enough that this should be impracticable for the moment; the people are not going to stand for ever on a cold hill side, when by the mere display

of the legal and irresistible power which is in their hands, they can obtain security for the future and retire to bed. They know that the difficulty lies in the House of Lords. They know that for the last fifty years, men have been poured into that House for the express purpose of supporting the rotten boroughs as long as they could, and in case they should fail on that point, resisting the improvement of the condition of the people afterwards. For example, is it or is it not, matter of notoriety, that *five* rotten boroughs were the market price of a peerage;—that is to say, that it was at one time understood and acted on, that any man who could nominate five Members in the Commons House, might be made a Peer for asking? And in this state of things, it is to be made a question with the people, whether when they and the part of the aristocracy which are their friends are uppermost, the House of Lords is to be adjusted by the introduction of new Members in the ordinary and constitutional way. It in fact makes part and portion of the question, whether the people's officers are to be taken from their head, and those of the enemy substituted in their room. For any minister who should dream of holding office, and surrendering the right of advising and determining the making of Peers to coteries of court ladies or bedchamber lords—would evidently hold his popularity and his power of carrying on the government about as long, as if he were to concede that the employment of our regiments in making war, should depend on the appetites and propensities of the juvenile princes who present themselves from time to time in hussar dresses to the admiring legionaries. If the formula of Kings, Lords, and Commons is to continue, the operation of making peers is the operation, in which all the others may be said to be bound up. If the people's minister is not to have it, say so—and the question is then reduced to whether the people of Great Britain, standing in their present attitude of legal activity and constitutional organization, have or have not the power to prevent their interests from being at the mercy of a ministry of their enemies.

The case in short reduces itself to this. The enemies of the people have been only half beaten; and the question is, whether they shall be whole beaten, or the people shall lay down their arms before them as they are. And the officers, to say the truth, are not to be thought too much of; they are many of them only a half-and-half set, who come to our side because they think it will be the strongest in the end. There are those among them who would take service with the enemy to-morrow, if in the mean time they could ruin us neatly, and without a chance of resurrection. As a proof of it, they are hand and glove with the leaders of the enemy; and when they have a man to send upon a foreign mission, it is just in the enemy's ranks they think of looking for him. They must think us strange idiots if we are taken in by this—or if it does not breed a steady, cool determination, that for every act of this kind they try to commit, there must in common prudence

be a step more taken, to advance the power of the democracy at home. If we are to be served by enemies abroad, it is doubly necessary they should be directed by none at home. There must be a purgation—a purgation. A squad of the worst must turn out, and better take their places. Do they expect the English will be cheated like the French in July? There is clear treachery already; our worst enemies are applied to, to do our business abroad. There must be an end of this; and the sooner the better. Either the people have beaten or they have not; and if they have not, it is time they should try. But no frauds of the *juste milieu* here. The example is providential; the same men in France, whom the people in their folly and their stupidity allowed to take the reins when it was in their power to decide, are seen committing every enormity of the preceding government with increased energy and waiting for another day of popular union to consign them to destruction. The people of England will take warning, and keep free while they are free. Their enemies object only to one thing—that they should be free. The people may do what they please, provided they keep clear of this one unreasonableness—exercising the influence on the government, that shall enable them to take care of themselves. They may have representatives—since it cannot be helped;—but nothing can be so unconstitutional and inconsistent with all good government, as their combining in any union which shall make their representatives of use. The secret is simply this, that the government is not to be good. The understood bargain is, that the people shall not be free; and all that goes to make them so, is held up as a breach of social order, and to be resisted accordingly.

There is no arguing with opponents of this kind; it is a mere question whether the people have power to hold their own or not. If they have not, they will be squeezed dry as hay; and if they are not so squeezed already, it is only because they have the power of preventing it. Luckily they have the power, as has been proved, of preventing it without coming to actual blows; and this very power, the modest request is, that they should consent to lay aside.

Three things then, the people have a naked right to demand, before they will agree to lay down an atom of the state of preparation for constitutional resistance, which, thanks to the giver of all good, no body can make them lay down without consent. And these are, first, that there shall be no chance of their being insulted by the proposal for a ministry of their enemies;—secondly, that the way shall be opened for carrying on the government under the present form of King, Lords, and Commons, by either turning out the rotten-borough Lords, or, since no machinery has been provided for such an operation, neutralizing them by the machinery which has been provided, the introduction of honest blood to dilute the baseness of the other;—and thirdly, that our own side of the aristocracy should show their honesty, by immediately taking off from us

the fetters and badges of slavery laid upon us by our enemies, and that the criterion shall be, their own resistance to the measures at the time they were imposed. But this is but dry bread after all; it wants a condiment, an unction, to make it slip down the general throat, and give it some savour of festive triumph. Besides, men have wives and children, who do not go far into abstract political questions, though they abide the consequences; and for these, there should be something to make a holiday, some trophy gained that they can feel and thoroughly enjoy. For instance, is there no biting, insulting wrong—no household shame and intruding fireside degradation—that makes its way to the table where an honest man breaks his fast, and causes him to lay his hands upon his daughters heads and whisper inwardly, 'My dears, you all pay daily for keeping up a great bad house beyond the sea?' Would it not be a glorious thing, a matter for men to think of on their death-beds with delight, a deed splendid and brilliant in the eyes of foreign nations and which would go down to history as of that class of glowing national acts for which the opportunity was thought confined to the earlier ages of the world—if the British people, standing on the summit of their success and on the very ground where their cause was won, should put aside all meaner wrongs, and say, 'Rid us of one disgrace—liberate us from one infamy—let us go home to our wives and daughters clean men, and not with a conscious dirtiness of soul as payers for our own dishonour. We demand to be freed from it, not because it is impolitic, but because it is felony. We are honest men, and should not pay for Burking our fellow-citizens. We stand here as we are, till we see an end of slavery in the Colonies.' Consider how creditable this would be; reflect how fitting for decent people. Remember how gone-by governments have deceived you with an intended fraud and falsehood in their mouths; how they have stamped and determined the baseness of the act, and then kept you under the avowed baseness for seven years, for the sake of seven years profits of the wrong. Recollect how certain and indisputable it is, that you have in no instance got any thing but what you could command; that if the white slaves are not as ill off as the black, it is owing to one feeling—fear. Just turn in your minds, how simply, how speedily, how effectually, the whole question might be settled, and we and our children walk without an inward blast of degradation in our souls—if the Political Unions would but agree to demand the abatement of the West Indian nuisance? What strange people those religious are! Here will they make a point of not paying taxes for an ecclesiastical establishment they dislike, except after the exercise of such resistance as is within the law, to mark their hatred—and yet not one of them ever moves the question, whether it is consistent with a conscientious man's duty, to pay for the support of known crime without being subjected to the same degree of force. They can protest in the one case, because it concerns their party; they can-

not in the other, because it only concerns their souls. A pretty reckoning it will be at the last day, when they are asked, 'How came you to refuse church-dues unless your goods were taken, and had not the spirit to refuse in the same way to pay a tax for supporting the flogging of women in the West Indies?' They will say perhaps, that Peter caught a haddock. But it was not set before him in its nakedness, 'Friend Peter, now knowest, that what thou fishest for, is to keep a brothel in a Roman colony. And Peter's too, was the act of a man submitting to foreign conquest to avoid blood-shed, and not of a free citizen giving the approbation of his consent. If the only consequence of refusing the Roman tax-gatherer, would have been the taking of a cup or platter out of that house that like a good man he nursed his wife's mother in, it may be very doubtful whether Peter would have gone to fish. Or some will say, You may use the dearer sugar. But why are our consciences to allow of paying for the infamy without resistance, in this way more than in the other? But these things go by fancy. It is very odd, nevertheless, that any man should fancy paying for such disgrace, while there is a way of vindicating, not his pocket, but his honour—not his interest, but his conscience of not having submitted cowardly, without a protest, to degradation. Such things, however, require concert. Every thing must have a beginning. Come forward one man, and there shall be two; which is a considerable progress geometric, whatever it may be arithmetically. It would be splendid energy, that what men would not do in their own cause, they should do in the cause of others. Suppose we were taxed to pay to keep Burkers. Would it not be the duty of a well-bred Christian to refuse? Put it on this ground, if preferred; say that as gentlemen you cannot think of it. There is one set of men, however, who must be treated gently when the time comes; and those are the hereditary owners. A man cannot help the place he is born in. There are good people every where; but they must show themselves. One of the most humane and amiable men the writer of this ever knew, was born the hereditary master of a slave factory on the coast of Africa. But for the men who join for filthy lucre, we have neither pity nor remorse. They have had time enough for warning; and any loss to them will be only part of their speculation. They entered on it, knowing they were entering on a condemned business; and set their gains accordingly. If an insurer chooses to insure for a high premium on an act of desperate piracy, is that any reason the piracy should be spared?

Suppose again, that after seven years promise to abate the Burking nuisance, a committee was sitting to report on the state of the wells and premises. Would not the first question be, 'Have they examined, do they mean to examine, is there any chance that they will examine, will they allow any body to bring to be examined, any single individual of the class on whom the Burking falls?' Consider what would be thought of an operation, whose manifest end and object

was, to bring up the Burkers and invite them to give evidence for themselves. You are played with; you are made fools of; go to the Political Unions and make men of yourselves, and then hold up your heads before your wives and families. Be well prepared too with the bowels of the question. If any man tells you to look at the magnitude of the trade, tell him that all trade supported by a tax, is paid for twice, once by the payer of the tax, and once by the people from whom the honest trade is taken. Ask him why a trade in honest sugar should not be as good as in sugar you are disgraced to pay for. If he says there are slaves in the East Indies too,—first deny it,—secondly, ask him why, villany against villany, there is to be that particular villany that you must pay for. If any body points to the revenue and to shipping, tell him the same might be derived from an honest trade, and more; and that the boast of revenue and shipping from a trade that cannot keep itself, is a simple cheat for the benefit of the concerned. If any man tells you he has been credibly informed the slaves are happy, ask him if he would believe his informants if they told him the fish in a frying-pan were happy. Can a slave marry, can a slave prevent his children from being sold to other lands, can a slave give evidence of the rape of his daughter or the murder of his wife, though he saw it with his eyes? Oh, a man who can do none of these, must be wondrous happy;—what a 'cake,' what a piece of unleavened dough, must he be that can be persuaded of it. An Englishman may lack fresh beef; but what would he think of a law, which made it criminal to have fresh beef in his possession? Would this come home to him, and persuade him slaves were comfortable? All this is done, and you, you pay for it; and for no other end to yourselves, than that men shall come into your legislature to vote against your happiness. Is it true or not, that the West-Indian interest has always been in the head and front of the opposition to your own freedom? And how could it be otherwise; would it not have been a disgrace to have had any interest it could have in common? Things may be endured to a certain length; but there are lengths that men who have lived where bells have 'knoll'd to church,' respectable, well-educated men, decent men, men who have the habits of good society, cannot endure—there is a better word, *will not*. Don't endure it;—you may put it down in to months if you like. You have gained greater things than this;—gain this. If the government should put forward any plea of difficulty, tell them it is the first time the people of England have been advised to fear an enemy, kept up by a vote of the House. Hear no pleas on the probability of insurrection. Tell the 'Burkers,' the sooner the 'Italian boys' can rise upon them, the better for you; and that after having had seven years to abate the nuisance, they must be their own insurers. At last the press of England has taken up the right tone on that point; * and

has boldly declared, that insurrection is what the slaves must look to for relief. The people of England is with them heart and soul. How does an officer or soldier expect to be received, who comes back after performing the part of Jack Ketch for our enemies? Once more to the Political Unions,—don't endure it; but hold together like burrs, till you see this foul, indecent, unmanly shame wiped off from you and your posterity.

Do all this, and there will be something done for the 'Prospects of Reform.' Afterwards, the means will be of a more ordinary kind. The choice of good men to be representatives, is the great end to be pursued. For this purpose, the Political Unions are a ready organized set of committees. Choose no man, that will not be your delegate, or resign when your opinions clash. It would be an improvement still, if he could be paid as in the olden time, and as in America at this day. It would be a pleasant thing to hear a member say, 'My constituents, whose money I take, and whom of course I cannot go against.' This is the true tooting. If men have interests, they pay the lawyer they think can serve them. If lawyers offered to serve at their own expense, what would be the inference, but that they paid themselves out of the property that came before them? As to what should be demanded of such delegates, it would be useless to attempt a digest here; the work last cited in the head of the Article, is the legacy of the great man who is just gone to the Power that made him. The other books cited in the same place, afford copious illustrations of what there is to oppose and what to amend; and though perhaps not invariably right, they in the main give a formidable opinion of the judgment as well as talent of those who mean to set about the operation. One word of advice may be not unseasonable. Take care not to be deceived by the stratagems of the enemy. Let no man, for instance, unless he has a tail or some other asinine appendage, be taken in by such a raw jest as the Factory Bill. A Tory club have cut us off from our trade,—made laws that we shall not sell the labour of our hands,—reduced us and ours to the bare possibility of keeping soul and body together by labour the most excessive, and toil the most extravagant;—and these very men shall come forward and tell us, *that if we will send them to parliament to support all this abuse,—to maintain the Corn Laws, and keep down all chance of being allowed to sell our goods abroad,—they will do, what?—pass a bill to prevent us from working our own children more than ten hours a day. This is kind; this is benevolent; this is worth a man's going on his knees in the mud to thank them for. Get liberty to buy and sell, ye Issachars, ye asses couching between two burdens; and then your children may live by your labour, without leave from those who starve you. If negro slaves did any thing so absurd, the world would say, how debasing the effects of slavery! Feel every man for a tail, who talks of*

* Morning Chronicle. Examiner.

such a thing. Time was, a Yorkshireman might walk abroad, with some consciousness of being supposed as knowing as his neighbours. If fooleries of this kind go on, Gotham will be put in Schedule A, and the representation of unreason transferred into the West Riding.

From Fraser's Magazine.

We are indebted to Mr. Galt for this very curious paper. It was obtained by him from Mrs. Bawden, the daughter of General Monckton, who was second in command in the enterprise.

SECRET INSTRUCTIONS TO GENERAL WOLFE FOR THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

GEORGE R.—*Secret instructions for our trusty and well-beloved James Wolfe Esq. Brigadier-General of our Forces in North America, and Major-General and Commander-in-chief of a body of our Land Forces, to be employed in an expedition against Quebec, by the way of the River St. Lawrence. Given at our Court at St. James's, the 5th day of February, 1759, in the twenty-second year of our reign.*

Whereas we have, by our commission, bearing date the 12th day of January last, appointed you to be major-general and commander-in-chief of a considerable body of land forces, directed to assemble at Louisburg, in our island of Cape Breton, in order to proceed, by the way of the river St. Lawrence, as early as the season of the year will admit of operations, by sea and land, in those parts, to attack and reduce Quebec; and whereas we have appointed Rear-Admiral Saunders to be commander-in-chief of a squadron of our ships, to act in conjunction and co-operate with our land forces in the execution of the above most important service, we have thought fit to give you the following instructions for your conduct; and that you may be fully informed of the number of our forces destined for this expedition against Quebec, and of the several preparations directed to be made for that service, we have ordered to be delivered to you herewith extracts or copies of three letters wrote by one of our principal secretaries of state to Major-General Amherst, dated the 29th of December, and the 12th and 13th of January last past, together with a list of the said troops, and of the additional artillery and stores ordered to be sent to Louisburg; also copies of those letters to Rear-Admiral Saunders, dated the 9th, 12th, and 20th of January last; and of one to Rear-Admiral Durell, dated the 29th of December last.

1st. You are immediately, upon the receipt of these our instructions, to repair to Portsmouth, and there embark on board one of our ships of war, and proceed without loss of time to Louisburg, in the island of Cape Breton, where you are to take under your command the troops we have ordered to rendezvous at that place, on or about the 20th of April, if the season shall hap-

pen to permit; and you are, on your arrival at Louisburg, to use all possible diligence and expedition, in concert with Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander in chief of our ships, in embarking the troops, artillery, stores and all other requisites for the expedition against Quebec, and to proceed therewith at or about the 7th of May, or as soon as the season of the year shall permit, up the river St. Lawrence, and attack and endeavour to reduce Quebec; and it is our will and pleasure that you do carry into execution the said important operation with the utmost application and vigour.

2d. In case, on your arrival at Louisburg, you shall find that the troops which we have ordered Major-General Amherst to send with all expedition to that place, together with the artillery, stores, and all other requisites for the operation directed, shall, contrary to our expectation, and by any unfavourable accidents, not be yet arrived at Louisburg, you are, without loss of a moment's time, and by the most expeditious and sure means, to make the most pressing instances to Major-General Amherst, or the commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, and to Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander-in-chief of our ships in North America, in order to quicken and expedite, with the utmost diligence and despatch, all possible measures for most speedily assembling and collecting the said troops at Louisburg, as well as the artillery, stores, and all requisites for the expedition against Quebec.

3d. In case, by the blessing of God upon our arms, you shall make yourself master of Quebec, our will and pleasure is that you do keep possession of the said place; for which purpose you are to appoint out of the troops under your command, a sufficient and ample garrison, under the command of such careful and able officer as you shall judge best qualified for so important a trust, effectually to defend and secure said place; and you will immediately make, in the best manner practicable, such repairs to the works as you shall find necessary for the defence thereof, until you shall receive farther orders from us; and you are forthwith to transmit an exact account, to be laid before us, of the state and condition of the said place.

4th. As it cannot be foreseen by what time the attempt against Quebec may have its issue, or what the number and state of our troops and ships may be when that service shall be over; and also considering, in case, by the blessing of God upon our arms, you should, make yourself master of that place, the necessary garrison that must be left for the defence thereof, we judge it expedient to leave it to you and Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander-in-chief of our ships, to consider the state and circumstances of things, as they shall then be found, and thereupon to determine what ulterior operations, higher up the St. Lawrence, (in case the navigation of that river shall be found safe for such vessels as shall be best suited to the service,) may be practicable and expedient for making still further and effectual

impressions on the enemy; and in case any such ulterior operations as above, in consequence of the reduction of Quebec, shall be judged by you and Rear-Admiral Saunders expedient to be undertaken, our will and pleasure is that you do carry the same into execution in the manner which you shall think most conducive to the good of the service; and you will not fail, as expeditiously as may be, to inform thereof Major-General Amherst, commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, and as far as may be, to concert the same with our said general, in order that the operations in different parts may coincide, and mutually facilitate and strengthen each other.

5th. With regard to such of our forces, under your command, as shall be remaining after the above services are over, (and having first, in case of success, left a strong garrison at Quebec, as well as provided for the defence of any other posts which you shall find necessary to be maintained,) you are to cause the same to be disposed of in such manner as Major-General Amherst, or the commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, shall direct (for which you will take all timely opportunities of corresponding with Major-General Amherst); but if, from the distant operations in which the said major-general, or commander-in-chief, may happen to be engaged, prejudice may arise to our service by waiting for such orders, you are to use your best discretion in disposing of our troops in the manner the most conducive to our service; and our will and pleasure is, that you do then put yourself under the command of Major-General Amherst, as brigadier-general in North America.

6th. Whereas the success of this expedition will very much depend upon an entire good understanding between our land and sea officers, we do hereby strictly enjoin and require you, on your part, to maintain and cultivate such a good understanding and agreement, and to order that the soldiers under your command shall man the ships when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the land service; as the commander-in-chief of our squadron is instructed, on his part, to entertain and cultivate the same good understanding and agreement, and to order the sailors and marines under his command to assist our land forces, and to man the batteries, when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the sea service; and, in order to establish the strictest union that may be between you and the commander-in-chief of our ships, you are hereby required to communicate these instructions to him, as he is directed to communicate those he shall receive from us to you.

7th. You are to send constant and particular accounts of all your proceedings, by letter, to one of our principal secretaries of state, and you are to obey and follow all such orders as you shall receive from us, under our royal sign manual, or from one of our principal secretaries of state,

G. R.

From the Metropolitan.

VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Written May, 1832.

ALL, as he left it!—even the pen,
So lately at that mind's command,
Carelessly laying, as if then
Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have past,
Since Life and Inspiration's power
Around that relic breath'd their last.

Ah, powerless now—like talisman,
Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone
Around that pen's exploring track,
Be, now, with its great master, gone,
Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
Rest on th' enchanter's broken wand,
Each miracle it work'd arise
Before him, in succession grand?—

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er all;
Th' unshrinking Truth, that lets her light
Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
O'er scenes which angels weep to see—
Where Truth herself half veils the wrong,
In pity of the misery.

True bard!—and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are,
When, stooping from their starry place,
They're children, near, though gods afar.

How freshly doth my mind recal,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory;†

When he, the poet, doubly grac'd,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o'er all hold mastery:—

Friend of long years! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event;
In doubts, my judge—in taste, my guide,—
In all, my stay and ornament!

* Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of that gentleman did Mr. Moore the honour of presenting to him the inkstand, pencil, &c. which their distinguished father had been long in the habit of using.

† The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party, consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.

He, too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land ;

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems sounding still—immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host ; and though, since then,
Slight clouds have ris'n twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity ?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away ?

Bright was our board that day—though one
Unworthy brother there had place ;
As, 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race

Yet, next to Genius is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies ;
And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies ;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days.
Brightly, indeed—but mournfully !

From the Monthly Magazine.

PASKEVITSCH AND THE POLES.

[From the Journal of a recent Traveller.]

NEARLY three years have elapsed since I first visited, on my return from St. Petersburg, the ancient capital of Poland. Late events had prepared me for a great change, but the extent to which it has been effected perfectly astounded me. All traces of the national features are nearly extinguished, and this once splendid capital now resembles more an Asiatic camp, than a gay and polished European city. The streets are nearly deserted. Nothing breaks on the ear through their solemn silence, save the measured tramp of the Russian patrols, and lumbering roll of their heavy guns; or the peculiar cry of the Tartar coachmen, as they urge their horses at a furious pace through the narrow streets.

In the places which, but a short time since, echoed the triumphant songs of gallant freemen, now we beheld the wild Cossacks of the Don, the Circassian in his chair armour, that leads back the mind to the days of Mithridates; in juxta position with the tall grenadier, or the gorgeously attired Hulan or hussar of the guard. Russian generals, Russian aides-de-camp, their breasts covered with stars, are seen galloping in every direction, their flat Tartar countenances animated to an expression of haughty triumph. But when we reflect for what purpose these warriors have been drawn from their distant homes, we vent a curse upon the head of the

ruthless tyrant who is blotting out from the tablets of civilization a whole nation.

If we may judge from the immense system of fortification erecting by the Russians, we should infer they still apprehend that the untameable spirit of the gallant Poles will again carve out some hot work for them. They are at present, fortifying Warsaw after the manner that the Prussians have done Posen and Coblenz, by a system of forts. 1st, the Fort of Sioła has been considerably augmented; near to it a citadel will be constructed, and another that will command the city and the vicinity of the Belvidero Bridge; a third will be built upon an elevation called Jolibord, and another upon the hill of the Barracks of the Guards, that will contain 6,000 men; the expense of these fortifications is estimated at twenty millions of florins, to be defrayed by the ill-fated city they are intended to subject. In the meantime, the Russians neglect no precautions to ensure their safety. The Circassians are encamped in the Royal Gardens. The château is converted into a military hospital and its beautiful facade marked by the wooden barracks occupied by the line. At Praga, they have thrown up a chain of batteries that mount some guns of an immense calibre; these are pointed against the city, and sufficiently proclaim the feeling of insecurity that prevails. The garrison is now solely composed of the line, and the irregular troops. All the regiments of the guards have left; they were magnificent troops; but the line are short dark men, very much resembling our Indian sepoy, or the Peruvian Indians—the utmost discipline prevails—it is rather of the officers, than the untutored soldiery that, the Poles have to complain. The officers of the guards carried off some hundred ladies of very equivocal reputation, whom they married; they also purchased, with singular avidity, all the political works that had been published during the revolution.

The morning after our arrival, we saw Paskévitch on the parade. He is a tall, fine, handsome man, with a distinguished military air. At St. Petersburg he was famed for his gallantry; by birth a Lithuanian, his military talents are of the highest order. It was Paskévitch who defended the famous redoubt in the centre of the Russian position at the bloody affair of the Borodino, and who afterwards led his corps from Riga to the Rhine, by one of the most rapid marches in the annals of modern warfare. The Persian campaigns of this officer are justly celebrated. His brilliant victories at Kainly and Milli duze, both gained by a profound strategical movement in twenty-four hours, would have done honour to the greatest captain.

It is melancholy to think that he has since tarnished his brilliant military reputation by his conduct towards the heroic Poles. Paskévitch executes, *à la lettre*, the cold blooded tyranny, the relentless cruelty of his ruthless and "miscreant master." The indignities which he has inflicted

upon this gallant people would fill volumes, and ruin him in the eyes of posterity.

To our great astonishment, we saw announced for representation at the national theatre, "*La Muette de Portici*;" during Constantine's time, this piece was strictly prohibited. The house was crowded with Russian military, in fact, exclusively so.

The Polish campaign, like the fabulous shirt of Dejanira, is already spreading its venom through their ranks; the guards have already returned to Russia, tainted with liberalism—and the applause showered down during the popular movement in the market scene, may be taken as an augury for the future. In fact, what country presents such ready elements for a Massaniello as Russia?

VARIETIES.

Brevities.—A man of genius, by too much dividing his attention, becomes diamond-dust instead of remaining a diamond.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the periest fellows are generally the most barren.

Verse is to poetry, what music is to dancing.

Governments are generally about twenty years behind the intellect of their time. In legislation, they are like parents quarrelling what kind of frock the boy shall wear, who, in the meantime, grows up to manhood, and won't wear any frock at all.

There is one special reason why we should endeavour to make children as happy as possible, which is, that their early youth forms a pleasant or unpleasant back-ground to all their after-life, and is consequently of more importance to them than any other equal portion of time.

To say that principles of exclusion applied to particular classes, are a necessary part of a free constitution, at all times and under all circumstances, is equivalent to maintaining that the bandage which supports a man's wounded arm is a part of his nature. The bandage may have been wisely applied originally, but it is always a fair question whether it may not be safely removed; and the removal is not giving the arm a privilege, but restoring one.

Progress of Civilization in Egypt.—In Egypt an experiment has been made, which will probably have very important effects on the civilization of Egypt and Arabia. Two labouring men, who, we believe, had been employed near London in boring for water, were taken to Egypt by Mr. Briggs, who was at one time consul at Cairo. They were employed under the patronage of the Pacha, to bore for water in the desert. At about thirty feet below the surface they found a stratum of sandstone; when they got through that, an abundant supply of water rose. The water usually obtained from the surface is of an inferior quality, and for many purposes useless; that which has been obtained by boring is soft and pure. We

believe that the experiment has succeeded at every place where it has been made. Already in the Desert of Suez, a tank, capable of holding 2000 cubic feet of water, had been made, and it is probable that by this time several others have been formed. By this discovery, one great impediment to the fertilizing of that country will be removed.

American Seamen.—The fourth annual report of the Board of Directors of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society states, that the number of seamen belonging to the United States, estimated with as much accuracy as possible, is 102,000, of whom there are in the foreign trade 50,000; in the coasting-trade, in vessels of nearly or over 100 tons burthen, 25,000; in coasting-vessels of less than fifty tons burthen, 5000; in the cod fishery, 5000; in the steam-vessels, 1000; and in the United States' Navy 6000.

The Blessings of a Weak Government.—The Saxon army, one of the bravest and most patriotic in Germany, was compelled to change sides five or six times in the space of eight years—viz. In 1806, it fought for Prussia against France; in 1807, for France against Prussia; in 1809, for France against Austria; in 1812, with Austria against Russia; in 1813, for France against Austria, Russia, and Prussia; and in 1814 and 1815, with these three powers against France.

Calamities of Authors.—Our industrious friend, D'Israeli, should make the subsequent mournful addenda to his next edition:—"Among the individuals, whom chance threw into my way in Paris, was Llorente (the enlightened talented, and persecuted historiographer of the inquisition). I frequently paid him a visit, and found him to be an extremely well-read scholar. On one occasion I met him in the street, early in the morning; upon asking him where he was coming from, he replied, "I hired myself last night to watch a dead man's body. How little did I dream, when a cannon at Toledo, and a privy-counsellor in Madrid, that I should ever be forced to earn my daily bread by mounting guard over a defunct Parisian."—Soon after this occurrence, Peyronnet ordered him instantly to quit France; such was the will and pleasure of the Jesuits about the court; poor Llorente was compelled to obey the unfeeling mandate, and had scarcely regained his native soil, when he fell a prey to wretchedness and destitution.—*Depping's Reminiscences of a German's Life in Paris.*

Present State of Brazil.—We have been favoured by a friend with the sight of a private letter from Rio Janeiro, dated the 20th of April, from which we extract the following:—

"This country is in a most unsettled state, since the departure of Don Pedro, an event which it was supposed at the time would have been the means of restoring tranquility, has had quite the contrary effect.

"The want of a head (bad as it was) has been severely felt, and the Government, through fear, have disbanded all the regulars,

and garrisoned the city with citizen soldiers. The consequence has been, that the disbanded troops have formed themselves into guerilla parties all round the town, and it is now more like Algiers than an imperial city. The day we arrived, His Majesty's ship *Warspite* was clear for fight, one of the principal forts in the harbour having been seized by a party of these brigands, and threatened destruction to all around; but when they came to the *scratch*, and saw the broadside of a British line-of-battle-ship, they surrendered, and I saw them marched off to jail. But a few nights ago, we had a terrible skirmish near to our house, which put us all into a mortal fright, particularly myself, for I could neither fight or run. A party of artillery and cavalry came near the city, and made a rebellious proclamation, expecting most of the folks would join them, instead of which, they were attacked, and a hot action ensued, which ended in the total defeat of the rebels, with the capture of two guns. I say with *Mercutio*, "a plague on both your houses." I came here for peace and quiet, and get half-scared out of my wits, and as a consoling sight for a nervous and sick man next morning, the mangled dead were paraded through the streets. By the by, not a bad hint; if those bloody-minded folks, so fond of war, (at a distance,) saw one of the cart-loads I did, it would be a sickener to his valour: it made my bones ache. We are in hourly expectation of another attack, but, thank God, the walls of our house are cannon-ball proof."

Standard of the Prophet.

The standards which the Turks have been of old accustomed to make use of, are of various colours; but the great standard, or what is more commonly denominated "the Standard of the Prophet," (the *Sandshak Sherif*;) is not green, as some have asserted, but black; and it must necessarily be of this colour, inasmuch as it was instituted in imitation of, and in direct contra-distinction to, the great white banner of the Koraishites, as well as from the appellation "*Okab*," (black eagle,) which the Prophet bestowed upon it. Mahomet's earliest standard was the white cloth forming the turban which he captured from Boreide; but he adopted for his subsequent ensign, at least for his distinguishing banner, the sable curtain which hung before the chamber of Ajesha, his wife. This sacred standard it is, which, as being the most venerable of relics among Mussulmen warriors, is kept wrapped up in two and forty folds in time of peace, and preserved in a valuable box within a species of chapel in the Seraglio. It descended first to the followers of Omar, at Damascus, and thence to the Abbassides at Bagdad and Cairo, from whom it fell to the share of the bloodhound, Selim the First, and subsequently found its way into Europe under Amurath the Third. It is never unfolded but at the last extremity of some disastrous campaign or intestine convulsion; and on these occasions, warning is publicly given three days beforehand to all infidels that they avoid looking upon it, on pain of death. After all, it may reasonably be doubted, whether it be possible, that the wasting hand of twelve centuries and

more can have left the smallest fragment of this relic of a "curtained chamber" intact?

My last Cigar.

LATE on the eve of the memorable battle of Waterloo, the regiment to which I belonged took up its position on that hard-fought field, in front of Hougomont, or more properly speaking the Château de Goumont, a strong farm-house, and the key-stone of the British line. The sun set red, ominously foretelling stormy weather, and about dark the rain descended in torrents. Our situation, as may easily be conceived, was none of the most enviable, being totally destitute of tents or field matériel; we bivouacked in line, and here and there might be seen through the murky gloom of night, men huddled together, trying to retain that animal heat so necessary to our existence, to say nothing of our comfort. A party of half a dozen of us gathered round a fire of half-ignited logs of wood, trying by every means ingenuity could invent to nurse it into flame, and prevent the rain utterly drowning its genial influence. We were sitting despondingly wet, and talking over our probable fates in the morrow's fight, when by some unaccountable influence, I put my hand into the side pocket of my grey great coat; I felt a something—I withdrew my hand, with a mingled feeling of joy and fear—joy occasioned by the unlooked-for discovery; fear from a dread of being disappointed if I prosecuted my search without ultimate success; when, having essayed again, to my great delight and to the envy of my companions, I pulled out a cigar—my last cigar—I seized the half-ignited stick and applied it to the weed,—alas! no smoke rewarded my efforts; I cursed my folly for so carelessly exposing it in my pocket: I wetted it, I rolled it, and unrolled it; in fact, I tried all the arts that smokers have invented to doctor a bad cigar, when after half-an-hour's patient endeavour, I elicited a blue curling cloud from my last cigar. Happy moment! Though years have intervened, never have I forgotten that most ecstatic speck in the few hours of terrestrial happiness I have met with.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"A Highland Tale," by Mr. Fraser, author of "The Persian Adventurer," is in the press.

Mr. Morier, author of "Haji Baba," is about to produce an Oriental Romance, to be entitled "Zohrab."

A series of Stories of different countries and times by Mr. Arnold, Jun. son of the proprietor of the English Opera-house, will soon appear.

Mr. Roscoe, having already given to the world Specimens of the German and Italian Novelists, is on the point of producing "Specimens of the Spanish Novelists."

"Lights and Shadows of American Life," a series of Transatlantic stories and sketches, edited by Miss Mitford, may be shortly expected.

A new edition, comprising additional personal sketches, of "Cavendish, or the Patrician at Sea," is just ready.

"Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir David Baird," will appear in the course of the month.

"The Anniversary Calendar, Nat Book, and Universal Mirror."

"Lectures Latinæ; or Lessons in Latin Literature, in Prose and Verse, from the Writings of Celebrated Latin Authors, with Translations." By J. Rowbotham.

"A General, Historical, and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion." By Alexander Gordon, Esq. Civil Engineer.

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